FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD

# oui

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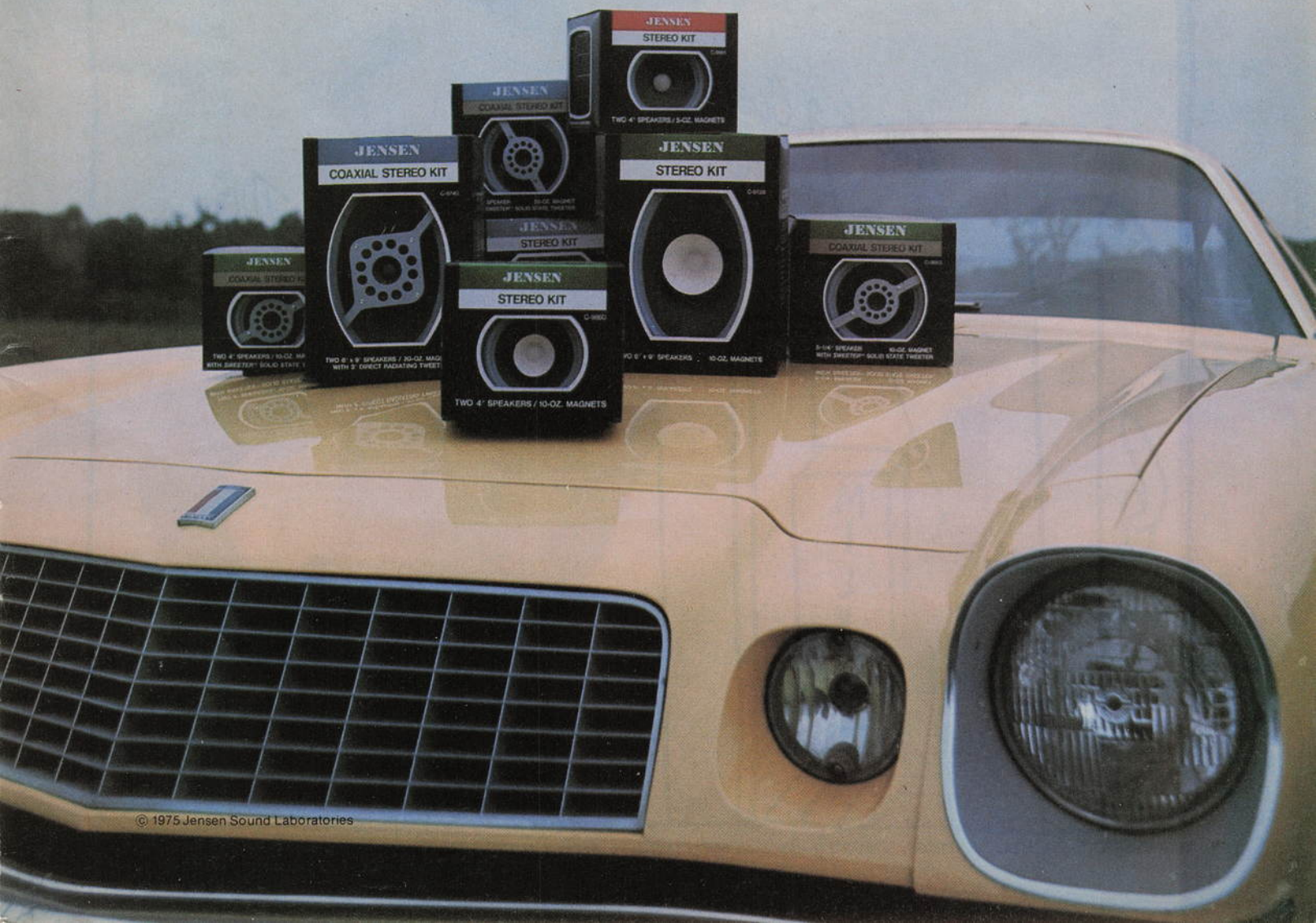


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# A Cuervicle is not a Clavicle.

*While a Cuervicle is quite invigorating, a clavicle is not, unless you're keen on shoulders.*

*Which is all right. But, what's a Cuervicle?*

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*Then just sit and sip and talk about bird migrations. Or even other subjects.*

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FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD

# oui

VOL. 5 NO. 2 FEBRUARY 1976

**7**
MAIL
Readers express their delight.

**13**
OPENERS
New beer for gays—
more gusto, more head.

**27**
SEX TAPES
Male fantasies, part one.

**34**
REVUE
Mano on making it.

**38**

PLAYING WITH FLORENCE
Sometimes it's fun
to pretend you're
someone else.

**44**
RAPE: THE LIBERALS' LAW-AND-ORDER ISSUE
by Lucian K. Truscott IV

**48**

WORK FASHIONS
In Paris, the workers are storming the coutures. The result is flashy and comfortable.

**52**
THE PIZZA PAPERS
by John Vater
America's favorite ethnic food laid bare. A tantalizing, smoldering report.

**55**
PHOBIAS FOR OUR TIME
by Robert S. Wieder
New things to worry about for the new year.

**57**

ANNE TAKES A LOOK
It started off as a quick look
into the mirror,
but, before long, Anne was in over her head.

**66**
CONVERSATION WITH DR. THOMAS NOGUCHI
In which the L.A. coroner explains why the dead have a life of their own.

**70**

POWDER HEAVEN
by Don L. Pierce, Jr.
Using the helicopter as the ultimate chair lift.
The higher you get
the longer the run.

**76**

ASSASSINATIONISTS' ESTABLISHMENT
F. Peter Model and Tom Shales explain that when assassination theorists get together, they disagree about more than just assassinations.

**80**
WHEN IS A WHOREHOUSE NOT A WHOREHOUSE?
by Herbert Gold
When it's called otherwise.

**83**

DENNIS AND PHYLLIS MAKE LOVE
Not war and not babies.

**90**

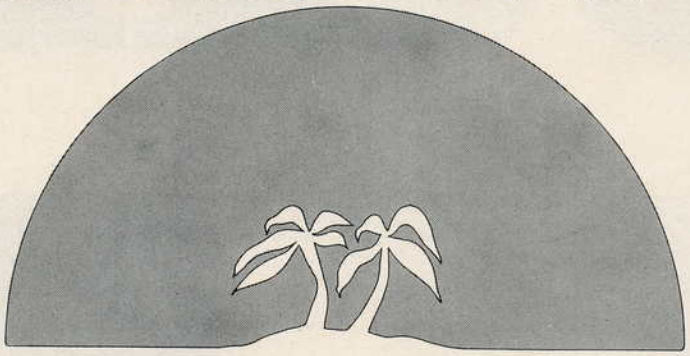
JAPANESE WOMEN
by Donald S. Kirk
A prevalent mystery
made scrutable.

**93**

WINE ANTICS
France's second passion.

**96**
BOB MARLEY
by Scott Cohen
Rasta-man as big star.

# come see JAMAICA



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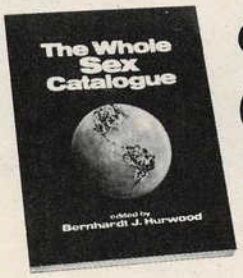


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# Pioneer's new 9191...the best cassette deck under $450† that money can buy.

Here is a magnificent cassette deck with specifications that are beyond what our industry had been aware were possible; specs that surpass anything that a deck of this price, performance and quality has ever been able to come up to before. Unbelievably low wow and flutter; solenoid controls that operate at a touch with almost magical precision, and a unique, truly-visible horizontal front loading system by which the cassette is effortlessly set into place with two fingers, are only a few highlights.

Pioneer's new 9191 incorporates a cascade of features and innovations: automatic $CrO_2$ tape detector and indicator light; an illuminated panel scale that lets you see at a glance the amount of tape remaining on a cassette; and an advanced memory rewind circuit that permits quick and easy location of (and automatic re-start from) any point on a cassette tape. It also has two independent drive motors; including an electronically-controlled DC unit for recording and playback.

Our engineers took into consideration the many types of tapes available and included superior bias and equalization circuitry and switching (in addition to the the automatic $CrO_2$ detection system) so that the 9191's recording capability is optimized for any kind of cassettes you want to use. And, of course, there's built-in Dolby B* to bring the 9191's S/N ratio up to 62 dB, even with standard tapes. We've also included separate mic/line mixing, and an extra pair of input and output jacks.

Unique, effortless front-loading system.

Selectable equalization and bias switches.

By now you realize that here is a cassette deck rivalling the performance of decks costing hundreds of dollars more; a deck whose controls make it respond faster than many reel-to-reel machines, and which offers greatly-extended frequency response and dynamic range. And it's the only front-loading, front-control, stackable deck to have all the features we've mentioned.

But of all the ingredients that make up the 9191: performance, reliability, style and features, the most important of all is its value. We set out to build a cassette deck that was better, but less costly, than any deck built previously. We know we have succeeded. We know that you'll agree when you see and handle the Pioneer CT-F9191 at your Pioneer dealer.

CT-F9191 Specifications:

**Frequency Response:** Standard, LH tape: 25-16,000 Hz (35-13,000 Hz ±3dB); $CrO_2$ tape: 20-17,000 Hz (30-14,000 Hz ±3dB)

**Signal-to-Noise Ratio:** Dolby OFF: More than 52 dB; Dolby ON: More than 62 dB (Over 5,000 Hz, Standard and LH tapes) More than 66.5 dB over 5,000 Hz with $CrO_2$ tape

**Harmonic Distortion:** No more than 1.7% (OdB)

**Wow and Flutter:** No more than 0.07% (WRMS)

U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 75 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, New Jersey 07074. West: 13300 S. Estrella, Los Angeles 90248 / Midwest: 1500 Greenleaf, Elk Grove Village, Ill. 60007 / Canada: S.H. Parker Co.

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Kings: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine—
100's: 18 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '75

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

# MAIL

### One hand clapping

Congratulations on your *Conversation with Robert M. Pirsig*. I read *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*, and it changed my life. I wanted to hear more about Pirsig, and Christie Hefner's interview did the trick.

BOB MARSTON
Houston, Texas

### Midnight special

The erotic reverie *The Trip* (November), which featured the uncompromisingly beautiful Gillian, is enough to save Amtrak. I'm ready to ride the rails again if Gillian is likely to show up in one of the cars. Does she travel much?

BILL HUNTER
Chicago, Illinois

*You bet, Bill. Gillian's always got her bag packed.*

### Growing older

For once, I was able to identify with an article on growing old (*Acting Your Age*, by Robert S. Wieder, November), as I am now at that stage in life where I'm not too sure if I'm supposed to have bubble gum or Geritol between meals.

I think that I first realized my situation when I got together with some of my high school friends and I saw that stacked little chick who had looked so good in her tight, white Angora sweater and her rolled-down white socks, wearing an orthopedic sweater and support hose to hide the consequences of a ten-year marriage and four kids. The linebacker who once weighed in at a trim 208 pounds is now a very paunchy 280. Also, that tiny little blonde whom I threw spit wads at in U. S.-history class isn't so tiny now. She is as wide as she is tall. In fact, most of the group (including myself) looked every bit as old as the people we used to call pop and granny on Hollywood Boulevard.

Other things, too, indicated that I'm not getting any younger. I mean, it's a real setback to hear all those songs that I used to get it on to referred to as oldies. And when the 18-year-old clerk at Sears called me sir, I damn near passed out.

Let's face it, the age of Aquarius is now the age of Feen-a-Mint. Jack Benny is gone (at only 39); Ozzie Nelson, America's favorite father of the century, left us as America's all-but-forgotten grandfather; the Beach Boys are ready to trade in their surfboards for lap robes; Lawrence Welk is starting to look not so square; and the only thing in life left to be done is to take the Princess Cruise to Alaska with Harry von Zell.

Ah, yes, all roads lead to old age, but, all in all, there are one hell of a lot of places to go and even more to do. Even though time waits for no one, I don't plan to take old age sitting down—especially not in a wheelchair waiting for my daily dose of Metamucil from the nurse. I'm going to live every minute to the limit. But most of all, I plan to tell the kids I meet today not to abuse their bodies as much as I did, because they have to live in them a long time.

TOM REEVES
Granada Hill, California

Wieder is the most sensible journalist writing in America. His article on growing old was an inspiration to each of us who has passed his 21st birthday. When I look around me and see people in their late 20s moping about as though they wished they were dead, I get terribly depressed. I don't want to end up like them, with a job I hate, an old lady who's into Keene prints and all the money I salt away for recreational pharmaceuticals going to my kids' college fund. No, sir! This cowboy's going to ride off into the sunset gracefully. There isn't going to be anything lingering about my old age. Matter of fact, the most interesting way I can think of to kick off is to be shot cheating in a poker game. Wieder's article has given me the


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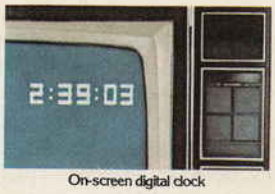
# The whole neighborhood wondered what Frank Mallon was up to in his workshop.

Word had it he was up to something mighty peculiar. And when he didn't show up for bowling practice one Wednesday night, the Wabash Cannonballs (that was the name of his neighborhood team) began to wonder, too.

So it was that a bunch of the boys decided to pay their "star" a visit, and talk him out of his workshop and back into action.

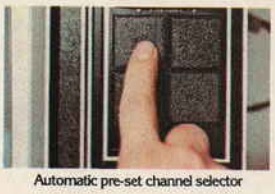
It didn't happen that way, though.

Matter of fact, it was Frank Mallon who talked the Wabash Cannonballs out of their bowling night and down into his workshop. What was it...what could be exciting enough to keep a bunch of ten-pin tigers from their favorite pastime? One of the most fascinating learn-at-home programs in the world, that's what!



On-screen digital clock

Channel numbers that flash on the screen


Automatic pre-set channel selector

**Actually build and experiment with the new generation color TV in Bell & Howell Schools' fascinating learn-at-home program. It will help you develop new occupational skills as an electronics troubleshooter.**

You'll set up your own electronics laboratory to learn first-hand, the technology behind such innovations as digital-display wristwatches and tiny pocket calculators.

In fact, as part of the program, you'll actually build and experiment with a 25" diagonal color TV incorporating digital features.

But most important of all will be the new skills you'll develop all along the way... the kind of skills that could lead you in exciting new directions. While we cannot offer assurance of income opportunities, once you've completed the program you can use your training:

1. To seek out a job in the electronics industry.
2. To upgrade your current job.
3. As a foundation for advanced programs in electronics.

**Go exploring at home, in your spare time. No traveling to class. No lectures. No one looking over your shoulder.**

Bell & Howell Schools wants to introduce you to the modern way to learn. It means you'll be able to develop new skills in your own home—on whatever days and hours you choose. So you don't have to give up your present job or paycheck just because you want to learn new occupational skills.

What's more, we believe that when you're exploring a field as fascinating as electronics, reading about it is just not enough.

That's why you'll get lots of "hands on" experience with some of the most impressive electronic training tools you've ever seen.

**No electronics background necessary.**

That's one of the advantages of this program. We start you off with the basics and help you work your way up, one step at a time. In fact, with your first lesson you receive a Lab Starter Kit to give you immediate working experience on equipment.

**You build and perform exciting experiments with Bell & Howell's Electro-Lab®. An exclusive electronics training system.**

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Next, you'll put together a digital multimeter. This instrument measures voltage, current and resistance, and displays its findings in big, clear numbers like on a digital clock.

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**You'll build and work with Bell & Howell's new generation color TV... investigating digital features you've probably never seen before!**

This 25" diagonal color TV has digital features that are likely to appear on all TV's of the future.

As you build it, you'll probe into the technology behind all-electronic tuning. And into the digital circuitry of channel numbers that appear right on the screen! You'll also build in a remarkable on-the-screen digital clock that will flash the time in hours, minutes and seconds.

And you'll program a special automatic channel selector to skip over "dead" channels and go directly to the channels of your choice.

You'll also gain a better understanding of the exceptional clarity of the Black Matrix picture tube, as well as a working knowledge of "state-of-the-art" integrated circuitry and the 100% solid-state chassis.

After building and experimenting with this TV, you'll be equipped with the kinds of skills that could put you ahead of the field in electronics know-how.

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courage to fulfill my life's ambition never to act my age.

MIKE GROSS
Hartford, Connecticut

I have to take issue with Wieder's essay *Acting Your Age*. It is the duty of every American to do precisely that. If everyone didn't act his age, the country would have widespread social upheaval, a catastrophically large welfare system and more numerous instances of bed wetting. This cannot be permitted. If America is going to lead the world toward participatory democracy, each and every one of us must take on the responsibility of our years. Besides, if no one acted his age, no one would feel obligated to respect his elders, and I'm getting pretty elderly and don't want to lose out on any opportunity to give unsolicited advice.

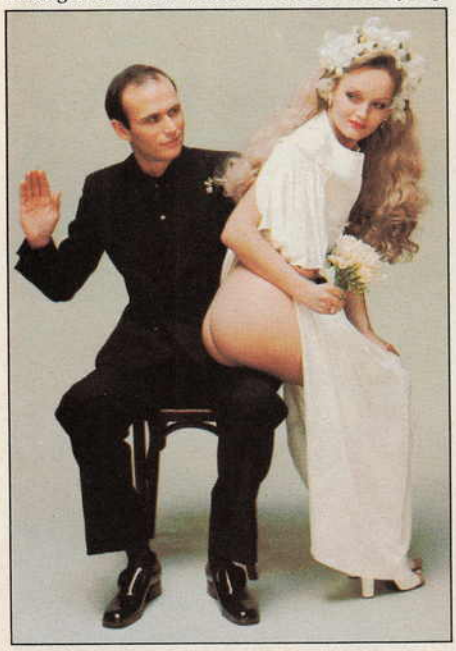
DEREK JOHNSON
Denver, Colorado

### *The Wow Wedding*

No one can handle a fashion feature the way OUI does. *The Wow Wedding* (November) proves this. I have no intention of getting married if I can avoid it, but *Wedding* is one of the funniest and most visually interesting pieces I've seen anywhere. "For richer or poorer, in velvet or in gossamer, for as long as we dig each other," indeed! I have heard nasty rumors that some modern wedding services no longer include the obey part of "Do you promise to love, honor and obey?" I'm glad OUI left it in.

ROBERT WILMONT
Los Angeles, California

*Thanks, Robert. We've always felt that young marrieds have more than enough on their hands without worrying about changing tradition. As a treat to you, here's a snapshot of our happy couple, in which the husband is about to have his hands full helping his bride understand obedience.*



### Kissinger

Jonathan D. Broder wrote one hell of a piece (*Henry Kissinger's Jewish Problem*, November). I had often wondered if Henry was ever swayed by his ethnic background when listening to King Faisal rant about international Zionism. The article made him seem a good deal more human than any other accounts I've read about him. Also, I was very impressed by the short profile of "Kissinger's Kissinger"—Fritz Kraemer—by Nick Thimmesch. It's always fascinating to read about the men behind the great men of our time.

FREDERICK MILLER
New York, New York

### Rosy future

I can hardly wait until I can enjoy some of that future sex that Robert Anton Wilson described in *The Future of Sex* (November). I thought I had a pretty good sex life until I read that article. I get laid on an average of once a day, and I have tried just about every trick, position, tonic, drug, fetish, disposition and latex garment to achieve the ultimate in pleasure. Wilson, however, sure made it obvious to me that I've got many more roads to travel. I've enrolled in a high-level organic-chemistry course so that I can synthesize Ketamine.

BILL HUNTER
Gary, Indiana

What's this world coming to? There are so few things that never change, and I had hoped that sex would be one of them. I, for one, am not looking forward to having my sex-life future shocked right out of my hands. Think of the ensuing problems; 50 years from now, you might not be able to get a date with a girl if you don't have the latest in chemical or mechanical aids. Just wanting to do it missionary style, the proved stand-by for lovers for millions of years, may be considered despicably kinky in future years. It's enough to make people return to literature.

ED BACKER
Tucson, Arizona

### A blessing

The only thing I miss about the *Smothers Brothers Show* is Father Guido Sarducci. Thank God, and Cardinal Fungi, that OUI had the good sense to give him a forum in your November issue (*Father Guido Sarducci's Intra-Vatican Memos*). I almost fell out of my high-rise apartment reading that article. I am a lapsed Catholic, but if Father Guido is an indication of the new kind of blood that's in the Church, I might start going back to services. I sure would enjoy seeing a Doo-Wop Mass performed by Little Johnnie and the DelTones.

ARTHUR PETRELLI
Miami, Florida

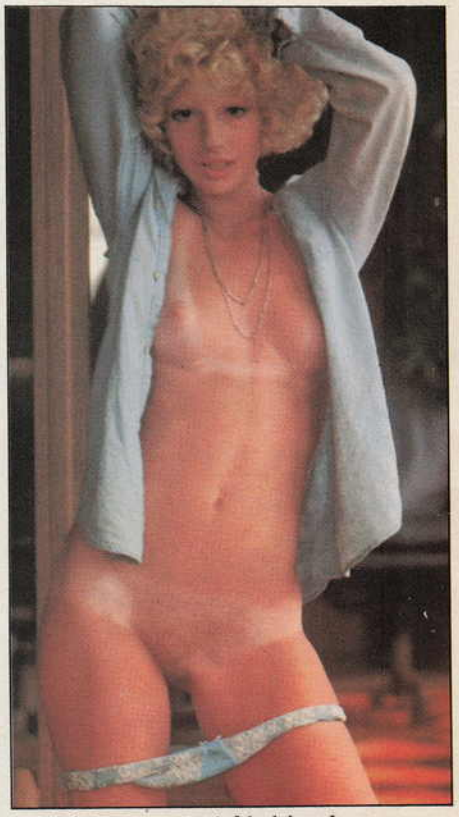
### Heavenly Heloise

My knees shook, my head reeled and my hair curled when I saw that fabulous pictorial *Raising Heloise* in your November issue. She is one of the most ethereal beauties I have ever seen. I was also touched by her hard-luck story. If I had been her boyfriend, I would not have forsaken her just because she took a walk on the wild side. I think it's important for a man to learn to understand the quirks and idiosyncrasies of his girlfriend and not to impose his own moral peculiarities on her. I'd also like Heloise to know that I'm available if she's looking for companionship.

HENRY JOHNSON
San Francisco, California

I've got to hand it to you guys. You have the most unspeakable women of any magazine. Especially Heloise. Any chance of seeing her slim beauty again?

GEORGE KELLY
Boston, Massachusetts



*Heloise was so tickled by the response to her feature that she dropped what she was doing and let us take this picture.*

### Terrific travel

My girlfriend and I have been trying to plan a vacation, but until your article

on Buzios (*St.-Tropez Is Alive and Well in Buzios*, November), we couldn't agree on where to go. We've been to Europe several times and were bored, we went to Colombia last year and got so wrecked we didn't see any of the country, and the Middle East is just too shaky to consider. Buzios is just the thing we've been looking for. And if I get tired of my girlfriend once I'm down there, it seems that I won't be too bored with the scenery. Thanks again for a terrific travel feature.

DAN DONALDSON
Baltimore, Maryland

### Golden arches

Janice Caudle, November's "Show us your skin" winner (*Openers*) is quite an eye-catching young lady. Matter of fact, if it's at all possible to take your eyes from her ample chest, you'll notice that she's wearing a MacDonald's uniform. Does this mean that the Big Mac is 100 percent pure beef, with no filler? I guess I deserved a break today and, thanks to OUI, Ms. Caudle gave it to me.

T. JOHN
Waukesha, Wisconsin

### Jeer Jap jab

Though I am certain the material in the November *Openers* on Japs and Jews was supposed to be good for a lot of yuks, it was in hideously bad taste and showed remarkably poor judgment. Too many have to endure daily humiliation and pain because of such images as the sneaky Jap and the cheap, loud, obnoxious Jew. That these images should be pandered to in the *Openers* section as good clean fun is a sad commentary.

MICHAEL KRASNY
San Francisco, California

### Spanking central

I've been reading my father's copies of OUI for some time now, and I've read all the letters from the girls who get spanked. They sure must be crazy. Spankings aren't sexy. They hurt. They're supposed to hurt. A spanking is discipline, not fun. I don't like being spanked and I never will.

My father really believes in spanking. When he tells me "Young lady, you're going to get spanked," I know I'm in for it. The fact that I'm 16 and *supposedly* too old to be spanked doesn't make any difference to Daddy. And, when I'm over his lap getting my bare ass blistered, it doesn't make any difference to me, either. I'm too busy crying and kicking to worry about that.

I can't believe that any of those girls who wrote about how sexy it is to be spanked has ever really been spanked hard. If Daddy ever got them over *his* lap, they'd sure find out in a hurry.

Even though I don't like being spanked, I *am* glad that my father spanks me when I deserve it. I know he loves me and does it only because he wants me to grow up to be a better person. And it works, too. I don't get as many spankings as I used to, because I *am* better behaved.

I think that if more children got spanked, we'd have less crime in the world and more children would grow up to be happier, better-adjusted adults.

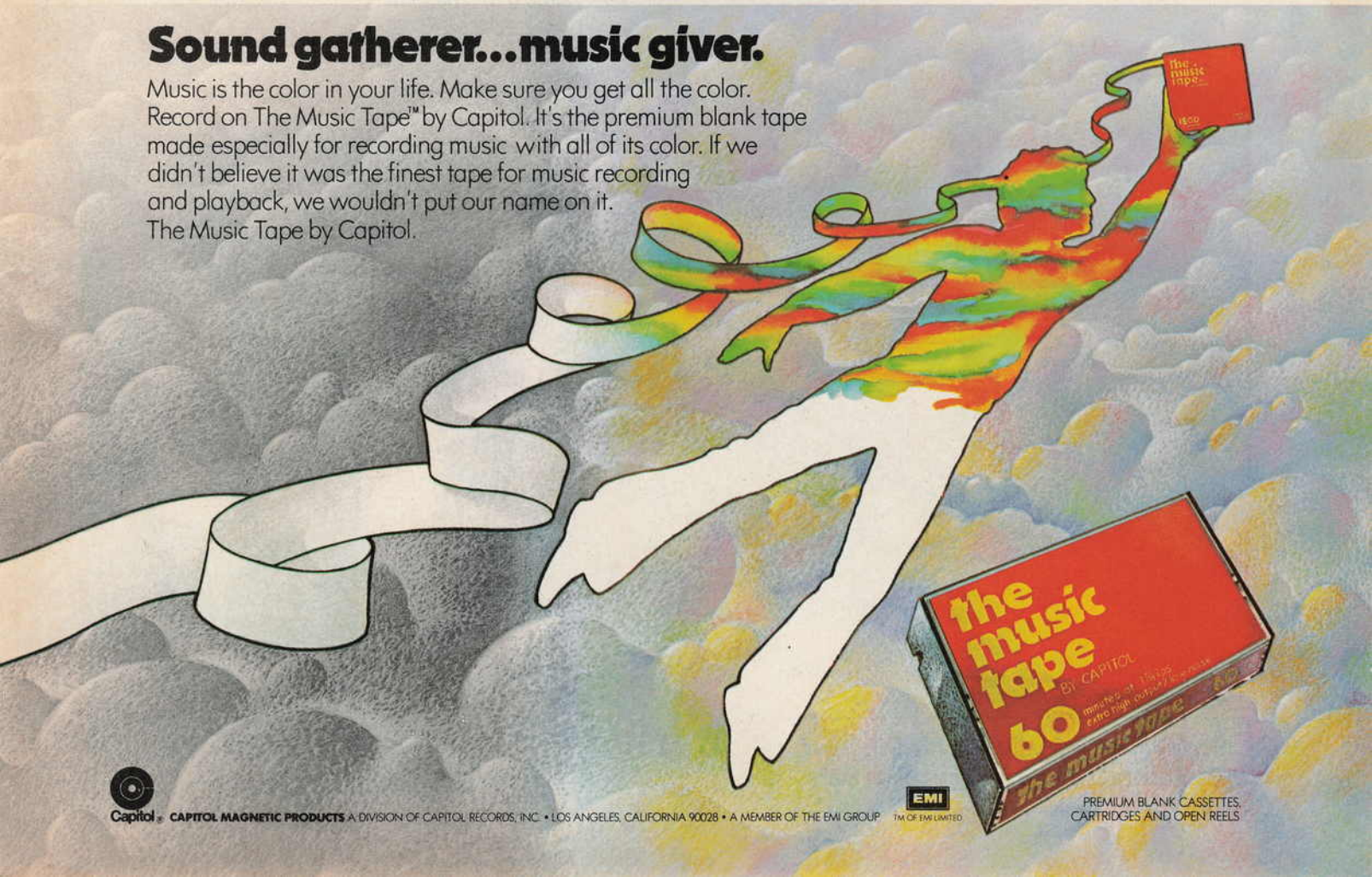
NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Redding, California

### Dirty talk

I am happy to call to your attention the publication of Gershon Legman's long-awaited *No Laughing Matter: The Rationale of the Dirty Joke*, second series (Breaking Point). At the time your profile on Gershon Legman appeared last March (*Gershon Legman Doesn't Tell Dirty Jokes*), the book did not have a publisher. This is one of the most significant books of this century, a hair-raising documentation of man's inhumanity. It should be force read to every bigot and prude.

REINHOLD AMAN
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

*Address letters to:*
*Mail, OUI*
*919 N. Michigan Avenue*
*Chicago, Illinois 60611*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# After kicking around everything I'd heard about smoking, I decided to either quit or smoke True.

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King Regular: 11 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine, 100's Menthol: 13 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report April '75.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

**The low tar, low nicotine cigarette. Think about it.**

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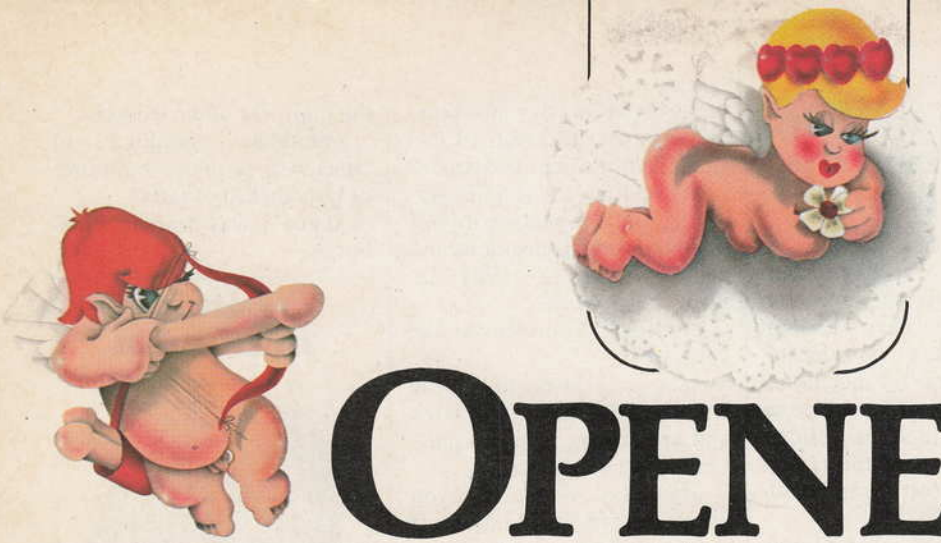


# OPENERS

## You gotta grope for all the gusto you can

Could you love this man? Would you buy his beer? Acme Brewing Company hopes so, because it's counting on sexy Steve Edwards to turn on both gays and housewives in what may be the country's first overtly bisexual ad campaign.

The exploitation of men as sex objects is not new to Madison Avenue, of course, but the emphasis in the past has been on wholesome stud athletes horsing around in the locker room while shaving, washing or spritzing their underarms. These ads may have appealed to that streak of latent you-know-what in men, but advertisers had mainly hoped to exploit the narcissistic eagerness of men to identify with other hunky guys.

Acme has now decided to come out of that particular closet, at least in California, and there's nothing subtle or latent about its promotions. The company's poster boy, Steve Edwards, was chosen Mr. Acme Beer Man in a contest sponsored by major gay bars from San Diego to Vancouver, and his bare-chested image now appears in gay bars up and down the West Coast—as does Acme beer, of course. The campaign is an apparent success, as Acme sales have increased. Men who like men like Steve. And his beer.

Acme's promoters now want to broaden the campaign. They figure Steve's broad shoulders, narrow hips, furry flat tummy and bedroom eyes will appeal to women shoppers and *macho* guys as well.

"We've already covered the gay bars," says Acme PR man David Monroe. "Now we're moving on to straight bars and Safeways. Housewives will love Steve, too. Everybody does." —JOHN VATER

## Coke dealers

The Real Thing is a Los Angeles store whose exterior is designed to look like a six-pack of Coke and that, inside, sells old Coca-Cola serving trays, bottles, dispensing machines, advertising posters and other nostalgia items. The Real Thing, say owners Peter and Leonard Sidlow, is the world's only store devoted exclusively to the sale of Coca-Cola memorabilia; business is reported to be excellent. So now, we suppose, we can look forward to the opening of a similar store selling Alka-Seltzer memorabilia and called The Whole Thing.

## Live better electrically

Now, for the fearful lady who can't afford karate lessons, a California firm called the Think Twice Company has come up with the perfect deterrent against muggers, rapists, or what have you: the battery-powered No-Gropes Milady electric bra, which delivers a stiff jolt to any body trespasser without harming the wearer. Additional features include a built-in police siren, a snarling-dog tape cassette, flashing red lights and studded nursing nipples.

The No-Gropes Milady electric bra is versatile, as well. When you're stranded on a ten-lane superhighway, for example, there is no longer any need for flares or signal lamps—simply have the little woman stand behind the stalled vehicle and remove her blouse! She will be seen for hundreds of feet and, if she happens to be well stacked, to boot, at least one of you will be on your way in no time.

The No-Gropes Milady electric bra is available in five shocking colors: dead black, prison gray, stop-light red, cemetery green and Doris Day beige. Turn-off almost guaranteed.

## Women's lib goes ape!

The Yerkes Primate Research Center in Lawrenceville, Georgia, may seem an

**The citizens of The Hague, Netherlands, have put their foot down after having put their feet down in dogshit one time too many. Sparked by their protests, the city has erected sandboxes all over town, their locations marked by this graphic graphic. What next? we might ask (and you can bet we will). Pay toilets for poochie?**

unlikely site for a significant feminist victory over the notion of male supremacy, but that's where it was that a male chauvinist ape named Calabar met his personal Empire State Building.

Calabar had long ago established himself as *the* ape to be reckoned with around the center, when he and two male companions were relocated from their private quarters to a compound that they were to share with four female gorillas. Calabar at once let it be known who was king of the compound by regularly roughing up the *femme* foursome, and they suffered the abuse without protest.

For a while. One day several weeks later, the females, suddenly fed up with primate pigism, backed "King" Calabar into a convenient corner and proceeded to beat the living bejesus out of the sexist brute.

"Gorillas tend to establish allies," Yerkes researcher Dr. Ron Nadler commented, offering the opinion that the females had conferred among themselves and had decided to confront the male chauvinist anthropoid with force.

Next they'll be wearing T-shirts that say SIMIAN SISTERHOOD IS POWERFUL.

## Getting by with help from his little friends

Sculptor Alec Nesbitt is known more for his elegant model soldiers than for these detailed erotic silver figurines. That's because he doesn't want to shock his neighbors in the rural New Jersey community in which he resides. Alec, come out of the closet! Your work deserves to be admired by the world!

We asked the artist how he got into hard-core sculpture.

ALEC: I studied anatomy at Oxford University in England and learned the difference there between boys and girls.

OPENERS: You learned this stuff from medical textbooks?

ALEC: I have a vivid imagination and can picture myself in all the various positions and activities I've so richly defined in my work.

OPENERS: You seem to like your work.

ALEC: I love my little friends. They never talk back and are always ready to play. Unlike my neighbors.

OPENERS: Where do you hope your work will take you?

ALEC: To the bank.

OPENERS: Any plans for the future?

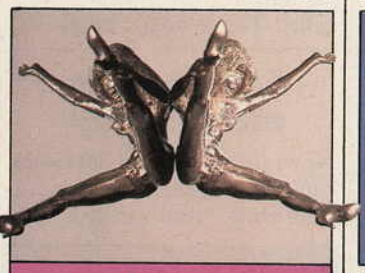
ALEC: It would be nice if an oil-rich person asked me to immortalize his French girlfriends.

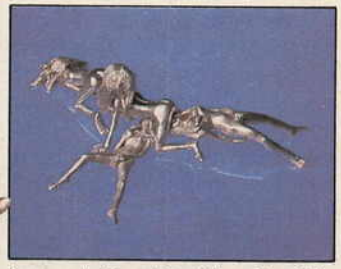
OPENERS: What advice do you have for young people who want to follow in your footsteps?

ALEC: Anyone interested in dirty sculpture should pay a lot of attention to the parts of the anatomy that express what he or she is trying to say. Like the cunt. Or other tendons.

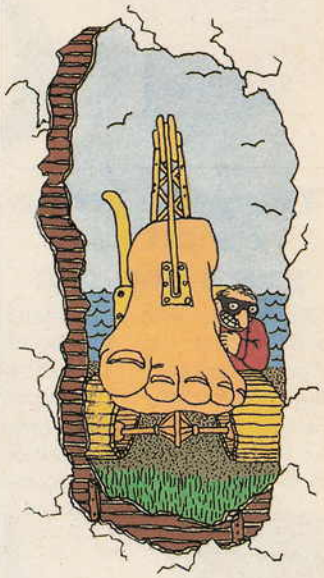
OPENERS: Speaking of cunts, why so many sculptures of girls on top of girls?

ALEC: I was born in Pittsburgh.





## Condo minimum



A $500,000 jewel robbery in Fort Lauderdale was routine in every respect, save one: the means by which the burglar gained entry to the premises. The premises in this case were a brand-new oceanside condominium apartment; and the way by which the burglar gained entry was to kick a hole in the wall. He didn't pick a lock. He didn't jimmy a window. He kicked a hole in the exterior wall and walked through it, into the apartment. Bet the neighbors can hardly wait for the next hurricane.

## Prophylactics that work in the clutch

Goodyear, are you listening? An obviously well-hung reader from Ohio wrote to us to complain about the flimsy condoms he's been running into lately. "Why not make radial rubbers?" he asks, and proposes the following ad campaign:

"For the man with endurance! Steel-belted, heavy-duty radials. Guaranteed not to break free from wet pussy during tough turns when

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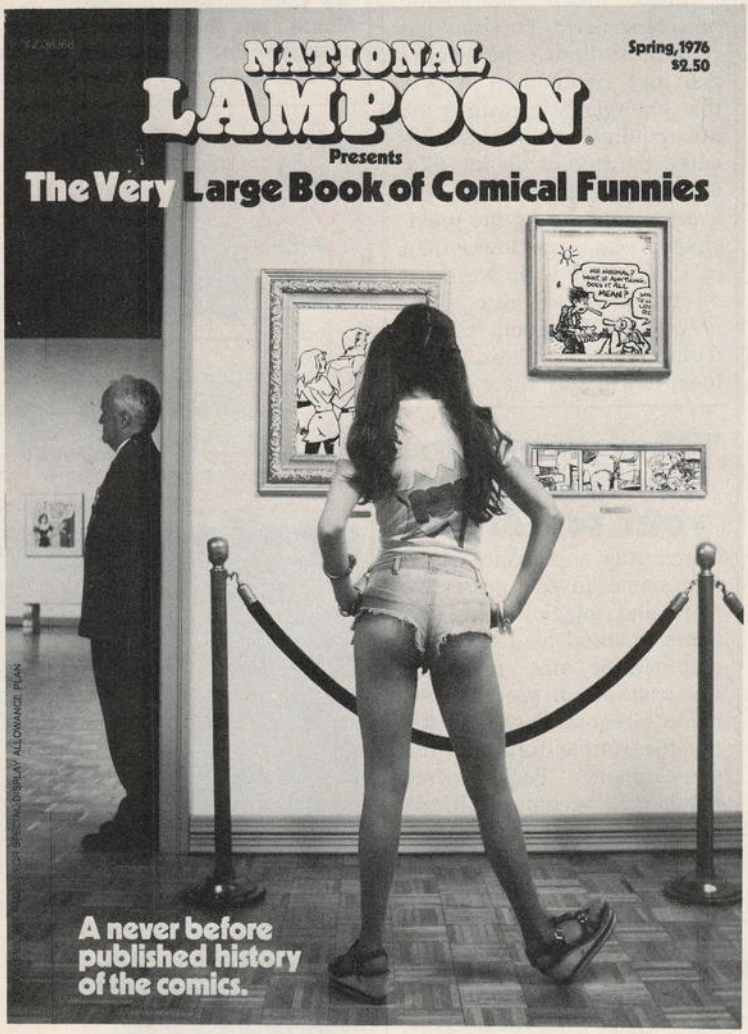
The Industrial Comic

The Funny Comic

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changing your position on the inter-course. Radials come in red, white and blue, and three exciting challenger patterns: Devil's Head, Prick's Peak and Jack the Ripper. All vulcanized to last and ready for international competition."

Obviously an idea whose time is coming.

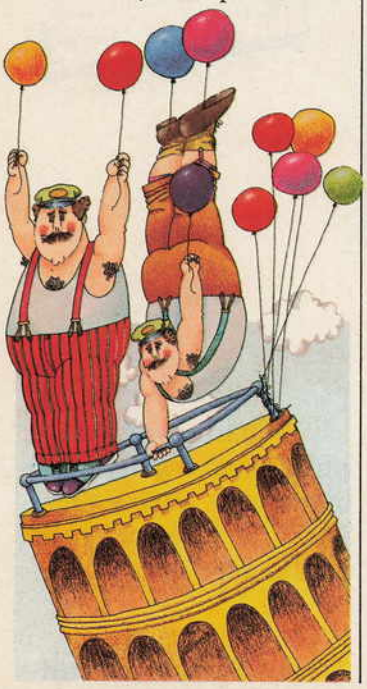
## Mail sexism

What's new in greeting-card trends? A far-flung correspondent reports that certain romantic souls of his acquaintance have taken to photographing their private parts with a Polaroid and sending the snapshots off to loved ones. On the back of the photos, they write simple messages; "Thinking of you" and "Wishing you were here" are both popular. So, next time you care enough to send your very best. . . .

## Leaning tour of Pisa

When last we left the Leaning Tower of Pisa, it was leaning more than it ever had and the locals were becoming concerned. Nobody in Pisa wants the Leaning Tower to stop leaning. On the other hand, if it leans over too far and falls down, that will be the end of the Pisan tourist industry. Nobody wants that, either.

In 1972, a competition was announced for the best suggestion on how to keep the famous tower leaning just so far and no farther. Contest rules specified that the monument should be stabilized without appreciably altering its tilt, and that the remedial work should not be visible when completed.



Fourteen projects were submitted for judging by a special commission, but none was worth adopting. In 1973, the contest was abandoned.

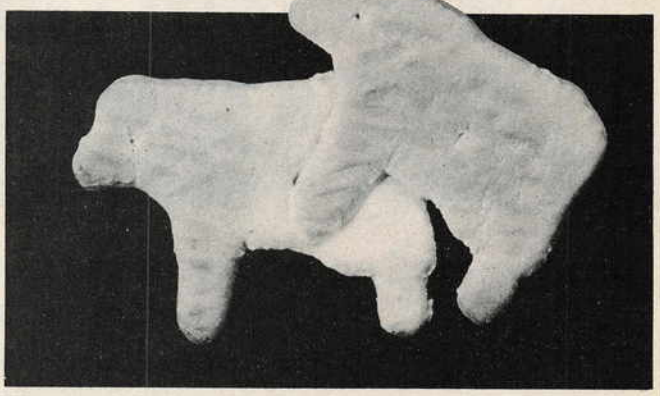
Since then, commission president Livio Trevisan has refused to discuss the group's activities other than to say that emergency measures are not required at this time, because the rate of tilt in 1974, although higher than the average rate during the previous ten years, was lower than in 1973; there is no word yet on the 1975 tilt rate. "For now," says Trevisan, "the situation is up in the air." With luck, it will stay there.

## What your name reveals about your sex organ

Converting a person's Christian name to the possessive form and imagining his surname to stand for his sex organ can be most revealing. For example, if you take the name Gregory Peck and apply the simple formula, you get Gregory's Peck. Alfred Hitchcock becomes Alfred's Hitchcock; Peter O'Toole, Peter's O'Toole. Other male names of interest include Sonny's Bono, Victor's Buono (slightly classier), Virginia Senator Harry's Byrd and, from the sports world, Boston Red Sox pitcher Dick's Pole.

Certain names imply something about the size of the organ. It may seem large, as in Joe's Namath, Stevie's Wonder and, from Texas, where everything is large, Senator John's Tower. Or, it may seem small, as in Allen's Funt, Orson's Bean and, from the comics, Funky's Winkerbean. Movement is suggested in Lyle's Waggoner and Ray's Bolger. You may now draw your own conclusions about Al's Hirt, Wayne's Newton,

## Cookie of the Month



**We were thinking of making Raquel our first Cookie of the Month, but then a reader sent in this photo and that all changed. Bet the parents of America never dreamed that a world of sin lurked in every package of animal crackers.**

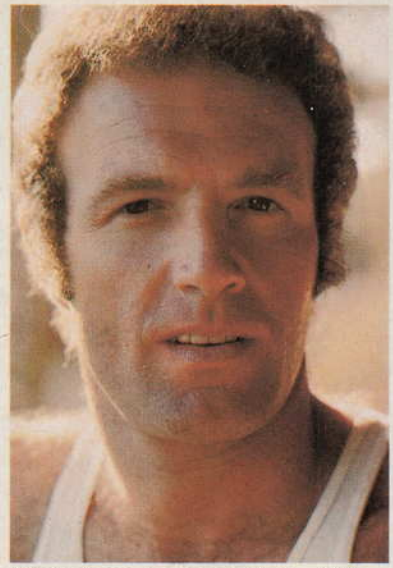
## UNDERWEAR OF THE STARS

**ANDY WARHOL**
**Painter, Film Maker, Journalist, Philosopher, Dog Lover**

**OPENERS: Where did you get those underpants, Andy?**
**WARHOL: At Klein's.**
**OPENERS: How much did they cost?**
**ARCHIE BUNKER: Arf! Arf!**

—BOCKRIS-WYLIE

**Federal Narcotics Agency—** "Corrupt Nazis who don't know how to open the door except with the heel of their right foot!"



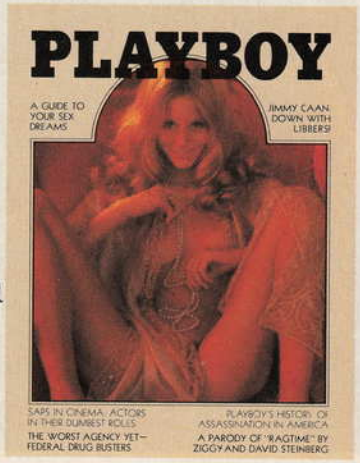
**Interview: James Caan—** "It's infinitely more important to me to have someone to talk to and laugh with than someone to fuck."

**Erotic Dreams Interpreted—** "The sleeping mind knows how to have fun!"

**Credit Card Roulette—** An indigent writer is the turnip caught in the buy now-pay later squeeze.

# You are what you dream.

You may have been surprised. All the time you thought you were such a nice guy, your dreams were screaming "Pervert!" Or were they? Find out what the symbolism in your erotic dreams really means in the February issue of PLAYBOY. James Caan, movie star and rodeo buff, has dreams, too. But not the chest-thumping, macho epics you'd expect. Learn about his dreams in the *Playboy Interview*. Some dreams are real nightmares. For instance, having your door kicked in by narcs is a very unsettling dream. It's even worse when it's real. PLAYBOY examines the very real tactics of the Drug Enforcement Administration in a special report. Then Craig Vetter, broke free-lance writer, recounts his particular nightmare, the battle with the credit collectors. And it's all in the February issue at your newsstand now!


PLAYBOY
A GUIDE TO YOUR SEX DREAMS
JIMMY CAAN: DOWN WITH LIBBERS!
SAPS IN CINEMA: ACTORS IN THEIR DUMBEST ROLES
THE WORST AGENCY YET— FEDERAL DRUG BUSTERS
PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF ASSASSINATION IN AMERICA
A PARODY OF "RAGTIME" BY ZIGGY AND DAVID STEINBERG

**ONLY IN PLAYBOY**

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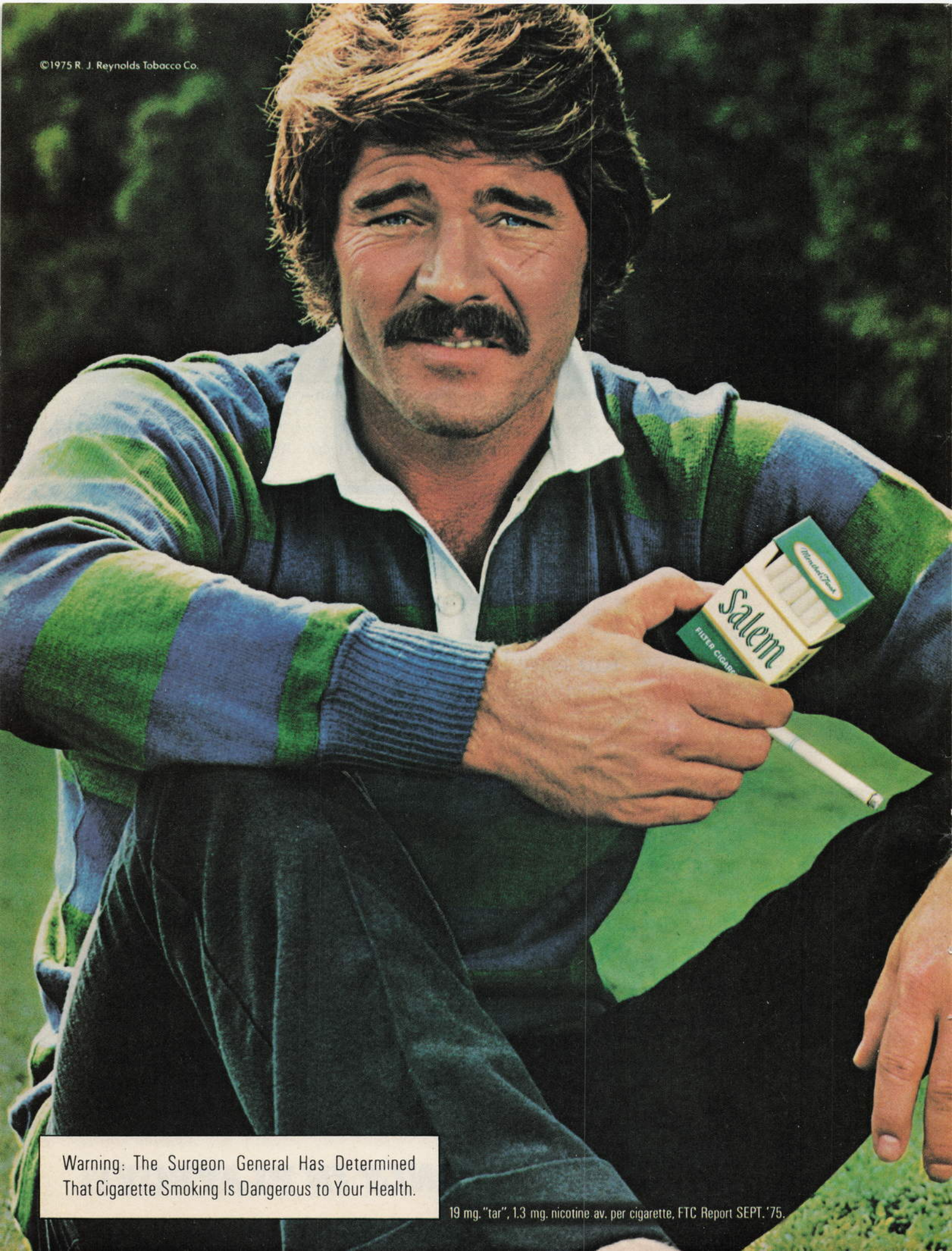
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**MONEY BACK GUARANTEE**

Mickey's Rooney and Engelbert's Humperdinck.

Some names are special, in that they also denote a function of the organ, such as what it does (Johnny's Unitas), what it makes (Barry's Goldwater, Pete's Fountain) and what it's got (Buster's Crabbe). Bob's Hope, meanwhile, may indicate the man's thoughts about his organ.

On the female side of the organ spectrum, you may find action in Lucille's Ball, description in Ruth's Buzzi and, returning to slang terms, great promise in Claire's Bloom, Lily's Pons and Lillian's Gish. The classic female version, however, belongs fittingly to a porno movie star: Marilyn's Chambers.

For the great majority of names, the mere sound of the name must be shaped by the reader's imagination to produce the image. Two good examples to practice on are Catherine's Deneuve and Mick's Jagger.

If all this sounds totally slanderous, all I can say is that one of the best I've found (names, that is) is my own.

—STEPHEN STRAIGHT

## The bank dick

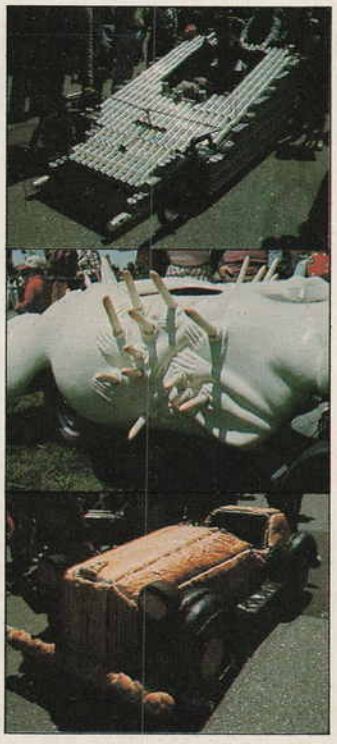
When bank robber Felipe Bianco took Conchita Aguilar as a hostage during a holdup in Guadalajara, Mexico, he couldn't believe his luck. No sooner had they arrived at his hideout—a deserted farmhouse—than Conchita started to strip. They screwed all afternoon, all night and into the next morning.

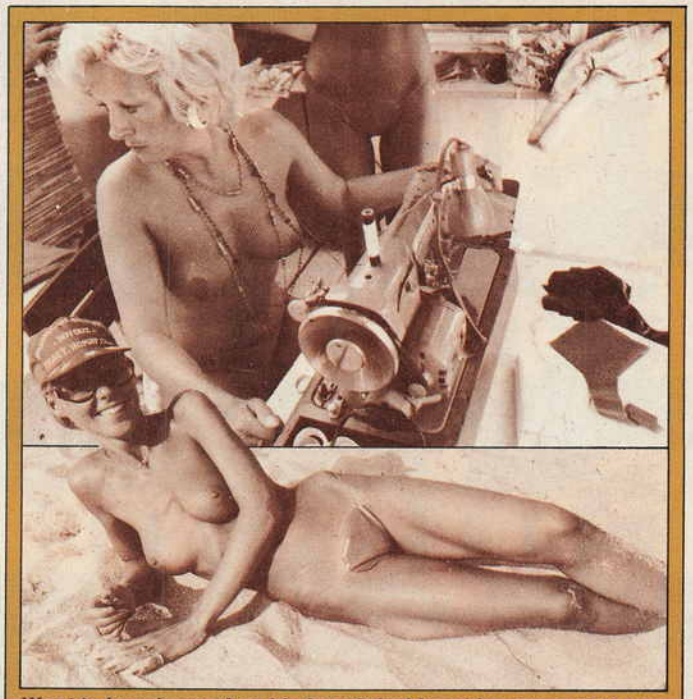
*Pobre* Felipe. "He wanted to rest, but I didn't stop," said Conchita later. "As soon as his eyes closed, I'd start on him again until I got it up for him, and then I humped him till he was exhausted."

Felipe didn't even notice when Conchita got up, dressed and drove off in his car to the police. See, Latins aren't lousy lovers—lazy, maybe, but not lousy.

## A very human race

The first-ever Artists' Soapbox Derby was held in San Francisco recently, and the most important result was a movable feast of splendid artistic creations. A total of 79 entrants competed for 34 trophies—which included, besides the usual speed champion, awards for the soapbox racer adjudged Most Spiritual, Most Biodegradable, Most Amorphous, Funkiest and Slowest. Purpose of the event was to raise $10,000 for the San Francisco Museum of Art's purchase fund.





**Want to be a jump ahead in beach fashion this summer? If your string's unstrung and your thong's unthinged, why not whip yourself up the latest style from St.-Tropez—a heart-shaped monokini? The lady at the sewing machine is making these little nothings for little sweet things wishing protection from the hot Riviera sun (not to mention local police). Heartkinis come in a variety of fabrics, are priced between $8 and $12 and are supposedly unisex—for those romantic couples who are looking for a true affair of the heart.**

Among our favorite entries were an oversized sneaker, a yellow pencil with eraser and a domed racer covered with 12,000 pennies and called *Runaway Inflation*. One artist's ten-foot-high penis soapbox was banned by the jury for being too sexist and was modified into a tongue soapbox.

Many of the 4000 spectators were described as being upper crust, which may or may not have been the inspiration for a freshly baked entry made of French bread and pumpernickel. It was devoured by the crowd 30 seconds after it stopped rolling.

The event was such an artistic and financial success that the Los Angeles County Museum is rumored to have a similar fund-raising event

# "I Had Almost Given Up On My Hair Problem Until I Discovered Vitamins For My Hair"

## Glenn Braswell, President, Cosvetic Laboratories.

**Believe Me, It Works.**

Believe me, I had a problem. Five years ago I had all sorts of hair problems. I even thought I was going to lose my hair. Everyone in my family always had thick, healthy hair, so I knew my problem could not be heredity.

I tried everything that made sense, and even a few things that didn't. When I went to a dermatologist, I got no encouragement. One doctor even jokingly said the only way to save my hair was to put it in a safety deposit box. Incidentally, he had less hair than I did. Needless to say, nothing would work for me.

But I didn't give up hope. I couldn't. My good looks (and vanity) spurred me on to find a cure. I started hitting the books.

My studies on hair have pointed more and more to nutrition. Major nutritionists report that vitamins and minerals in the right combination and in the right proportion are necessary to keep hair healthy. And one internationally acclaimed beauty and health expert says the best hair conditioner in the world is proper nutrition. (In non-hereditary cases, in which hair loss is directly attributed to vitamin deficiencies, hair has been reported to literally thrive after the deficiencies were corrected.)

**Believe The Experts, It Works.**

Then I started reading all the data on nutrition I could get

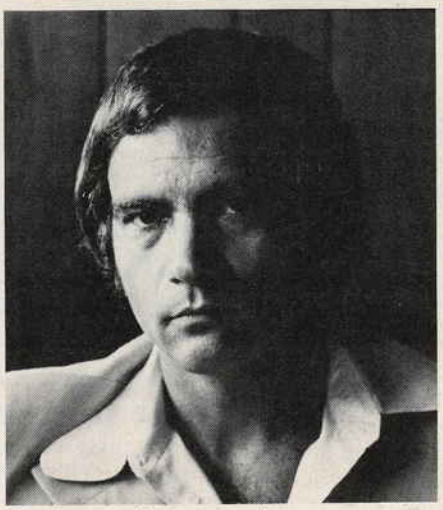
my hands on.

I am now finding the medical field beginning to support these nutritionists.

Studies have determined that the normal adult could be replacing each hair on the head as often as once every three to four years. You need to give your hair its own specific dietary attention, just as you give your body in general.

One doctor at a major university discovered that re-growth of scalp cells occur 7 times as fast as other body cells. Therefore, general nutrition even though it may be good enough for proper nourishment of the skin—(may not be sufficient for scalp and hair).

In the Human Hair Symposium conducted in 1973 scientists reported that hair simply won't grow without sufficient zinc sulfate.



In case after case my hopes were reinforced by professional opinions. (And you know how hard it is to get any two scientists or doctors to agree on anything.)

The formula I devised for my own hair called for 7 vitamins and 5 minerals. The only problem was I discovered I was spending about $30 a month for the separate compounds.

So, after a half year of further study, careful experimentation and product development, Head Start was made. A precisely formulated vitamin and mineral supplement specifically designed to provide the five minerals and seven vitamins your hair desperately needs for health. At a price everyone can afford.

Four years later, over a quarter million people have tried Head Start. Over 100 of the regular users, by the way, are medical doctors. What's more, a little more than 1/2 of our users are females!

Today, as you can see, from the picture, my own hair is greatly improved. But don't take my word for it. I have a business to run. Listen to the people (both men and women) who wrote in, although they weren't asked to, nor were they paid a cent, to drop me a line.

**Believe Them, It Works.**

*"Your product has improved the condition of my hair and as far as I'm concerned has done everything you said it would."* **C. B. Santa Rose, Calif.** *"I can honestly say that your comprehensive program is the best I have tried and... I have tried many..."* **E. H. New Orleans.**

*"I have had problem hair all my life until I found your vitamin advertisement..."* **W. H. Castlewood, Va.**

*"...my hair looks much much better than before."* **C. I. Atlanta, Ga.**

*"My hair has improved greatly and I am so encouraged to continue spreading the good word along to friends and neighbors. I had tried everything including hair and scalp treatments to no avail..."* **S. H. Metairie, La.**

*"It's hard to believe that after one short month I can see this much difference..."* **E. H. Charlotte, N.C.** *"The texture of my hair is soft and not brittle any more."* **H. A. Bronx, N.Y.** *"Your vitamins are terrific, fantastic and unbelievable..."* **V. M. Carrollton, Ga.** *"I went to doctors ...tried everything...nothing happened until I started using Head Start..."* **R. A. Santa Ana, Calif.**

*"Thank you for something that really works."* **J. T. Brooklyn, N.Y.** *"Your vitamins are excellent. They have helped my hair."* **D. D. Chehalis, Wash.** *"These pills really work..."* **Mrs. C. E. Gadsden, Ala.** *"Your formula is really working for me and my scalp feels more refreshed than ever before!"* **H. L. S. Hollywood, Fla.**

**Believe Our Unconditional Money Back Guarantee, It Works.**

Try Head Start for 30 days. If you feel that the results you receive are not satisfactory in every way, you can return the unused portion and get your money back. Just like that. No questions asked.

**Send me ____ bottles of Head Start at $9.95** each plus 75¢ for handling (50 day supply). Act now and receive a free booklet on hair care.

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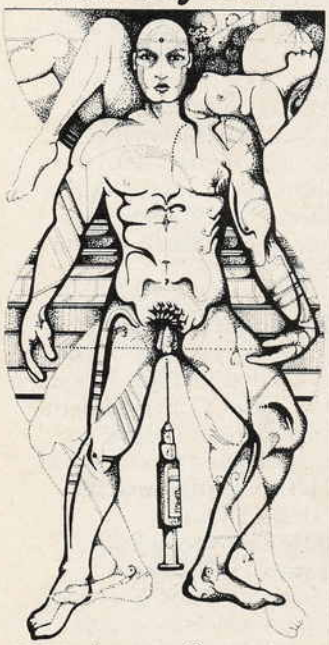
**Week after week, year after year, these three leading West German weeklies—the *Life*, *Look* and *People* of *deutsch* journalism—feature an endless array of boobs and beavers on their covers; these three issues, for instance, all appeared during the same week in September 1975. Publishers insist that the reason for the perpetual skin show is, in the words of one, to "give the readers a little bit of summer all year round." We'll buy that. And that, and that.**

in the works. Could this be the start of a nationwide trend? Let's hope so.

## Physician, seal thyself



The do-it-yourself vasectomy kit may not be far off, according to the *London Sunday Times*, which recently reported that doctors around the world have taken to performing this simple operation on themselves. Unlike an appendectomy or other major surgery, a vasectomy involves only a local anesthetic and two small incisions, which can easily be self-inflicted.

The trend surfaced when the International Planned Parenthood Federation reported a do-it-yourself vasectomy in Nepal performed by Dr. Tikaman Vaidya; the report prompted letters from all over the world telling of similar self-surgery. As for Dr. Vaidya, he found that his own operation took twice the usual seven minutes. "I had slight trouble with the injection, but otherwise all went well."

Why would a doctor—or anyone, for that matter—want to perform such an operation on himself? Distrust of other doctors? A desire to save money? "Neither," said one British doctor who performed 3000 vasectomies before doing to himself as he had done to others. "I just couldn't afford to be off work." Ah, a self-unmade man.

## England takes the high road

Britons may soon be the world's first citizens to be able to legally purchase commercially produced joints, if anyone pays attention to the suggestions being made by an English government–sponsored marijuana panel.

The panel, composed of prominent doctors, lawyers, scientists and police officials, has gone beyond the usual debate over pot legalization to examine the practical problems that would arise *after* marijuana was legalized. One of the panel's papers, for example, suggested that synthetic ten-milligram joints (twice the dose necessary for a mellow high) could be manufactured domestically at a cost of between three- and tenpence each, or about the same price that it would cost to import the natural product; domestic production, of course, would be a bigger boon to the native economy.

The panel's final report is expected in early 1976 and will be published by the government's Institute for the Study of Drug Dependence. Other logistic questions taken up will include pot supply, cultivation, marketing, advertising, taxation and such relatively petty legal points as prohibiting sales to minors and punishment for pot-smoking drivers.

The panel has already shocked conservative Britons with its visions of a future where Cannabis is a cash crop and is available to the public in cigarette or drink form. English traditionalists are used to the notion of Britannia's ruling the waves, not waiving the rules.

—GALE WILEY

## All in the family

Pruno? No, it's not the name of a new laxative—it's what the inmates of San Quentin call their homemade wine. It might as well be a laxative, however, for it keeps them on

**Let the record show that Claudine Beccarie will go down in history as France's very first hard-core film star. (She might go down for a nice dinner with wine, too, but that's none of our affair.) The name of Ms. Beccarie's film is *Exhibition*, and it led the way in the new wave of homemade, locally distributed erotic French cinema. Before this, you see, the French censors had said that the hard stuff was taboo and permitted films to show only snippets of tit and flashes of ass. Now, thanks to the liberal Giscard government, Frenchmen can see nitty-gritty films showing everything, right down to the old *entrer et outre*. As we used to say way back when, that's enough to make Napoleon pull his Bonaparte.**

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# If you're thinking about putting together a hi-fi system first take it apart in your mind.

The quality sound of high fidelity components will give you years of enjoyment—if you choose your system wisely in the beginning.

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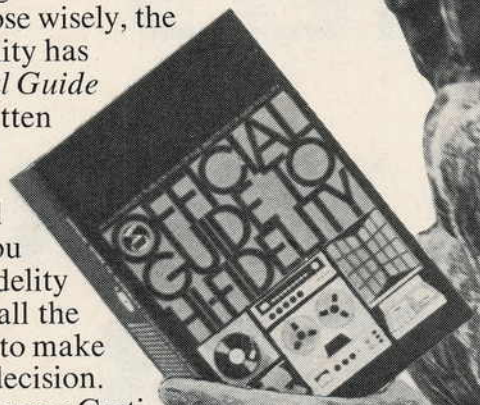


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the run, trying to hide the bootleg from the authorities.

In spite of the prisoners' efforts, pruno has been confiscated at the rate of up to 12 gallons a week. Now the crooks have decided to go straight. "Let's fill out U. S. Treasury form 1541," suggests the *San Quentin News*. That form, if approved, allows the head of a household to make up to 200 gallons of wine yearly for "family use."

"After all," the paper asks, "aren't two inmates living in the same cell a family?" Depends on the inmates.

## Rx. for your plants

Our friend Barbara called today from the PR department and related the following true story:

"I just came back from having some blood tests at a lab on Michigan Avenue. As the doctor stuck the needle in my arm, I looked around for something to concentrate on. My eye fell on a gorgeous, bright-red poinsettia that had a big sign that said DON'T WATER THIS PLANT. I have a pale-pink poinsettia that I must water daily or it droops.

" 'Why don't you water your plants?' I asked.

"The doctor grinned fiendishly and said, 'Because I feed 'em blood.'

" 'Not my blood,' I cried, jerking my arm away.

" 'Why not?' he replied. 'After we test your blood, we'd only pour it down the sink. Why not pour it on the plants instead, where at least it will do some good?'

"He then explained that he got the idea when he noticed a profusion of wildflowers blooming near the slaughterhouses that used to be on the South Side of Chicago. As I left his office, I found myself thinking about Count Dracula. Poor misunderstood man. He was probably just a frustrated gardener."

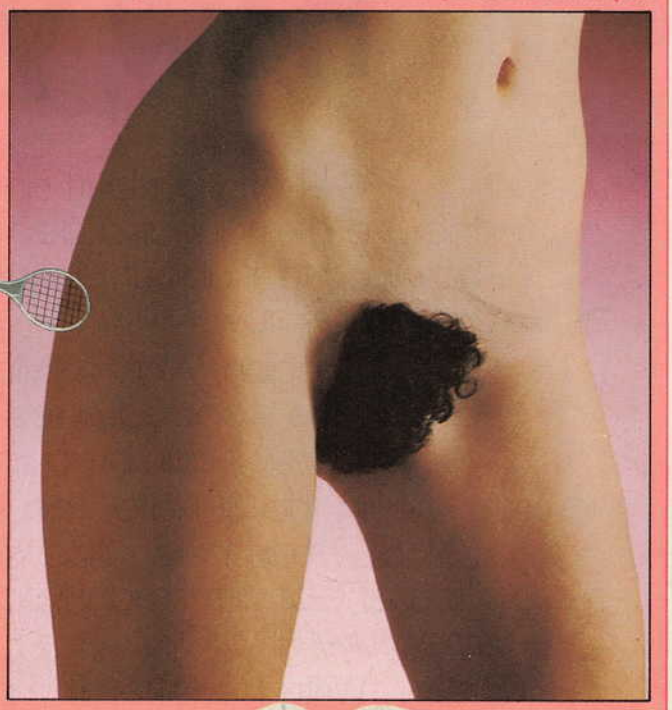
## "My Advantage" may be yours

Hey, all you gals who fall behind in your tennis game when playing against some heavy-duty male, put your minds at ease! Next time you take to the court for a set of mixed singles or doubles, you'll have a surprise in store for him! It's the exclusive, exciting My Advantage tennis dress, new from Triple Threat Enterprises.

A stunning outfit in its own right (figure number one), the dress does not reveal its true nature until that crucial moment when you most need help with your game. Then, with a quick tug at the fast-action clamps located in three strategic areas (figure number two), your demure basic-white outfit becomes a naughty bit of unsportsmanlike (but fun!) conduct. Presto! His concentration immediately goes out the window—or, should we say, *into* three small windows?

The score? Forget it, he'll suggest—let's just rally for serve, practice volley, or leap the net for the game-ending clinch! You've made your point, you've shown your set and now you play your game!

**Here it is, boys and girls, the latest zany body-fashion craze to hit downtown Hollywood: the all-new washable, dryable merkin, a contemporary version of the 17th Century counterfeit hairpiece that women of the day wore on their private parts. Why did they wear them back then? Glad you asked, seeing as how our crack merkin-research team just spent a couple of months looking for the answer. Seems that crab-lice attacks were so prevalent at the time that women were compelled to shave their pubic hair to keep the little buggers at bay. Why would any woman want to wear one today? Why, the modern merkin is just the ticket for the young Yul Beavers going in for the bald-pubes look: Shave today, have hair tomorrow; no more embarrassing five o'clock shadow. Don McLean sang about it and now it can be yours: a merkin pie!**



**Our warmest thanks and a small-but-generous slice of the company pie to: Anne Beatts (now scripting for NBC's *Saturday Night Live*, by the by), Balazs Imre Bodai, Greg Brull, E. B. Carter, Pat Donahue, Sean "Wanna ride in my Porsche, girlie?" Callahan, Jim Esposito, Michael Foldes, Paul House, Joe Kane, Thomas Jay Kane III, Barbara Kleban, Bob Knickerbocker, Tim Nater, Susan "Some of my best friends are boxer shorts" Subtle and the efflorescent Erla Zwingle. Photo credits: Real Thing, Gregg Brull; Nesbitt sculptures, Eric Meola; Humping cookies, David Umberger; Underwear, Bockris-Wylie and the SX-70; Artists' soapboxes, William Ophir, Chip Lord and Ken Doll; Heartkini and Claudine Beccairie, Norma/Katherine Young; Electric bra and My Advantage, Bob Knickerbocker; Merkin, Tom Keller. Art credits: *Openers* box, Fred Nelson; Condo break-in, Rothberg; Leaning tower, Roy Moody; Bank dick, Barbara Weigand; Vasectomy kit, Connie Fisher; Bloodsucking plants, Joe Gray; Electric bra designed by Mickey McGowan. And finally, a great big hello to all of the wonderful people down at the House of Dildos, without whom this would still be possible.**

# The next time you light up a joint, let your Senator know how you feel.

Get off your butt and do something about getting the use of marijuana decriminalized. Let someone know how you feel about the issue. Write your Senator or Congressman now!

Oregon, Alaska, Maine, Colorado, California and Ohio have stopped arresting people for marijuana possession. Now it can be done at the national level.

In the Senate, The Marijuana Control Act of 1975 (S.1450) has been sponsored by Senator Javits. In the House, Congressman Koch has introduced an identical measure(HR.6108).

Write the letter. The pen has power.

You don't have to smoke marijuana to know it's today's marijuana laws that are criminal. Let Congress know how you feel.

**Join NORML. Money is needed to finish the job once and for all.**

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# SEX TAPES

## MALE FANTASIES, PART ONE

*Ever since Nancy Friday's book* My Secret Garden *was published, there has been a great deal of material on female sexual fantasies but very little about men's. This month's and next month's "Sex Tapes" will try to adjust the imbalance by a two-part series on male fantasies conducted by Tom Anicar, which will be published later this year under the title* Male Erotic Fantasies. *All men daydream about sex. Sometimes the fantasizing is just another form of playfulness and sometimes it acts as a surrogate for experiences men feel they will never have. Fantasies free people to explore their sexuality in a safe manner. Most importantly, this process is a healthy and necessary one that enables people to uncover who they really are.*

**Wendell W., 31, respiratory therapist:** My erotic fantasy really happened. I took a suit to a dry cleaner and the girl behind the counter had nice tits and seemed very friendly. When I went back to pick the suit up at the end of the week, she pulled a tag off it and said there were spots on the crotch that wouldn't come out. I remembered I had gone to a dirty movie and had gotten so excited that I came in my pants.

She started coming on to me. "What are those stains?" she asked. "We tried every chemical to get them off." She had a nice voice, like her breasts.

So I said, "Um, coconut milk."

She giggled and told me she liked to drink coconut milk, that it was her favorite thing.

"I have some at home. Want to come over?" I was getting turned on talking to her.

"Sure. Why not?" she said, and she wrote down my address and apartment number on the dry-cleaning ticket. Soon after I got home, she showed up. "I'm here for that milk you promised," she said, and I let her in.

We didn't get far. She fell to her knees without kissing me or anything and opened her blouse. Her nipples were almost black and they were the biggest I had ever seen.

She pulled down my zipper and my cock forced its way out. "Ummmm," she moaned, purring like a cat. "That's the most beautiful one I've ever seen." She touched it and said, "Ummmm, I think coconut milk will taste better out of this faucet." And she put her lips on the head, just the head, and moved her tongue over it.

I leaned against the wall. She unbuckled my belt and opened my pants so they fell in a heap around my ankles. She looked up at me from under my cock and said, "Oh, you have the most beautiful testicles I've ever seen, too. Can I lick them?" Could she lick them? She could *have* them!

I wanted both of us to move into the bedroom and take off all of our clothes, but she stayed put in the hall by the door. She was a fantastic cocksucker. She must have gone down every day on the guys at the cleaner's. She took it all the way down her throat. She worked my balls with her fingers, and every time I was going to come, she stopped and grabbed my cock in her hands and pulled hard, so the pain would stop me from coming. "What a beautiful and tasty penis you have!" she kept saying. I felt her tits moving against my knees.

When I finally shot, it was the biggest load of my life. I never had my joint copped better than that. I made a mark on the wall, I sweat so much. When it got soft, she still wouldn't take her mouth off it. I told her I wanted to fuck her and eat her, but she said no. She finally took my cock out of her mouth and said, "I've got to get home. My husband is making dinner."

So she left. There I was, standing with my pants around my ankles, my dick swinging happily between my legs, grinning like a goddamn frog. When she opened the door, after she had put those beautiful knockers away, she said, "Thanks for the coconut milk. See you in the store."

Ever since that incident, I get an erection just thinking about it. We've done it a couple of times since then, but it's never been as good as that first time. I can't complain, though, because now she does my dry cleaning free.

**Thomas G., 41, airline engineer:** My fantasy is about a girlfriend who tells me about being with another lover, not to make me jealous but to turn me on. Here's what I mean:

I come home from work on a Friday and I'm tired. I shower and shave and feel cool and relaxed. Jeanne comes in the door and looks as if she's been through the war. Her blouse is torn a little. I can tell she's been going down on someone, because her lips are red and irritated. She looks hot and horny. I grab her, push her back onto the bed and reach up under her skirt and she's as wet

as can be. I ask her what the hell she's been doing.

She tells me she's been seeing Tony, the dark-haired guy who lives down the street. I helped him work on his car one afternoon and introduced Jeanne to him. I'm so mad I could kill her, but she kisses me and moans that she loves me more than anyone else. Then she starts to tell me about Tony—about what they did together. I start getting hard. I'm not mad anymore; I'm excited. She goes into the details of how he took her clothes off on the floor of his apartment and how she put her hand on the bulge in his jeans. But she stops after saying, "We made it together then. . . ."

I tell her I want to know all of it, in detail. I want to know how big he is and if she swallowed his climax. I want to know just how he fucked her. I imagine him behind her, dog style. I see him doing it until he's ready to come and then making her swallow his jism. My mind is racing so fast, I hardly give her time to tell the story.

She sees what's happening. She starts stroking me as she tells it. She licked him through his jeans till he got creamy. Then he unfastened the metal buttons and it popped up. She started to run her fingers up and down it. It was bigger than she imagined. Nine inches and so thick she couldn't get her hand around it. He wanted her to suck him, but she was afraid she'd never get it down her throat. He shoved her head down and the tip of the big dick slid right down by her tonsils. Her nose was buried in his sweaty hot pubic hair. The thought of my old lady going down on Tony, lying there on the floor of his apartment with his jeans still fastened, makes me shoot off. I come and Jeanne licks all of it off my belly and tells me it tastes much sweeter than his.

We have something to eat and she tells me about Tony again—to turn me on—and I get another roaring erection. He didn't do what I thought; he didn't put it to her dog style. He went one better—he fucked her in the ass. He got out a can of Crisco and stuck the head of his dick into it and slid it in, standing up. Then he lifted her into the air and carried her around the room. He set her down on the couch and fucked her until she screamed with pain. Finally he pulled out of her and she washed his cock off in the bathroom. He said, "I'm better than that old man of yours, right?" And she started crying.

Here's how I connect this to my real sex life. I once asked Jeanne to tell me about a guy she had gone to bed with before she met me, in detail. She did and the jealousy I began to feel turned to lust. I fucked her just the way she described him fucking her. She realized I got off on that. So, a month or so ago, she told me she'd been having an affair. I went insane for about an hour and finally settled down. "Tell me about it," I said. She said she'd been seeing another chick. I fell to the ground! Nothing turned me on more than hearing how she made love to Cathy, her girlfriend. Sometimes a fantasy can get you a better sex life in reality than it can in make-believe.

**Danny W., 23, mechanic:** Nurses are in all of my fantasies. When I was a teenager and in a hospital, one hell of a nurse came in one night and ordered me to turn over so she could take my temperature. You know where. I told her that I wasn't a little kid and that the thermometer next to my bed was the kind you stick in your mouth. She warned me she'd put something else up my ass if I didn't turn over. So I did, and she pulled down my pajamas and started feeling around for the hole. I immediately got an erection.

She sucked on her finger for an instant and then stuck the goddamn thing right up my asshole! Honest to Christ! Right up there! It hurt like hell, but I was really aroused. She started massaging what I later learned was my prostate. Anyhow, I moaned and she told me to turn over. So I did, with her finger still up my ass, and she opened the top of her uniform and told me I could feel her titties if I wanted to. The guys back at school would never believe it. They didn't, come to think of it.

Well, I grabbed one of her beautiful breasts and pulled it out of her brassiere. The nipple was big and hard; it looked just like the bottles my little baby sister sucked on. So I stared at it while she finger fucked me. I felt like I was going to come all of a sudden, and I let out a sound—I was kind of frightened, I guess, not knowing what to do—and like a jet, she was down on my pulsating cock, swallowing every drop of jism I spurted out.

Then she left, as though nothing had happened. I was sent home the next day and I never saw her again. I've tried to get into hospitals ever since, but I'm as healthy as an ox. I hang out there, though: in the coffee shops, in the stores and even in the parking lots. I ate a nurse in her car once. I just walked up to her and told her I would do anything she wanted as long as she was in her uniform.

**Ricky K., 22, student:** When I was in high school, I started modeling for the art classes. It was pocket money and I

**"The night nurse came in and ordered me to turn over so she could take my temperature."**

didn't mind all those kids' staring at my body for an hour at a time. I'm well endowed, and I'm proud of it.

I have two fantasies. One is that when I'm kneeling up there bare-assed, some girl is finally going to get the hots so bad she won't be able to control it. She will toss her clay against the wall and tackle me. Then all the others will join in, pulling off their panties and diddling themselves as they watch her take me into her mouth. They'll all get in line for a chance to kiss my dick.

The other fantasy is one that really happened. As I said, I have always dreamed of a whole class of chicks going down on me. Well, there in the local paper was an ad for a young male model for a "painting class." I applied: I showed this woman my naked body and got the job—one night a week for 15 or so women. I figured that was good enough. I went to the address and stripped and went out into the classroom. The place was full of smoke and the women (all in their 40s and 50s) sat around little tables with drinks in their hands. There was no sign of paintbrushes. Just horny women. I had been hired to service them! They started to come on to me and I finally picked the best-looking one in the place, one with great big jugs, and we did it in front of the others. I didn't come, because I knew a few more would want it. I serviced about three of the women before I finally just shot my wad into the air. I never went back, but they paid me $50 for the session, which was pretty good.

Another time, I got a terrific hard-on in class. The instructor was an old man and he tried to have me expelled, but the dean—a woman—was very understanding. She asked me if I thought it would happen again, and I said no, because what had happened that day was that a gorgeous chick was sitting in front of me with her sketch pad on her lap and I could see she wasn't wearing any underwear! She did it purposely to see if I would respond. I wasn't embarrassed about it, and I think the class loved it, but that fart instructor was bent out of shape—probably because his professor's prick isn't bigger than his little finger.

Anyhow, the dean said something like "When you have a very large penis, people tend to envy it."

I took that to be an invitation. I said something like "Oh, it's not that big."

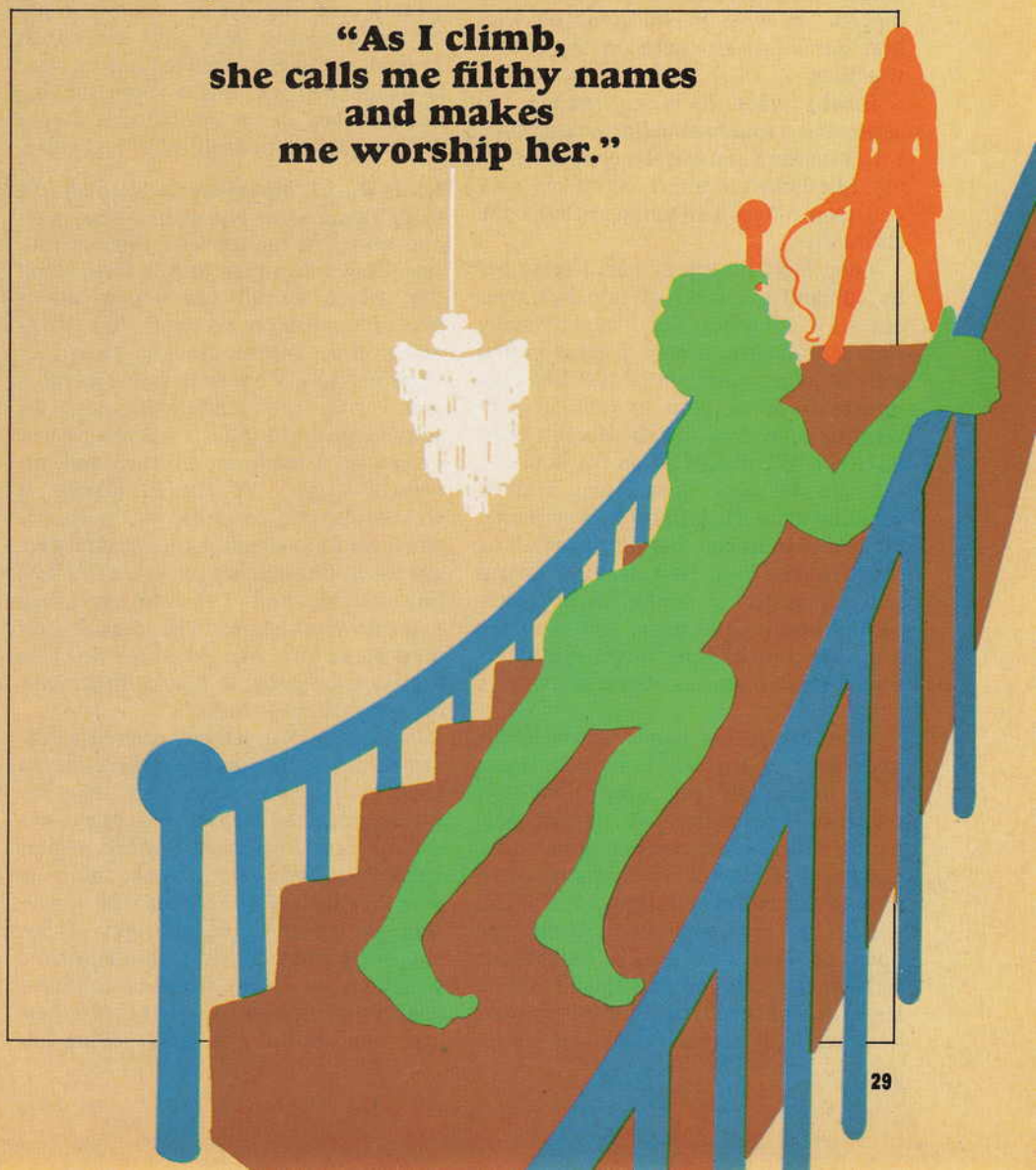
And she finally said, "I've heard about it." So I showed it to her. I whipped it out right there in her office and let her look. In a minute, she had hiked up her skirt and pulled down her panties; she bent over her desk and I slid my dick into her. She let me go back to posing the next day.

It's a great thing being well endowed. I can see that my cock's going to keep me happy for a hell of a long time.

**Jack B., 28, advertising executive:** I always picture a young aristocratic woman standing above me with a whip in her hand. Sometimes I'm naked and sometimes I'm dressed in women's undergarments, which she has ordered me to wear. She will beat and flog me when I open my mouth to speak without first asking permission. She'll growl and then kick at my groin and send me howling across the floor. Or she'll make me climb a long flight of wood steps, one by one, on my hands and knees, my genitals just hanging there for her to see and whip, and as I climb, she calls me filthy names and makes me worship her and promise I'll do anything she says. I must call her "Master" or she kicks me and I scream in pain as I crawl up the stairs. I know if I make it to the top, I will get to make love to her, but it is a long, hard climb.

Sometimes she takes me for a walk around the neighborhood, on a dog's leash. I'm either naked or wearing panties, and all the neighbors laugh, and the kids on the block throw stones, and she screams at them, and then if I behave, she rewards me with a lick of her snatch.

Some days, I'll take Scotch tape and tie it around the tip of my cock, just under the head, and then tape my dick up against my abdomen and go to work that way. I can feel the pain all day and if I start to get hard, the pain nearly knocks me out. I pretend that my master is home and that she knows I'm in pain, and that makes it exciting for me. I can't urinate, because my cock is up in that position, so by the time I get home, I'm ready to explode. And when I take the tape off, I masturbate from the excitement before I can even finish pissing. I pretend my beautiful dominant master is watching my every move. Sometimes I wake up in the night and press my hard cock against the cold windowpane so that it will hurt, pretending that she came into the room in her black-leather outfit and ordered me to do it. She's with me always, in my mind, and has complete dominance over my actions. I can't live without that kind of stability in my life—real or not—and it is the only way I



can function. I hate to think of what I would be without an active fantasy life.

**Al C., 31, machinist:** My girlfriend, Patti, has a brother named Tom. He's very handsome, 20 years old, and he's very well hung. He sees me as kind of a father. Patti and Tom were left fatherless when their old man died in an auto accident. Last year, their mother died of cancer. They live together now.

I love Patti very much and I love having sex with her. But I want desperately to have sex with her and with her brother at the same time. I know she wants it, too, but she would probably fight it. She loves him more than a sister should love a brother. And I think if we invited him to bed, he would come, and I think he could handle getting it on with his sister.

Here's my favorite fantasy about the three of us. Patti and I come home after seeing a movie. We're both horny and we take off our clothes on the living-room floor. We play around and finally I get her vibrator out of the bedroom and ask her to diddle herself with it. I like to watch her do that. She moans and begins to cry, with real tears, as she holds the plastic thing way inside. She pinches her nipples and begs me to come on with her, but I just sit there on the couch, watching.

Finally, when she is very hot and I'm as erect as a soldier standing at attention, I drop to the floor and she goes down on me. She licks the underside of my dick and then moves her tongue around the entire area.

Then I get on top of her. I tease her by rubbing the head of my dick over her vulva. She begs for it and I finally slide it in gently, slowly. I get it in and start to pump, and she closes her eyes in ecstasy as we start to fuck. I don't want to come fast and she doesn't want it, either. We like to go on for hours.

Then the door opens, and Tom is standing there. He is in his Jockey shorts. He had been asleep, but our lovemaking sound waked him. He rubs his eyes and looks surprised at seeing his big sister getting laid on the floor. She can't see him, but I'm looking directly into his liquid eyes. I see his shorts starting to bulge.

Tom brings his hands down to his underwear and slowly tugs them down to his thighs. His long, sleepy dong falls out, rising to attention. He starts masturbating in the same rhythm as his sister and me. Then he shakes the shorts down around his ankles and steps out of them.

Patti is moaning. Every time she opens her eyes, I plant a kiss on her face to keep her from looking up and finding her little brother. Then I tell her to close her eyes tight and she does and I sock it to her like crazy, getting terribly excited by the big beautiful prick I see on the boy standing across the room. I lift my head and open my mouth, letting him know I want to have his cock between my lips. He can see I want him to come in my throat. And he decides he can dig kneeling over his sister's face.

He kneels down near her face in one fast movement. She opens her eyes and she's staring up at her brother's balls. She sees my lips curled around his cock. He smashes her face hard with his tight buttocks, and his balls fall into her open mouth and she is forced to suck on them. My cock won't let up in her pussy. I can feel every muscle in her body fighting me, but she is loving it, too, I know. I balance myself on my arms as I fuck Patti and suck her brother at the same time.

He comes. Like a fucking horse! There is so much of it that I can't take it all, and some drips down to Patti's face, down over his balls and into her mouth. She laps it up, screaming in ecstasy, her mind completely blown. Then I shudder and pull my head off his cock and yell that I'm coming. I pump a huge load of thick jism into Patti's steamy cunt. Both of us collapse on top of her a minute later, and she moves around, completely freaked out by what is happening, sucking us both, licking our assholes, kissing our balls, as we put our heads next to each other and relax.

**Louis R., 35, businessman:** Women like to be dominated. No matter what anyone says. No matter what libbers profess. They like a man to rule them—and that means sexually, as well as otherwise. I treated my secretary like a dog and won her respect quickly. Then I invited her to my apartment one evening and I was very gentle with her. She seemed uncomfortable. I was testing her, of course. I made an advance and she seemed eager. We fucked gently. It wasn't pleasing to either of us. Later, when we were standing on her doorstep, she fished through her purse for her key. She couldn't find it. I told her I had taken it when she was in the shower after we'd made love. She asked for it. I told her we were going to play a little game. She would have to find it.

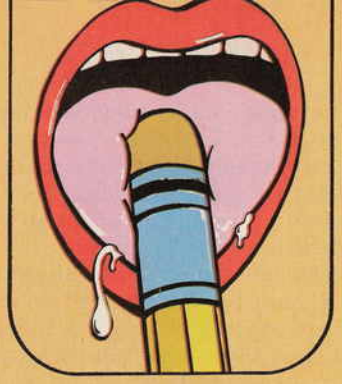
She seemed upset but excited at the same time. Out there in the dark, in her back yard, I gave her a clue—the key was near, in the white. I told her it was a hard clue. She asked me not to play games and told me it was unfair to keep her locked out of her own house. But she got the clue all right—I had slipped the key into my shorts when I put them on. In my white undershorts, near my erect cock. She felt down there and found it. But I wouldn't let her just reach in and get it. I told her she was the dog and the key was the bone. She would have to fetch it. I opened the top of my pants and unzipped. Then I ordered her onto her knees there in the grass and forced her to get the key out with her teeth. She had to nuzzle her head into my crotch and get the elastic band of my shorts with her teeth. She did it, pulling like crazy with her neck, and she finally yanked my shorts down far enough so that the key fell out and hit the ground. She giggled and reached out, but I grabbed her hands and held them behind her back and forced her to pick up the key with her teeth. She threatened to scream, but she didn't, because she was afraid of the neighbors. I had the feeling she was loving it.

After I took the key from her, she went down on me there in the yard until I came. I yanked at her hair, hard, just to see her reaction. She worked all the harder. That was all I needed to know. After I came, I tossed the key into the vegetable garden and told her to have fun finding it.

The next day, she told me she couldn't find it in the dark and had finally crawled through a window, ripping her skirt. I just smirked. Then I ordered her into the office and told her to remove her panties. She was flabbergasted. I told her to take them off or she was fired. She obeyed, thinking we were going to do it right there. But all I did was take her panties over to the window and toss them out! She covered her mouth, knowing she would have to go the rest of the day in her short skirt with no underwear. I knew I had her.

We have gotten into real S/M in recent weeks. It had always been a secret dream of mine, a fantasy, but I started to act it out with Joy—and she is the perfect woman slave. She seems to live for my attention, in the form of kisses or whippings—sometimes both. I bought a straplike contraption that fits around her waist and down under her crotch, like a chastity belt. This thing has two little hooks, one where her pussy rests and one at the opening of her asshole. You can attach any size dildo you want to the hooks. I strap it onto her in the morning, sometimes forcing her to work the entire day with a hard rubber cock up her ass. Or a wooden plug up her pussy. She sits at the desk in the outer office, greeting clients with a smile. Under it, she is in torturous pain. And she loves it.

One night, I gave her to my best friend for a night of lovemaking, which I directed. I made her service him like he'd never been serviced before. I'll dominate her like she's never been dominated. That's what being a man is all about. ■



# SEX TAPE LETTERS

### Extramarital bliss

I'm a fairly attractive 27-year-old woman who is married to a terrific guy, but I just love to get out and get it on. Your *Sex Tapes* on extramarital sex reminds me of an unusual experience I had with a complete stranger. One night while I was visiting a girlfriend at her apartment, I complained about how horny I was. She told me she had a friend who was a good sport and said that, if I liked, she would call and invite him over for some fun. I agreed, but I told her to make it clear to him that it was just fun, no involvements. She said, "Of course! The rule for this game will be that you both must wear blindfolds." She phoned him and he was eager to play along. When the doorbell rang, I quickly ducked into the bedroom and closed the door. My friend told me afterward that he came in with a great big smile on his face, thinking it was some kind of joke. She convinced him it was for real, and made him take off all of his clothes, and then tied a black scarf over his eyes so that he couldn't see a thing. She came into the bedroom laughing and said, "The Lone Ranger is ready to ride!" She blindfolded me and then led him into the room. It was a little awkward at first; I felt like Helen Keller on a date, but we soon got down to business. We used the standard missionary position, because variations proved a bit tricky. At one point, we were attempting to do it doggy style and I started to fall off the bed. His cock slipped out, and I thought he was going to come while fucking the inside of my leg. He had a low sexy voice that really turned me on and his tongue felt like a velvety butterfly on my skin. Making blindfolded love was incredibly erotic and more sensual than anything I had experienced. I didn't peek even once. When we finished, he said he would have to remove his blindfold to get up and dress, but I waited in bed until he was gone. I didn't want to know what he looked like. It would have spoiled the fun and I might have been disappointed had he not been the handsome young stud I imagined him to be.

DEBBY C.
Chicago, Illinois

I've had a number of affairs and I've always been able to arrange them quite easily, because I keep an apartment in the city in addition to my house in the suburbs. However, one of my most dangerous affairs—if you want to call it that—was with a friend of my wife's, a woman who lives not far from our house. I had always liked her and thought she was very attractive, but didn't know the feelings were reciprocal until one night at a party, she came on to me. We met for the first time to sleep together about two weeks later. We both drove to a motel not far from our

houses, spent the afternoon there, went back home and changed; then my wife and I joined her and her husband for dinner that night. We could hardly keep straight faces all during dinner. We continued the affair—with her coming into the city, where we would go to my apartment—and it worked out fine. Nobody caught on. However, one summer night, she and her husband gave a party at their house. They have a big place with a pool that is surrounded by lots of shrubs and bushes. The party was a big cocktails-and-buffet thing with lots of people. We acted as we always did, until it got late and we both got very drunk. We started talking by the pool and she told me how she wanted to fuck me right there—only she got more graphic, saying she wanted to suck my cock, etc., which of course only turned me on like hell. I told her to stop it, because if she kept it up, I was going to have to fuck her on the spot, no matter who was looking. She kept right on. Finally I took her by the hand and pulled her behind the big bushes beside the pool. There was just enough brush to hide us, but it was still risky; anybody could have walked by and seen us. She was wearing a long halter dress with no underwear, so I just shoved her onto the ground and pulled her dress up. I took my pants halfway off and we fucked. I could hear voices near us as we did it, and I had to put my hand over her mouth to keep her from yelling out. Actually the whole thing was tremendously exciting—the threat of being discovered added an incredibly delicious edge to the fucking. When it was over—and we didn't get caught—she got up first, pulled her dress down and walked back into the house. I followed a few minutes later.

NORMAN N.
Darien, Connecticut

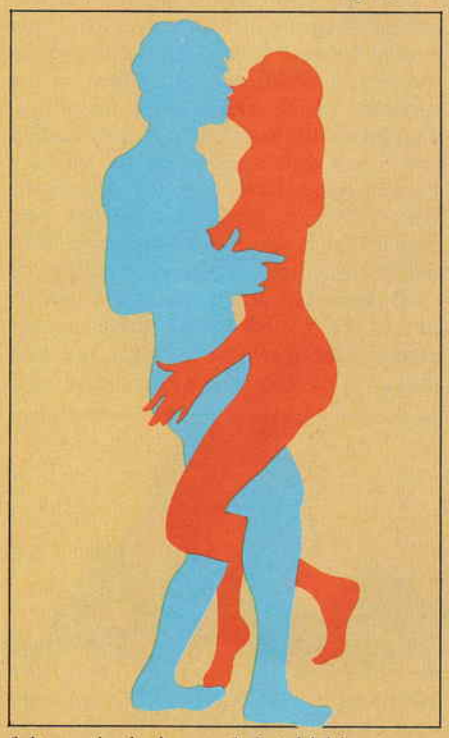
### Explosive experiences

My most thrilling sexual experience occurred while I was with the Marine Corps in South Vietnam. I had just returned to the battalion rear after a three-week operation north of Da Nang and I was tired but horny as hell. While on bunker watch that night, I decided I had to get laid. Just below the hill we were on, there was a village where a foxy 16-year-old girl and her nine-year-old brother lived. I had met them while patrolling the area on numerous occasions and I knew that her brother pimped for her. After passing the word to the guys in my unit, I sneaked through the barbed-wire perimeter into the village. Besides the usual rifle, grenades and other articles of war gear, I took some C-rations along. They were always good to trade for a piece of ass. When I arrived at her house, I gave the kid brother a one-dollar military-payment certificate, and she sent him to stay with a friend. We had some rice wine, and, as I drank, she began to undress. My cock was so hard, I thought it would burst

right out of my baggy jungle utilities. After I undressed, we lay back and smoked some grass. Just as we began to get down to some serious fucking, the sound of automatic rifles filled the air. The Viet Cong were attacking the village. Needless to say, my cock went as limp as a wet dishrag. We quickly picked up our clothes and she ushered me out of the house and into an old cellar. I was scared and was ready to shoot anyone who might attempt to open the small trap door on the roof. She gave me a reassuring smile and said, "No sweat, we still boom-boom." To my surprise, she had my cock rock hard again in no time at all. With my rifle beside me on full automatic, ready for action, I humped her with pile-driving force. We had fucked before, but never like this. The sounds of gunfire and exploding grenades made us realize that we were in danger of being killed at any moment and the excitement drove me to an excruciating orgasm. Just before dawn, I crawled back through the barbed wire to rejoin my battalion. The girl and I fucked again later, but the thrill of that night was never repeated.

CHUCK W.
Huntington Beach, California

Although I'm only 17, I've had some pretty interesting sexual experiences. First of all, I really get off when guys at school look at me. I'm sure lots of them wonder how I look naked. I have a fairly well-developed figure for my age, and I'm very proud of my tits. I let some of the boys suck them, which I dig a lot. I am a senior in high school, and during the afternoon, there is a two-hour study hall for members of both the junior and senior classes. It's really easy to get out of study hall and to wander around the building. Sometimes we go to the history room, which is isolated from the rest of the building. One of the senior boys and I went there recently; we knew we wanted to feel each other up. I sat on one of the desks and he stood between my legs. I put his hand on my breast and moved it around—showing him what felt good. I could see that a bulge was beginning to form in the front of his pants, so I casually brushed against it with the back of my hand. He jumped about a foot in the air. I told him to relax. He eased up a bit, and because he really liked to touch my breasts, he let me touch him. I unzipped his pants, stuck my hand in there and fished around for his cock. It wasn't the biggest I had ever felt, but it was a good six and a half inches. (That's the length from the tip of my middle finger to my wrist.) He closed his eyes and started to get dizzy. I was getting a little pissed off because I wanted him to feel my pussy, but he wasn't making any moves in that direction. I said to him, "Listen, this thing's got to be mutual or we can pack it up right here." He didn't know what I was talking about, so I took his hand and slowly guided it between my legs, under my skirt and onto the slip of fabric against my cunt. He started rubbing up and down, and it felt *so* good. I took his cock out of his pants and he immediately tensed up, because he was afraid someone would walk in. I told him not to worry. I had given hand jobs to three other boys, but I had never done it in school before. The idea was very exciting. I worked on his prick very slowly, rubbing it back and forth with both hands. It was a real cute one—circumcised and medium fat. All the time, he was rubbing my cunt—and was getting better at it, too, because I moaned a little when something he did



felt particularly good. I told him to put his finger inside me, so he slipped his hand under the elastic of my panties and sank two fingers all the way in. It felt really good, and I squirmed around so much that he had trouble keeping his fingers in. He started to shake and his hot come spurted out in big globs. It was really fascinating to watch. I tried to catch most of it in my hand, but some spilled onto my skirt. He was anxious to get back to study hall before we were missed, so I wiped his come off my hands with some notebook paper, while he stuffed his cock back into his pants. He left the room and I followed a little bit later. Later the study-hall teacher came over to my desk and noticed that I had a stain on my skirt. I knew, and I think she knew, exactly what it was. I mean, nothing else looks quite like a come stain. I smiled a sweet smile and told her I must have dropped some ice cream on it.

SUSIE R.
Springfield, Illinois

The most thrilling sexual experience I have ever had was watching my wife suck my brother off. It was utterly fantastic. My wife and I were visiting my brother and his wife. While the girls were preparing dinner, my brother and I went down to the corner bar to have a few beers. We talked about old times and how much fun we used to have before we were married. Both of us prided ourselves as swordsmen and sometimes would bring a girl over to our house when our parents were gone. One of us would convince the girl that fucking wasn't so bad and he would respect her afterward and all the rest of that bullshit. The girl usually gave in. We had some signal so that when one of us was in bed with the girl, the other would walk into the room. The girl usually got really embarrassed, tried to hide herself and sometimes even started crying. After a few minutes, however, we would convince her that everything was cool, and my brother and I would take turns fucking her. We never left a girl unsatisfied. In the middle of this reminiscence, I bragged that my wife was terrific with her mouth, and my brother complained that in ten years of marriage, his wife had never gone down on him. As a matter of fact, no one ever had. Later that night, my brother and I were watching television when my wife came in dressed in a shorty nightgown. We asked her if she wanted a nightcap. Both my brother and I were in our boxer shorts, and I could tell that he was getting hard. My wife noticed it, too, and she loved it. She's a real cock tease. I said to her that my brother had never had a blow job, and then pulled her down on the couch between us. By this time, I was hard, too. I pulled her nightgown up over her head. She knew exactly what we wanted her to do, and she was ecstatic. God, what a fantastic sight it was to see my wife wrap her mouth around my brother's cock. His first blow job didn't last long: He came in a couple of minutes. Watching the come drip out of my wife's mouth was really sexy. I came off just watching them. Needless to say, my wife's cunt and her mouth got a wild workout for the next two hours.

TOM H.
Miami, Florida

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*Readers with similar or dissimilar experiences, or who simply want to sound off on related subjects, are encouraged to write to* OUI *Sex Tapes, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.*

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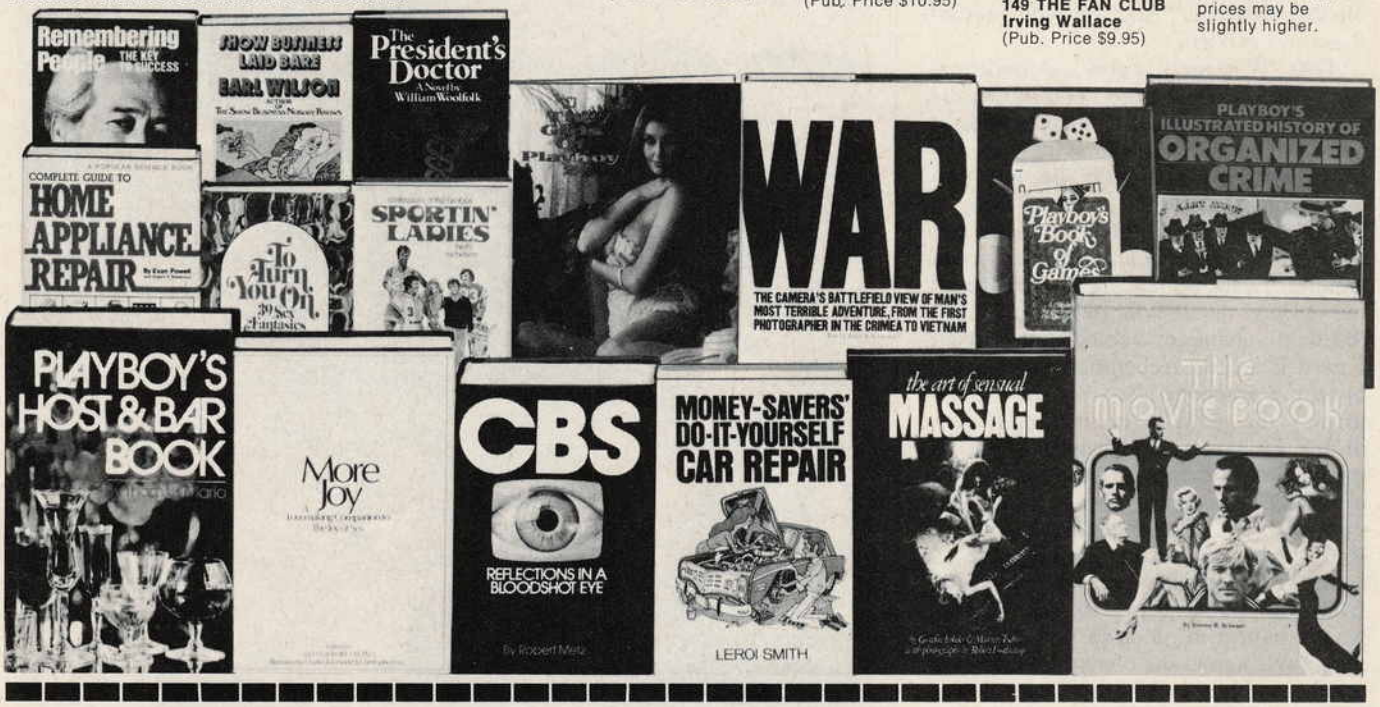
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# REVUE

## Mano on making it

I'll set the scene for you: Lights, camera, plenty of hard-core action on a seamy mattress. Two nude men, hung like male gnus, have been working overtime, no coffee break, pension or benefits. You see one woman, also nude, bent in full salaam between them; could be she's worshiping the great god of proctoscopy. All this time, her candle has been lit at both ends. Director yells, "Cut! Cut!" For three hours, both men have been running her up the flagpole and still no salute—that's time enough to shoot *Gone with the Wind*, but they can't come with this broad. In the porn game, you don't waste film; porn producers would develop the leader on a reel if they could. "Hey, you kid! Over there!" the director shouts.

Julia Franklin, emery-boarding her nails in a corner, says, "Who me?"

"Yeah, you. Let's see if you can handle this big scene." And, yes, you guessed it—a star is born.

That "Who me?" is classic Americana. We've seen them before. You know, the young understudy who really means it when she says "Break a leg" to the lead on opening night. The kid tap-dancing alone in his room, playing a cardboard violin, hitting baseballs out of some vacant sand lot with old broom handles. Every American, it's presumed, has a secret talent. Me, for instance. I'm the world-champion feetball player—all I need is a little recognition (all I need, in fact, is someone else who knows how to play the game). The making-it syndrome fascinates Hollywood, where so many girls either make it or are made or both. Films have always celebrated upward mobility. But there's a clinker: Roots catch up. After you've made it, some clown arrives (usually by bus) from the home town to say, "John, what's happened? You're not the same nice guy I knew, the one who paid Sissy Smith four bits to take her pants down. Remember? You've changed. You're not fun anymore." Upward mobility is downward personality. Glitter and tinsel turn out to be glitter and tinsel. This is a very basic American ambivalence. Obscurity and poverty are natural. Fame is artificial, not to mention all that—uck—money.

The scene outlined above comes from a real X-rater: **The Divine Obsession,** produced and directed by Lloyd Kaufman, who uses Louis Su as a pseudonym—in case Oriental skinhouses show some interest. *Divine Obsession* is one of the wittiest, most intelligent hard-core films I've seen. It parodies itself; it also parodies the entire star-is-born genre. (At this very moment, Barbra Streisand and Kris Kristofferson are making a film titled, yes, *A Star Is Born*.) Though there are standard porn items, S/M, et al. (porn is like a decathlon: You have to compete in certain events and Kaufman-Su has to recoup his $70,000), *Divine Obsession* features a gentle humorous honesty. Perhaps this is because Julia Franklin, the lead, has been a New York actress with legit aspirations. She's been through it. Just before Franklin gets rummaged on a producer's casting desk (reciting Shakespeare all the way down), she says, hopefully, "And I can do water ballet if I'm allowed to use my nose clip." It's a line Woody Allen could appreciate, and there are others. As noted above, she gets her big Who me? shot and becomes the Marilyn Monroe of porn. Fame and fortune follow—the young man who loves her for her personal self keeps following—then collapse while she's doing strip routines "direct from the Flambé Club in Bayonne." Given the handicaps—no budget, no retakes, the decathlon—Antonioni couldn't have done much better and he'd probably call himself Michelangelo Su.

"Success is nothing without someone you love to share it with." That line, a Dr. Scholl's pad of undying prose, is delivered to Diana Ross by the boy from home. In **Mahogany,** Diana has a textbook Who me? scene: discovered suddenly by a famous fashion photog.

**Charles Gatewood is a mild-mannered photographer who blends in wherever he goes. And he goes to some of the strangest places. His pictures document the human side shows that exist in our urban fringe. He photographs William Burroughs' turf, which is why Burroughs wrote the words that accompany the pictures in Gatewood's book *Sidetripping* (Derbibooks). It's stranger-than-fiction *paparazzi* stuff, updating the jarring view finder of Diane Arbus, and is guaranteed to give you belly laughs as well as stomach turns.**

Another star is born, but someone did a d. and c. on the film. *Mahogany* grossed $205,000 in its first New York week; grossed is the word. "Gosh, you really did tiptoe out on a limb for me," says Diana's boyfriend at one point. The film is glitzy—just so many *New Yorker* ads in a row—with text out of *True Confessions*: As I've noted, genre after genre, the blacks are doomed to road test each and every white hand-me-down. *Mahogany* has lavish production values—Kaufman couldn't hire Ross's left foot for a hop-on part—but there's something more worth while in Julia Franklin's success-failure than in Diana Ross's giving it up for love and crying all the way to Chase Manhattan with her blaxploitation grosses.

—D. KEITH MANO

## A fistful of pages

None of the old excuses for male sexual delinquency is being accepted at the spanking-new school of feminism where Susan Brownmiller teaches. Men can just take their tatty primal urges, aggressive instincts, impotence and horniness with them on their way out. Rape doesn't spring from the monkeyhouse at all. Instead, it's the cornerstone of the male social order. Rape, goddamn it, is a political act. The Calleyesque goons who make up the body of rapists "have served in effect as front-line masculine shock troops, terrorist guerrillas in the longest sustained battle the world has ever known," and the fact that some men rape "provides a sufficient threat to keep all women in a constant state of intimidation, forever conscious of the knowledge that the biological tool must be held in awe for it may turn to weapon with sudden swiftness [*sic*]." A penis is just a hired gun.

Lieutenant Brownmiller's 404-page **Against Our Will** (Simon and Schuster) might have been called *Rape from the Beginning*. The author quotes squads of prosecutors, witnesses, rapists and rapees, in war and peace, from Babylon to Bangladesh. Righteously, she recounts the most grisly details, lest we forget, and rails against those male hypocrites (at Nuremberg, Tokyo and the local precinct house) who fail to read into the record all the grim acts against women they know to exist. There is a conspiracy of silence, Brownmiller insists, born of man's refusal to see women as anything but property, and most rape laws prove this. (Of course most laws, even when they apply to men, are born of the refusal to see anything except as property, but let that pass.)

Beneath Brownmiller's rationalist veneer beats a Sixties heart. She fearlessly digs up the ghosts of Freud, Patton, Helene Deutsch, et al., and slaps them around for being insensitive to women; she fairly rejoices in reporting that one of the Boston Strangler's victims fought him off by biting his finger to the bone; she thinks "invasion of bodily integrity" (not rape), even in marriage, should be a felony crime, to be settled in court; she'd like to see sex movies, 42nd Street and magazines such as this one trampled out like the grapes of wrath. Women ought to be training for physical combat, to right the tide of history—if they hadn't been physically weaker, "incapable of retaliation in kind," women would never have settled for their historical domestic role.

Brownmiller dabbles in disciplines and calls it scholarship. She set out to write a history and settled for an overweight pamphlet. Her greatest failure is imagination. [Ms. Brownmiller is interviewed in Lucian K. Truscott's *Rape: The Liberal's Law-and-Order Issue*, page 44, this issue.]

*A few pages more:*

**WWII** (Grosset & Dunlap), by James Jones, is a collection of martial art (paintings and drawings) and extended comment by our foremost literary foot soldier. Jones is weak on abstract thinking, so his art comment is negligible; fortunately, so is most of the art. He is better on personal memories of Pearl Harbor, the Honolulu red-light district,

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Guadalcanal and such—what it felt like to be young, scared, horny and aware of the larger picture. On the other hand, Jones has never been able to outgrow these memories, so his writing has a recycled quality.

**The Friends of Richard Nixon** (Atlantic-Little, Brown), by George V. Higgins, pulls various characters out of the Watergate bog and scrapes the more obvious gook off. Sam Dash, a good guy, for example, looks like an inexperienced bungler; Gordon Liddy, a bad guy, seems rather brilliant; Richard Kleindienst, a good guy gone bad, appears to be a fascist. While Deputy Attorney General, Kleindienst remarked: "Fuck the Constitution," and also gave evidence of being as anti-Semitic as his chief.

**Hustling on Gorky Street** (Dial), by Yuri Brokhin, proves that punks can exist in the Soviet Union. The author got to know a lot of whores, sports fixers, junkies, et al., while he worked as a Moscow cabby, after being bounced from the Moscow Film Institute. Now he's in the States to—if this book is any evidence—do a little hustling of his own.

**Tales of Beatnik Glory** (Stonehill), by Ed Sanders, is a *roman à clef*. Sanders' talent for making a fruitcake of the English language is employed to recount such disparate events of the Fifties and early Sixties as the first Atomic Energy Commission sit-in and the Siobhan McKenna Group Grope.

**With the Weathermen** (Doubleday), by Susan Stern, is the "personal journal" of a white middle-class kid who finally discovers that revolutionary vanguards have psychological cripples clumping along with them, too. She mentions Mark Rudd, Bernardine Dohrn and other stars without saying much about them, and in the end gives up her leftist ways for lesbianism. Radical note: If Doubleday is looking for another *Jaws*, this isn't it.

—JOHN LOMBARDI

## Skirting the women's issue

Mistresses and adulteresses—what was recently taboo is now merely boring and banal. I thought **Playing Around: Women and Extramarital Sex** (Morrow) would make the perfect beach book during the summer of my discontent. I thought I'd find a leg up to self-realization through great sex. A boost for a listless libido. Maybe even some helpful hints from all those middle-class women spilling the beans about their affairs. But all I got from Linda Wolfe was a bland casserole: not the fiery Tex-Mex chili I'd been expecting. Wolfe often writes for *New York* magazine, home of the New Journalists; the least she could tell us was how *she* managed to step from one marriage to a second and, it is implied, entirely faithful match. OK, did she or didn't she? "The old-fashioned provisos still dominated my thinking

They went to Perriboo by car
And places twice again as far
In winter they were both discreet
And wore galoshes on their feet.
Upon the river Oad the two
Were often seen in their canoe.
On Fridays Emblus played the flute;
The bird now joined him on a lute.
The top of the zagava tree
Was frequently where they had tea.
The cards got battered past repair
As they played double solitaire.

**"Doom and discrepancy!" declaim the Pins and Needles, the chorus of "The Inanimate Tragedy," a classic Greek drama told entirely through the experiences of buttons, a marble, a tack and a knotted string. Indeed. Doom and discrepancy are what Edward Gorey is all about, and we are treated to another achingly witty dose of them in his new collection, *Amphigorey Too* (Putnam). Gorey's format is the illustrated children's story. But what goes on in his tales is too casually awful and real for even the most bloodthirsty child and too dryly sophisticated for adults who are slow in any sense: If you showed up at the bookstore a few minutes late, you could easily have missed an entire Gorey edition, as many of them were truly limited, say to 20 or 25 copies. Even then, the book might be published under one of his anagrammatic pseudonyms, like Ogdred Weary or Mrs. Regera Dowdy. A first collection, *Amphigorey*, was published in 1972, and this new volume brings together 20 choice (poisoned) morsels. There are "The Beastly Baby," the tale of a malevolent lump whose parents keep trying to arrange its accidental death; "The Pious Infant," Henry Clump, whose "little body turned to dust, but his soul went up to God"; "The Salt Herring," a tale composed "to make all serious men mad, mad, mad." In addition to such brief, light pieces, Gorey treats us to the gruesomely romantic life of a prima ballerina in "The Gilded Bat" and to the terrible trials of "The Abandoned Sock." Gorey's artwork is all pen-and-ink, which somehow manages to be bleak and cheeky simultaneously. It is matched perfectly by his prose. A sample from "The Deranged Cousins": "One September afternoon Rose and Mary quarreled over a bed slat. Mary struck Rose with a brown-china doorknob she had already found and killed her. She had Marsh bury her in a field known as the Rabbits' Restroom. The incident caused her to become a religious maniac." Fusing classic paranoia with classic visual storytelling, Gorey occupies the high ground between Franz Kafka and R. Crumb. *Amphigorey Too* is a place you'll want to visit often as life rolls by.**

**—BURY ST. EDMUND**

and . . . I expected that my [second] husband and I would be faithful to each other, emotionally and sexually. Exclusivity . . . that's what the sociologists say is the basis for marriage." Wolfe says her interviews were "nonjudgmental," but the undercurrent is very much anti-adultery. And no wonder. Most of these women's stories have a flat, dreary quality. Affairs are seldom undertaken in a spirit of play and exploration; more often they serve only to "preserve marriage by women phobic about divorce." More than anything else, Wolfe finds that women engaged in long-term affairs are consumed by loneliness, self-doubt and fear of the future. Of the 66 women she interviewed, there is only one really happy case of an extramarital affair leading to a divorce and a better marriage. Where? Dayton, Ohio.

There is the woman who goes to her lover's office every day of the week:

> "I sit around his office in the mornings while he works. I write letters to my friends. I keep cookbooks there and plan my night's menu . . . I do my hair there a lot. In the sink in the ladies' room. That way my husband thinks I've been to the hairdresser." She also pays her bills from her lover's office, does her nails and reads the magazines. It makes Tom, her lover, feel good to have her working beside him . . . giving an air of domesticity to their lives. When she calls Gristede's and orders fruits, he smacks his lips at her choices and says "Delicious," quite as if they were being ordered for his own snacking that night.

These lives acquire a cold, odd Jerzy Kosinski quality in the telling. Wolfe tries to get herself into the picture, to push and to prod, to give a rounded feeling of each woman's house/husband/kids/job/psyche. But perhaps there is just no way to keep the juice in a story that is taken from a tape recorder and put onto a printed page.

**Mistresses** (Bobbs-Merrill) is a much slighter collection of interviews by Susan Kedgley and Wendy James that is strung together with snippets of sociology. Character is indicated by blurbs like: "Nicole Le Hay is tall with long, dark hair, slim, sophisticated, and well dressed." Like the women who play around, mistresses are mainly unhappy, weak, guilty and screwed up. This book makes a point similar to Wolfe's, that affairs often do more to shore up unhappy marriages than to break them up. But there is a numbing sense of sameness in these interviews; of arrangements that are tiresome, certainly not glamorous. Mistress is a dashing old word. One would expect some silks and satins and witty well-kept courtesans in this book, not this gaggle of put-upon women.

What I would like to do is stick a third book into the hands of these women, a dry volume called **The New Assertive Woman** (Delacorte), by Dr. Lynn Z. Bloom, Karen Coburn and Joan Pearlman. It tells how to say naw nicely, how to assert oneself without getting aggressive. Essentially, *N.A.W.* is a do-it-yourself handbook for the assertiveness-training seminars women have been taking around the country. The emphasis is on talking instead of shouting or pouting. If a partnership has sexual or emotional problems, women can learn to talk straight about them and to get their point across. At the end of the book is a handy tear-out check list: "A thorough guide to all the steps to assertion." If you read *Playing Around* and find your wife showing suspicious signs of adultery coming on ("depression, withdrawal"), or find actual evidence that she's taken up with someone ("coiffure clues"), try leaving this book on the coffee table. Perhaps you can work it out. But if she's joined a consciousness-raising group and wants to dump the kids with you and drive cross-country in the station wagon, keep this book for yourself. Men need to learn how to say naw now more than women. —CAROL TROY


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# PLAYING WITH FLORENCE

SOMETIMES IT'S FUN
TO PRETEND
YOU'RE SOMEONE ELSE

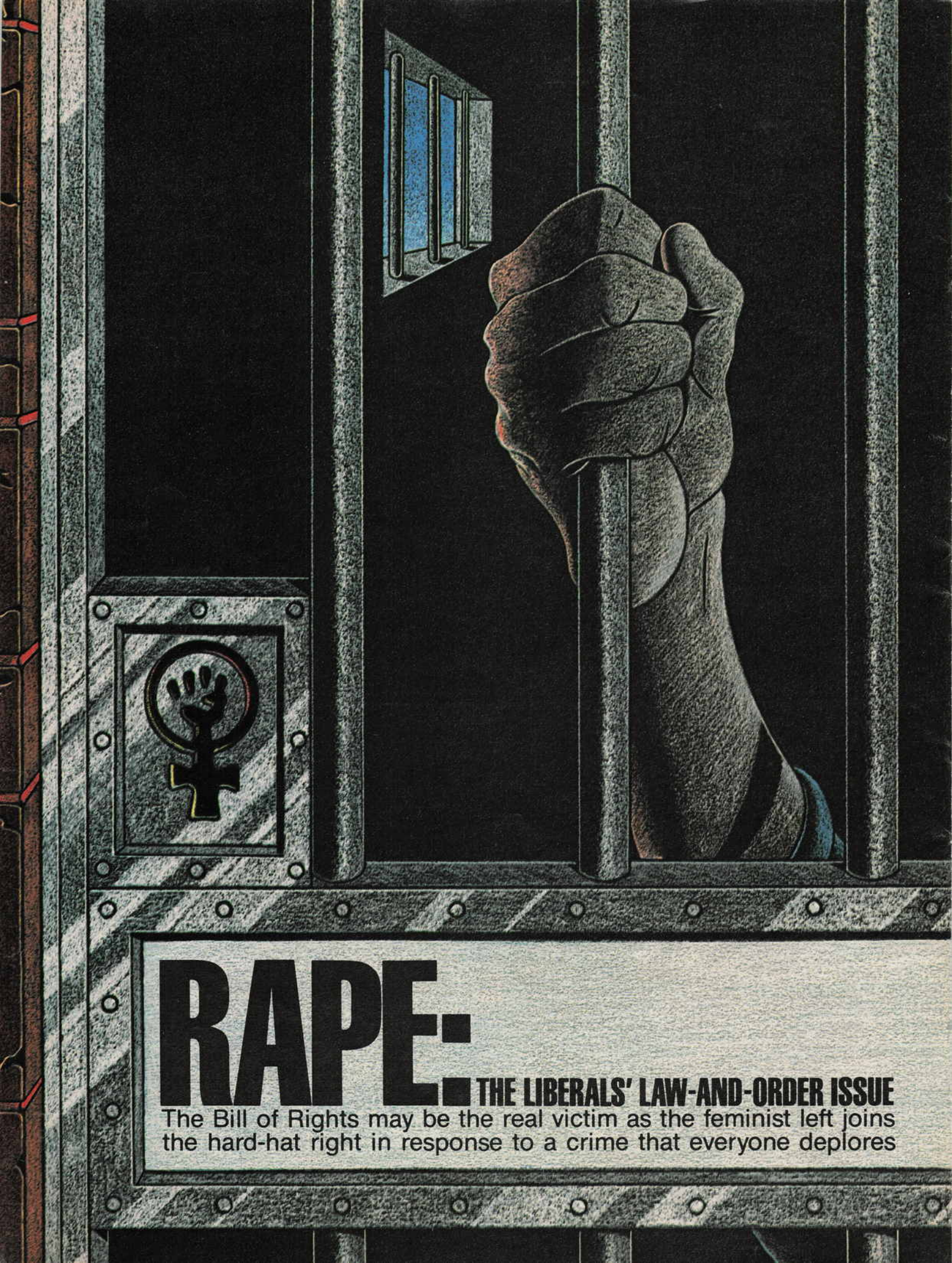
Florence Cayrol says she doesn't like porno films, which may make you wonder why she's starring in a new French film titled *The Eleven Thousand Cocks* (to be released in the States later this year). "*Cocks*," insists the blond *Parisienne*, "is an erotic movie, not one of those vulgar porno flicks. It is based on a novel by Guillaume Apollinaire, the famous French poet who was one of the founders of the surrealist movement in the arts. The film is like a surrealist dream of sexual desires and fears—very classy and erotic. You'll like it a lot better than *Emmanuelle*." We're sure we will, knowing you're in it, Florence. How did you happen to star in such a movie? "Well, I've always been interested in acting, although I got into films rather late in life," says the over-the-hill 27-year-old. "After graduating from the Conservatoire d'Art Dramatique in Lille ten years ago, I felt I really didn't know enough about life to begin a career as an actress. I wanted to learn about different lifestyles, and so I traveled to Spain, England, Peru and the United States, supporting myself as a waitress, bank teller, shopgirl—whatever it took to feed me while I learned English and Spanish and some other

"PEOPLE KEEP TELLING ME WHAT A SEXY ASS I HAVE."

## "PLAY-ACTING IS WHAT KEEPS OUR RELATIONSHIP FRESH."

things." So now you have a wealth of experience to draw on as an actress? "Oh, yes, but it was difficult getting started again. Two years ago, I returned to France, and while trying to get into films, I became a model. But modeling is a rather boring business. The clothes I wore were always more important than me." We would never make that mistake, we said. "Then, when people kept telling me what a sexy ass I have, I decided I might as well show it off." We're glad you did, Florence. "Eventually I got a small part in a movie I won't even name, but this role in *Cocks* is my first starring role." What did your boyfriend think of all this? "Oh, he's not the jealous type." She laughs. "He knows he's too terrific for me to give up. He even encourages my acting—especially in bed. Sometimes we have a lot of fun pretending to be famous people. Once we imagined ourselves to be Charles de Gaulle and his wife." She giggles. "In the end, we got so silly we never did get around to making love." That's too bad. "Well, *that* doesn't happen often. In fact, I think the play-acting is what keeps our relationship fresh and exciting. It's like making love to a different person every night. No way to get bored." No one could get bored with you, Florence.

Photography by André Berg



# RAPE: THE LIBERALS' LAW-AND-ORDER ISSUE

The Bill of Rights may be the real victim as the feminist left joins the hard-hat right in response to a crime that everyone deplores

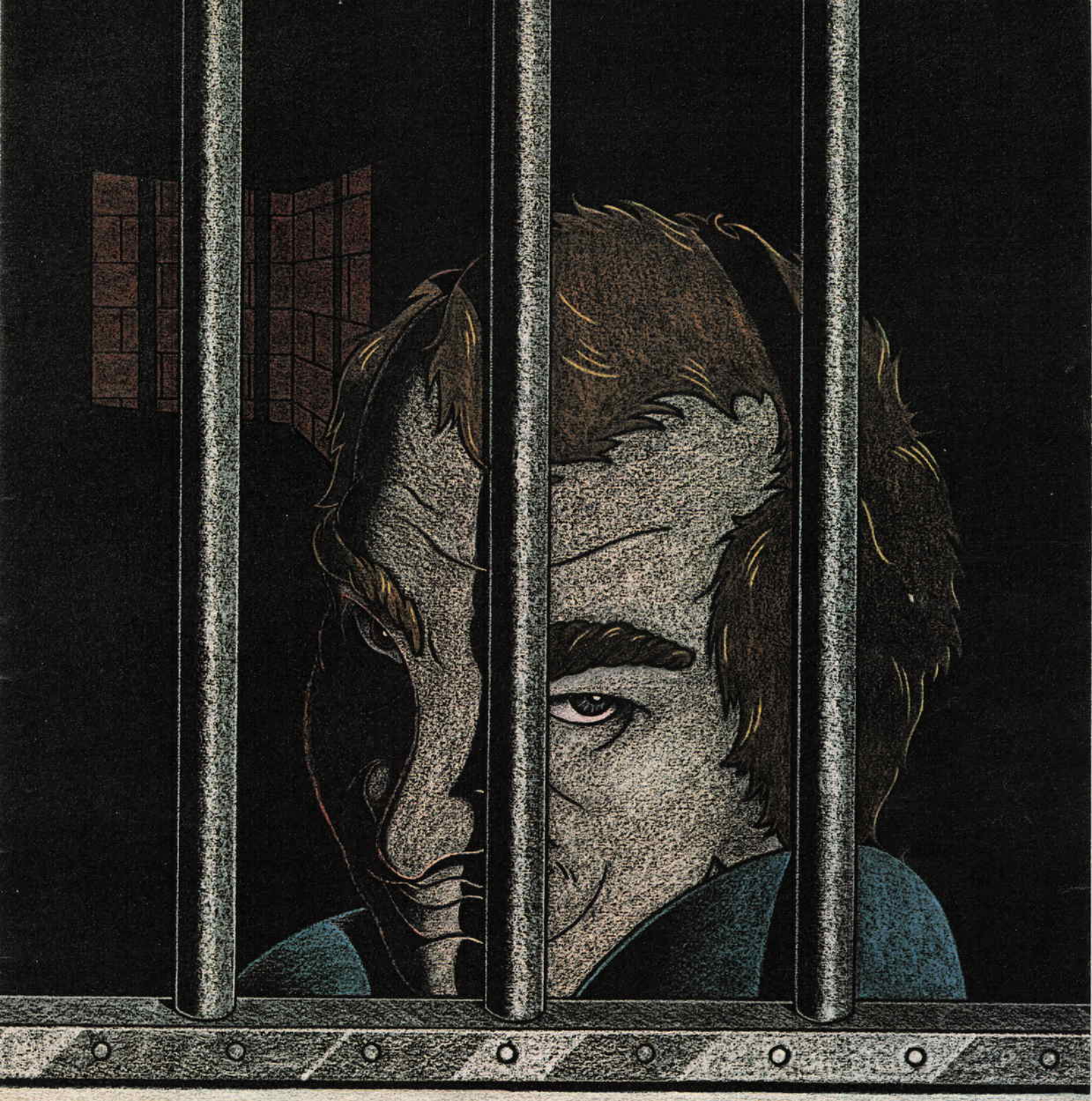


Illustration by Les Pardo/Bill Graham Studios

**ARTICLE BY LUCIAN K. TRUSCOTT IV** Once or twice a year, the American media aristocracy gets hit by "an issue" that it, in turn, feels compelled to force-feed to the public. Spiro Agnew was right. It *is* a conspiracy. No matter that the media hatch plots at East Hampton lawn parties and in the back rooms of midtown restaurants, rather than in the bowels of some imaginary liberal war room. And no matter that the conspiracy is more social than political. The end effect is the same, and issues come and go as regularly as the four seasons. Some chics, of course, are bigger and last longer than others. There really is no doubt that this year's issue of the moment is rape.

It is, as we shall see, a tidal wave of an issue, flooding us with women's speak-outs on rape, anti-rape consciousness-raising symposia, anti-rape demonstrations, rape books, rape articles and rape TV shows.

Two court cases involving rape seized the attention of the media. In Monterey, Inez Garcia was accused of going out and shooting a man she claimed had helped another man rape her. She was convicted of murder, despite vocal support from women's and radical groups. In North Carolina, Joan Little, an impoverished black woman with a bad

**RAPE** *Newspapers regularly headline not only the crime but also the efforts to reform state rape laws and to stiffen sentences for convicted rapists.*

record, claimed that she stabbed her jailer to death when the man tried to assault her sexually. The case got saturation media coverage and, after an expensive fund-raising campaign for her defense, she was acquitted of the murder charge.

Any day now, embracing the rape issue will become the new political shibboleth. One can almost hear the questioning of the candidates: "Mr. X, when did you come out against rape?" "Hmmm. Let's see. In June of '68 . . . no, wait . . . that was the war. . . ." When the gory plight of rape victims is recounted and the awful statistics are reviewed, there will be ample opportunity for liberal (in this case, male) leaders' self-flagellation for not having been hip to rape as an issue early enough.

The subject of rape has been a shot in the arm of post-Watergate America during the past year. The print media and six-o'clock TV news stories and specials have bombarded the public with frightening statistics and chilling stories of victims of the fastest-rising crime in America. Rape is up 62 percent over five years ago. The FBI crime time clock tells us that, in 1975, a rape was committed every ten minutes. Almost everything one reads on the subject begins with an intricately detailed, particularly grisly, violent rape. In 1000 words and maybe a couple of pictures, the reader is simultaneously introduced to the rapist, the victim and the issue, all of them impossible to ignore.

Articles and books on rape have seemed to proliferate at the rate of increase of the crime itself. Newspapers regularly headline not only the crime but also efforts to reform state rape laws and to stiffen sentences for convicted rapists. *Ms.*, the magazine for liberated women, has made rape a virtual crusade. A special report on rape made the November 1974 issue of *Viva* magazine a sellout, according to the editors. A best-selling novel, currently being made into a movie, *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*, is written around the rape-murder of a single, Upper West Side Manhattan woman, closely paralleling a well-publicized real crime in the same area. *Against Our Will: Men, Women and Rape*, perhaps the most authoritative tract published on the subject to date, authored by well-known feminist writer Susan Brownmiller, was made a Book-of-the-Month Club selection. Rape, as a political issue, has been drummed into the American consciousness by the women's movement in the same way abortion on demand and equal pay for equal work had come before.

Perhaps inevitably, a good portion of the increased attention to rape has focused on the singles scene, for it is there, where seducer meets seducee, that the seeds of rape are likely to put down roots, or so alleges that segment of the women's movement that has taken on rape as a crusade. Oft cited are the rapes committed by men who prey upon the singles scene as their own personal hunting ground. And oft pointed to are statistics that show that in courtrooms across the country, convictions of alleged rapists who met their victims in bars are nearly nonexistent. The ethic that prevails in the law and among juries, say the feminists, is that she was asking for it.

The example of the innocent victim who invited a man upstairs for only a cup of coffee and ended up on the receiving end of a criminal tumble is cited, as much as any other, to show the inequities in the law and the low state of consciousness in general about a woman's right to her body. The laws need to be changed and the American consciousness about rape needs to be raised, say the feminists. And then they invoke the name Martin Evans.

Evans is a particularly wormy creature who has spent a major portion of his free time hanging around bus depots, singles bars and other Manhattan gathering places for young ladies who have men on their minds. Martin Evans wanted to get laid. He would do just about anything to accomplish his goal. Not content with the well-worn methods of pursuing the elusive opposite sex, Evans established his own cable-TV computer-dating service, on which men and women could appear, talk about their sexual needs and desires and take phone calls from interested members of the opposite sex. Evans claims he "helped" 2000 people with his cable-TV dating service, but since his rape trial last year, it is assumed by many that Evans was at least as interested in his own needs as he was in his clients'.

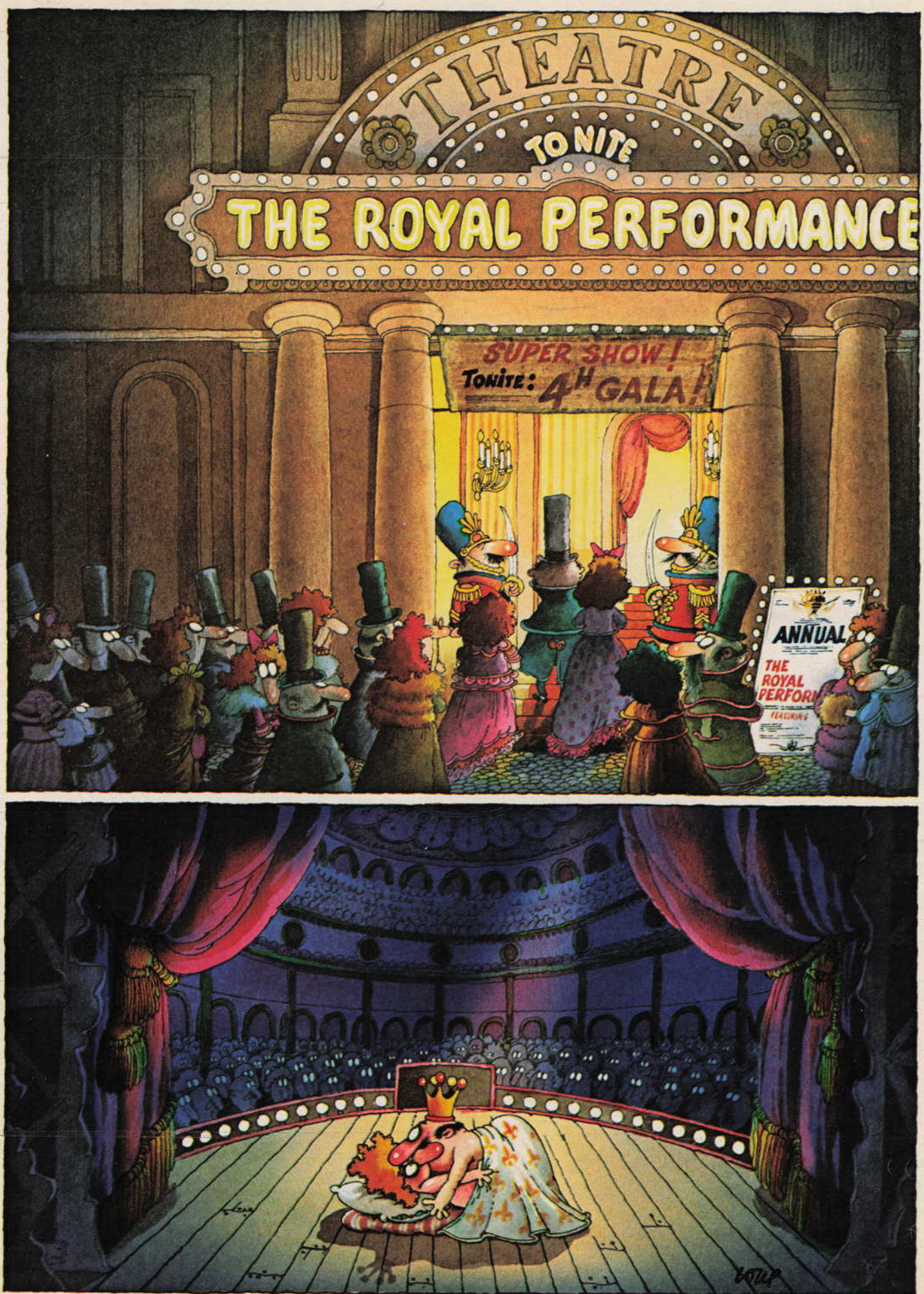
It was the Evans rape trial that finally gained him the notoriety he so richly deserved and, less deservedly, his status as a symbol for the anti-rape movement to rally around. Evans picked up a 20-year-old Wellesley student, told her he was a journalist and psychologist conducting research on the lives and sexual attitudes of women who come to New York and, after feeding her an incredibly twisted set of lies and half-baked psychological ploys, intimidated and coerced her into performing sodomy and intercourse with him. Later, the girl, understandably feeling violated, charged him with rape.

After the trial, in which it was revealed that the girl believed Evans was going to kill her, though he did not threaten physical violence, Judge Edward Greenfield delivered the following decision, in Evans' behalf: "The defendant was a predator. . . . He used psychological techniques to achieve . . . the erosion of resistance. . . . It was conquest by con job. . . . So bachelors and other men on the make, fear not. It is still not illegal to feed a girl a line, to continue the attempt, not to take no for a final answer. . . . It is not criminal conduct for a male to . . . indulge in exaggeration and hyperbole. . . . Every man is free under the law to be a gentleman or a cad. But take heed. Violence, force and threats are totally out of bounds."

Marty Evans is just the kind of guy the women's movement wants to see behind bars. In fact, mention of the Marty Evans case is enough to make most feminists red with rage. They cite the judge's refusal to convict him of rape as clear-cut evidence that rape laws need changing. They say Greenfield's verdict shows how the law allows men to get away with violent sexual exploitation of women—and you can find people who would like to do some pretty nasty things to Marty in retribution.

Evans is the kind of creep everyone has known at some point in his life: the guy who couldn't get laid using regular means, who resorted to preying on high school girls while he was in college. The kind who stoops to that convoluted, guilt-inducing, why-are-you-so-hung-up? psychological bullshit that some women still fall for. It is this attitude—that men are free to consider as prey those women who have gone into the jungle at their own risk—as much as the Evans decision itself, that has pressed the women's movement to seek legislation drawing a more distinct line between a woman's right to her body and a man's right to pursue it.

To a great extent, the movement has been successful. A front-page *New York Times* survey of 25 states found that 13 states had reformed their rape laws, generally lightening the evidential burden of the rape victim, making convictions of accused rapists easier. Eight more states were found to be considering similar legislation. Although accurate data are not available, by the end of August 1975, more than 40 cities had incorporated rape units, staffed mainly by female officers, into their police departments. A lesser number of district attorneys' offices had established sex-crimes prosecution units. And all action on the *(Continued on page 105)*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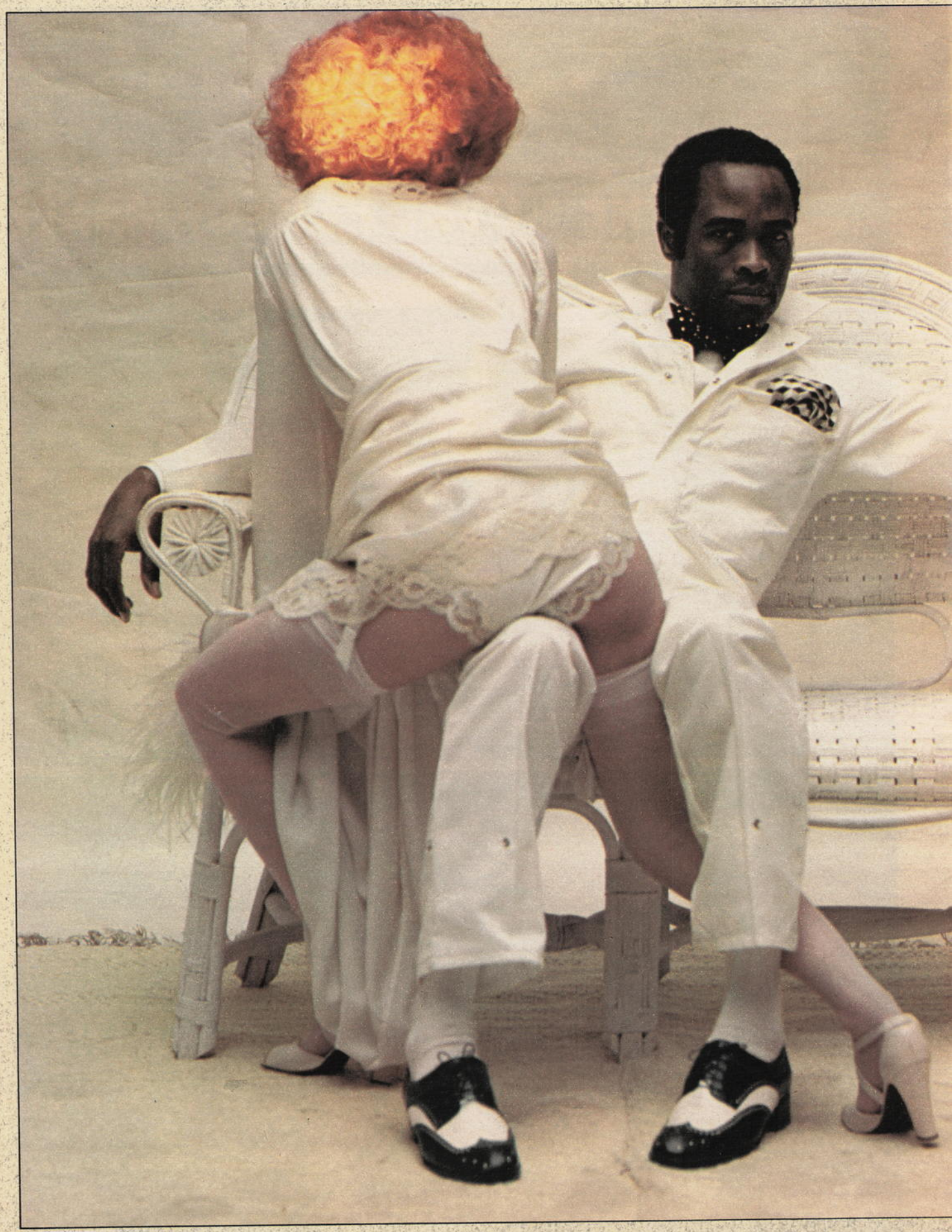


# Adieu TO THE WORK ETHIC!

## THE TREND IN PARIS IS ELEGANTLY WORN WORK CLOTHES...FOR PLAY

**FLASHY WHITE ZIP-AND-RUN COVERALL:** Parisians this winter are taking clothes from the workers to wear with shirts and ties and fancy footwear. The sassy white coverall, left, comes from La Samaritaine, the huge department store in Paris that has two floors crammed with all manner of work clothes, from jeweler's smocks to waiter's jackets. In America, you can find similar coveralls for under $30. Zip them up over a fine poplin shirt and a polka-dotted-silk butterfly bow tie, the way they're worn here. His gorgeous two-tone wing tips come from Charles Jourdan, and the white athletic socks, another fad in France, are from Burlington Gold Cup. Her froufrou is from the fine hand of Fernando Sanchez.

**BLACK AND BRUTAL COAL MINER'S PANTS:** The workman's pants, below, have come out of the mines and into the drawing room. They're cheap, popular and very handsome when worn with a collarless striped-cotton shirt, wide suspenders and the kind of *sabots*, or wooden clogs, that French peasants used to wear. He might complete the ensemble with a doctor's white jacket dyed black. For a less formal look, he'll pull on a wool-knit vest or a crew-neck sweater. Her evening dress is crepe and fine lace, by French designer Loris Azzaro, with satin sandals by Walter Steiger. It's just amazing how classy coal miner's pants can look when draped with an elegant black-lace arm.

**ROMANTIC OLIVE-DRAB FLIGHT SUIT:**

Fashion has finally teamed up with comfort. No longer must you squeeze into anachronistic and restrictive Edwardian suits. It's much more chic, and fun, to put on a racy cotton flight suit like the one pictured above. It comes from the workman's section of La Samaritaine, but it looks like anything but work when teamed up with a pure wool buttondown tattersall shirt and a wool-knit tie. The hand-crafted English riding boots polish off the elegant French work-clothes look. Her little jump suit has been chopped off to show thigh-high leg warmers by Burlington and another style of riding boots in beige canvas—cuffed, toed and heeled with rich tan leather.

**THE GAS-STATION ATTENDANT, OVERHAULED:**

The lowly garb of the service-station attendant, right, has been taken for a tour of the bright lights and the big city—dressed up with a cotton shirt, a boldly striped butterfly bow tie and a flippant little bit of silk jammed into the front pocket. The old construction worker's boots have been thrown out and fancy two-tone wing tips put in their place. Her floaty flower-trimmed crepe cocktail dress is by Tan Giudicelli, Paris; evening sandals by Walter Steiger. Work clothes similar to those shown here can be found in the pages of the Sears Roebuck or J. C. Penney catalog or at your local Army-surplus store. Remember that it's what you wear *with* them that counts!

**FORGET ABOUT WORKERS STORMING THE BARRICADES; THEIR STURDY CLOTHES ARE STORMING ALL OF PARIS**

Photography by Francis Giacobetti

# THE PIZZA PAPERS

**CELEBRATING THE MOST AMERICAN OF ETHNIC FOODS: WHEN IT'S GOOD, IT'S GREAT— AND WHEN IT'S BAD, IT'S STILL PRETTY GOOD**

ARTICLE BY JOHN VATER

Pizza has overtaken and passed burgers and fries as the favorite food of American youth. It's biggest with 21- to 34-year-olds, says one news magazine. U. S. sales are nearing two billion pizzas per year, says Gallup. Pizza parlors are predominantly owned by entrepreneurs in their 30s, declares *Forbes*.

Meanwhile, the search for the quintessential pizza is becoming a national pastime. There really *is* a difference, you know. There is such a thing as the quintessential pizza, and it is guaranteed to make you shudder with

**THE PIZZA PAPERS** *When American boys on Pacific islands and in Spain and in Germany get homesick, it's not apple pie they want anymore; it's pizza. And the Pentagon makes sure they get it.*

ecstasy. Unfortunately, you'll go through a lot of Alka-Seltzer before you find it, because shoddy pizza is common and still quite edible.

ITALY GETS THE BOOT

OK. You're searching for the ultimate pizza. Forget Italy. If you've developed a taste for pizza in the United States of America, no matter how bad your craving is—don't book a flight to Rome. Every pizza searcher returns from Italy disappointed.

I once subsisted in North Africa for several months on a grisly diet of oddly spiced beans and goat intestines. I looked forward to the first pizza I would gobble on my first visit to Italy, and, on the slow boat from Tunisia, I had plenty of time to elaborate fantasies of that good pizza goop: copious mozzarella with lusciously spiced tomatoes and tumescent mushrooms and numerous slices of pepperoni or generous crumblings of sausage—and heavy on the parmesan.

When the long-awaited pizza was plopped before me, I barely recognized it. It was a thick disk of baked dough, stingily glazed with watery tomato and the barest hint of cheese. Nothing more. It took a mouthful of wine to get each bite down.

HUMBLE PIE

According to the Italian Historical Society in New York, the pizza began as peasant fare in Italy's impoverished south when Jews migrated to Sicily about 1100 A.D.—and brought matzoh with them. The ur-pizza, in other words, was Jewish! In Italy, it got to be something fun to do with leftover bread dough.

Tomatoes arrived in Italy in the 16th Century from Peru and Mexico, and they flourished in the volcanic soil on the slopes of Vesuvius. The tomatoes helped in the making of pizza, too.

Pizza enthusiasts claim that by the 18th Century, the dish was thought to be fit for kings; in any case, the Bourbons served it at their receptions in the Palace of Caserta, and Ferdinand IV is said to have directed that pizza be baked for him in the ovens of the famous Capodimonte porcelain factory.

Even so, it was only something to chew on while waiting for the main course on the royal menu. It has always been conspicuous by its absence from Italian gourmet cookbooks, and when you find it in Italian nongourmet cookbooks, it is apologized for as a coarse food to be accompanied by copious quantities of rough wine.

So forget flying to Italy in search of pizza. Pizza is at its best in the States.

HOW THE PIZZA WAS SANITIZED

The pizza arrived in New York via Ellis Island, as the first Italian immigrants, ragged, wretched, lice-ridden, undernourished and reeking of garlic and sweat, poured into New York. The first American pizzeria, Lombardi's, appeared at 53½ Spring Street in New York in 1895, and the product was hawked on the streets of Italian districts for two cents. That's all it was worth. Only heavy-crust connoisseurs get nostalgic for this old pizza. They could have played Frisbee with it. Lombardi's is still in existence and its product is much improved.

Gradually, Italians adapted to America, and so did pizza, which retained all the vigor of the old country but with the rough edges smoothed and with many flourishes added. Jews and Puerto Ricans and even more unlikely sorts began baking it—always distinctively, sometimes superbly. And out of the American melting pot came a new and improved pizza that would revolutionize the food industry.

Pizza was put through a de-Italianization process that featured dancing clowns, player pianos, barbershop quartets, pipe organs and banjos. This was to make pizza palatable to the WASPs in the suburbs. Pizza became a growth industry, a vast dollar bonanza for the 35,000 U. S. pizzerias.

Sacramento gave birth to Shakey's, the General Motors of pizza. Joe Dolan, a former Shakey's president and one-time Robert Kennedy aide, admitted that Shakey's pizza—a thin-crust affair, light on the tomato and sprinkled with five nongooey cheeses—would make a true Italian roll over in his grave. In 1971, Shakey's grossed $68,000,000.

The current Shakey's president, Bill Suesbrick, is carrying on the tradition. Parlors are Formica Dixielands awash with molded plastic hats—in imitation of straw hats—and beaming faces. A high ratio of foam to beer is maintained, in order to keep down costs. Microwave ovens are being installed, and the organization is busy reassuring uneasy franchisers that they will not suffer any dangerous radiation contamination from eight hours of exposure a day—*provided* they perform proper maintenance. In 1974, Shakey's was up to $114,000,000 per year. Many mottos cover the walls—this one, for example:

YE OLDE NOTICE: IN GOD WE TRUST, ALL OTHERS PAY CASH

Pizza Hut, Inc., mushroomed from humble origins in Wichita to 1975 sales of more than $300,000,000. And the small boys immediately closed ranks to form the Pizza and Pasta Association. Rocky Graziano and a flood of other restaurateurs entered the pizza-franchising business in the Sixties, and now they're all working on means by which to bypass the 15-minute baking period so that they can crank out pizza as a *fast* food. Microwave ovens can now heat pizza in ten seconds, and revolving ovens can turn them out at a rate of 300 per hour.

TRANSFORMATIONS

Pizza owes much of its success to its adaptability. According to one magazine, regional taste preferences vary. In Honolulu, it's pineapple and ham. In Portland, garlicky meat. In Moline, sauerkraut and bacon. In New Orleans, shrimp. Chicago still loves sausage.

Pizza can be bent to tingle any palate. And American appetites are the kinkiest of all, giving birth to some nightmarish mutants. Surely (shudder) Spam pizza must head the gross-out list. Yet Spam presents the new creation with unabashed parental excitement in spot ads between the soaps and the game shows. Numbah-two gross-out is the slice-of-pizza-wrapped-around-a-wienie concept, which is sweeping state fairs. The Idaho Potato Commission's mashed-potato pizza doesn't sound appetizing either.

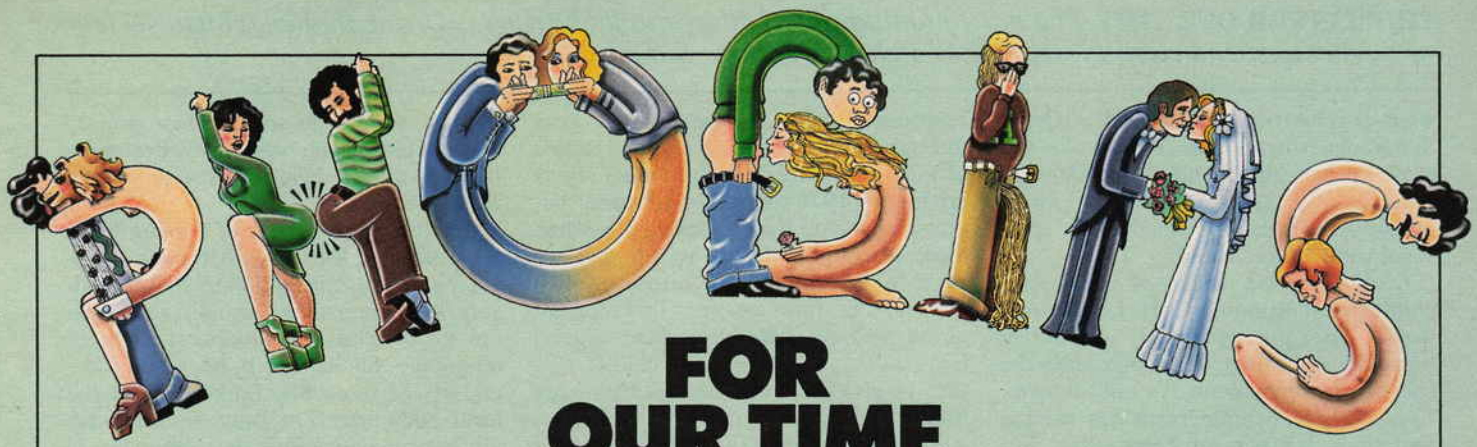
But wait: Weight Watchers and the late *Look* magazine have suggested tuna pizza, and *Seventeen* has hinted that a cheeseburger pizza will make its readers instantly popular with the "in" crowd.

Then there's artichoke pizza. Baked-apple pizza with cinnamon and whipped cream. Zucchini pizza. Oyster pizza. Mussel pizza. Clam pizza. Chicken pizza. Peanut-butter-and-banana pizza—hold the tomatoes and onions.

Fortunately, some down-to-earth people kept their hands in the dough, too. Italians and others were eager to accommodate jaded New World appetites. New and more-copious combinations of ingredients were experimented with and added, and new textures were arrived at—crisp crust, soft crust, thin crust, Sicilian crust—but all featuring more goop.

When American boys languishing away on Pacific islands and in Spain and in Germany get homesick, it's not apple pie they want anymore; it's pizza. And the Pentagon makes sure they get it.

"You should see the guys hanging out in the pizza parlor at Clark Air Base in the Philippines," exclaimed a lovely Dutch charter stewardess who sometimes has layovers there. "They think they're back in Grand Rapids. What *is* this pizza *(Continued on page 111)*




# FOR OUR TIME

## FUN FEARS FOR A NEW YEAR

**HUMOR BY ROBERT S. WIEDER**

"The only thing we have to fear is fear itself" was probably the stupidest, least imaginative remark ever made by an American President or by any other creature with the intelligence of a doorstop. We've found so many things to fear that we call them by a Latin name—phobia—and have endowed them with their own science—psychology.

The word phobia is defined as "an irrational, persistent fear of a particular object or class of objects"; this can range from edgy apprehension to the shitfright of raw panic. If enough of us share a phobia—e.g., fear of snakes, of the dark, of dying—it is called human nature and is chuckled over. If, however, it is a significantly uncommon fear—e.g., fear of suspenders, of April, of oxygen—somebody gets $90 an hour to hear about it.

We do know that phobias are a function of (1) what's available in the environment to be scared of, and (2) the current social concepts of threat and danger. This means that widespread fears change with time, and things that once caused broadly shared nagging terror—such as witches, narcs, or smallpox—are now historic trivia. Acrophobia (height) bounces right off a generation raised on air travel and skyscrapers, while agoraphobia (open space) means little to the vast majority who have never personally *seen* an open space.

It's 1976, and the old fears will no longer do. Indeed, a scan of recent psychotherapy monographs reveals that we're being assaulted by a host of gut grabbers that would have been pure Mandarin to Freud or to your grandfather:

1. *Emascuphobia* (Fear of Women's Liberation). "They got our jobs, our clothes, our money and our balls—what's it gonna be next?" has been a white-hot refrain ever since the new feminism hit town. This shrieker strikes your typical young urban middle-class male *slickus Americanus*. Symptoms: A guy is so worried that he can't get it up, can't get it off, gets it off too soon, or gets his face laughed in, that when he sees any female with more brains than a custard, his mind cries "Polio!" and his body freezes as solid as a Baptist's brain. This item has become such a hot property on the shrink hit parade that it can actually be broken into such exotic subcategories as the recently isolated *Jongophobia* (Fear of *Fear of Flying*) and *Spaghetophobia* (Fear of Impotence).

2. *Pinkslipophobia* (Fear of Being Laid Off). The sages tell us we're doomed to lose that which we become overattached to, which is why we don't hang around sages for laughs. Most Americans today are more frightened of losing their jobs than of losing their minds, and the only cures for this phobia, as with most diseases, are indifference and wealth.

3. *Bureaucraphobia* (Fear of Having to Deal in Any Fashion Whatsoever with the Government). Particularly susceptible to this horror is anyone who has ever *dealt* with the Government. There's an all-you-gotta-do-is-open-your-mouth-and-you-got-an-FBI-file attitude that develops, in tandem with a profound conviction that you can get a civil servant to be cooperative on the same day that bison learn to tango. Symptom: You don't vote, because then they'll have your name on a list. Especially big this and every spring is *Auditophobia* (Fear of an IRS Investigation—the inquisition of our times).

4. *Whiplashophobia* (Fear of Rear-Ending a Car Full of Puerto Ricans). Substitute whichever low-income-if-any minority is appropriate to your locale and we're still basically talking about a manifestation of the Lawsuit Neurosis, in which the subject views any interference on his/her part with the outside world as certain to bring subpoenas. We tend to catch it through contact with newspapers. Taking a do-unto-others perspective only heightens the fear. An expressly nasty hang-up for cops, paramedics and M.D.s—some of whom have it so bad they won't even *touch* a sick or injured person.

5. *Neckrophobia* (Fear of Ring Around the Collar). Do you writhe with concern that your linoleum is yellow, your coffee is lame, your armpits soggy, your breath boring? Are you seriously concerned about the heartbreak of psoriasis? Then you're in the sick grip of

Illustration by John Youssi

**PHOBIAS FOR OUR TIME** *The most humiliating of all irrational horrors is Dronephobia, which is a fear of having to spend eternity with the Watch Tower lady. Shudder.*

what psychiatrists call the Mrs. Olson Syndrome, wherein the TV set—as the most patronizing and unchallenging source of information for many people—becomes the model for personal conduct and belief.

6. *Hobophobia* (Fear of Your Unemployment Running Out). Look, don't freak out; this worry is absolutely normal and healthy. Everyone fears the end of unemployment. It's only human. Everybody's unemployment has to stop sometime. It's part of being alive. But cheer up—maybe there *is* a life after unemployment, far better than this one. Just don't dwell on it. Learn to live one check at a time.

7. *Chastiphobia* (Fear of Not Getting Laid Enough). This one just *exploded* in the mid-Fifties, ignited by the boom in slick stroke mags. Now it's flourishing again, thanks to waning censorship laws and waxing fuck flicks. What it implies for society's mental health is probably better undiscussed, but the fact that American social life boils down to a balling derby should be news to nobody. Moving up on the charts right now are two particularly nagging subphobias: *Masturbaphobia* (Fear of Not Scoring at a Singles Bar) and *Lassiephobia* (Fear of What You Might Score at a Singles Bar).

8. *Inflatiophobia* (Fear of Going Shopping). This gut freezer most affects those people who must pay for their food. The visceral terror is that you'll go to the market one day and you won't be able to afford a thing—not salt, not dog food—*nada*. Along with such other spooks as *Lemonophobia* (Fear of Buying a New Car), this has been recognized as part of a vague, generalized conviction that no matter what you buy or do, you'll wind up being ripped off.

9. *Klutzophobia* (Fear of Making a Fool of Yourself). On the all-time sheer-horror list, this angst can hit anyone who has broad experience at prying his foot from his mouth or his head from his ass in public: Losing his lift ticket in the liftline at Aspen, his contact lenses in the pool, his shirt at cards, his balance while dancing, or his way in bed—anything can become a source of potential mortification. How to spot it? If you tend to spend most of your time doing *absolutely nothing whatsoever*, it might be self-inventory time. The best cure is to realize that everybody has it.

10. *Cannabisphobia* (Fear of Losing Your Short-Term Memory). We all know what extensive use of reefer can do to your head, don't we? We've heard the accounts, read the authoritative reports: "Coke burns holes in your nose and makes you impotent; with LSD, you reproduce only mutants; hash goes through neurons like a scythe." Some of these new wives' tales are true; others are merely 1976's rendition of masturbation makes you hunchbacked. It's when these alarums so shake us up that we have to take still *more* drugs to quell the tremors that we are, in technical terms, *warped*. The cure, very simply, is . . . um . . . jeez, I just read it . . . uh . . . give me a minute . . . tip of my tongue. . . .

11. *Syphiphobia* (Fear of Getting a Social Disease). Self-styled experts in the field blame the new morality for most V.D. phobias, conveniently forgetting that precisely that morality has made most people even *more* afraid of not getting anything at all. People extremely beset by this won't even use a public toilet to spit into and will wear prophylactics during self-abuse.

12. *Dracuphobia* (Fear that Nixon Will Return). This fear is already beginning to ebb, as more and more of R.M.N.'s political base is diverted into the slammer and people become increasingly concerned over *Duhphobia* (Fear that Ford Will Be Elected). When nobody is worried about Nixon, *Dracuphobia* will be classified as a full-blown disease and will produce as many false-commitment lawsuits as it did post-1960. What's phobia, and what's wariness?

13. *Dronephobia* (Fear of Having to Spend Eternity with the Watch Tower Lady). Surely this is the most humiliating of all irrational horrors, but for those who are overly polite, this endless, glassy-eyed, fundamentalist babble can be a walk through hell. This is similarly applicable to conversations with magazine salesmen, political-campaign workers or any member of any organized children's group. Those who are unable to tolerate people in general, or who cannot bring themselves to tell them to fuck off in particular, are especially easy prey. You can either put a fortune into self-assertiveness training or put a peephole into your door. A lot of success—and fun—has been had with trap doors in the front stoop.

14. *Deepthroatophobia* (Fear of Castration During Fellatio). This is actually not a phobia at all but simply a shabby manifestation of egomania, as are most cases of *Johndeanophobia* (Fear of Homosexual Rape in Prison), especially when you haven't even been busted.

15. *Raincoatophobia* (Fear of Going to an X-rated Movie Alone). "What if the goddamn flick is some kind of incredible libidinous turn-on and everybody just goes *crazy*?" this sufferer asks. "I mean, if you're solo under those conditions, aren't you sort of *fair game*?" Susceptible: people who have never gone to an X-rated movie. Cure: going to an X-rated movie.

16. *Bicophobia* (Fear of Having Your Ballpoint Pen Run Dry). Although somewhat obscure, this affliction strikes with surprising frequency—usually while you are taking down directions at night in a strange phone booth or getting the address of some Ms. Sure-Thing at the local body bar. The only known cures are carrying two Bics or paying Harry Lorayne to improve your memory.

17. *Armageddonophobia* (Fear of the Middle East). This is merely the latest area-specific manifestation of the World War Three Is Coming complex, or headline neurosis. *Some* hot spot had to replace Southeast Asia, which replaced Cuba, which replaced Berlin, which replaced the World War Two Is Coming complex. Symptoms: spring cleaning the fallout shelter; applying to State Farm for radiation insurance.

18. *Medicophobia* (Fear of Catching This Week's Disease on *Marcus Welby*). Otherwise known as the Soap Opera Syndrome, this malady has you convinced that there's some physical misfortune waiting just up the road for your ass—some horrid, personal and debilitating sickness, frailty or disaster. *General Hospital* zeroes in on cataracts and you right away have trouble seeing the channel knob. Can best be avoided by sticking to places where medical subjects are never discussed, such as the Bering Straits and A.M.A. conventions.

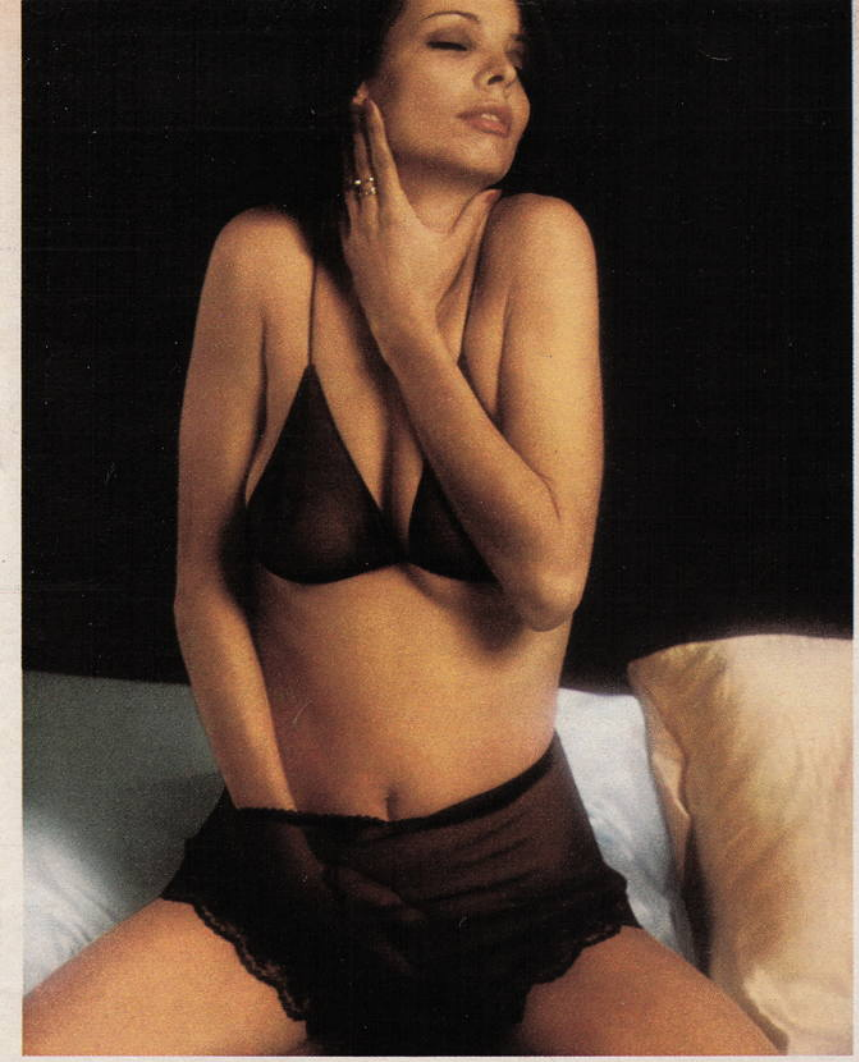
Loose Ends. There are a number of strictly isolated or minor situational terrors that don't fit neatly into any category, but are still widespread enough to bear mentioning. Among the more common are *Tollboothophobia* (Fear of Not Having Exact Change), *Discophobia* (Fear of Not Knowing the Latest Dance Craze), *Anarchophobia* (Fear That the Whole System Will Collapse) or, conversely, *Sameoldshitophobia* (Fear That It Won't).

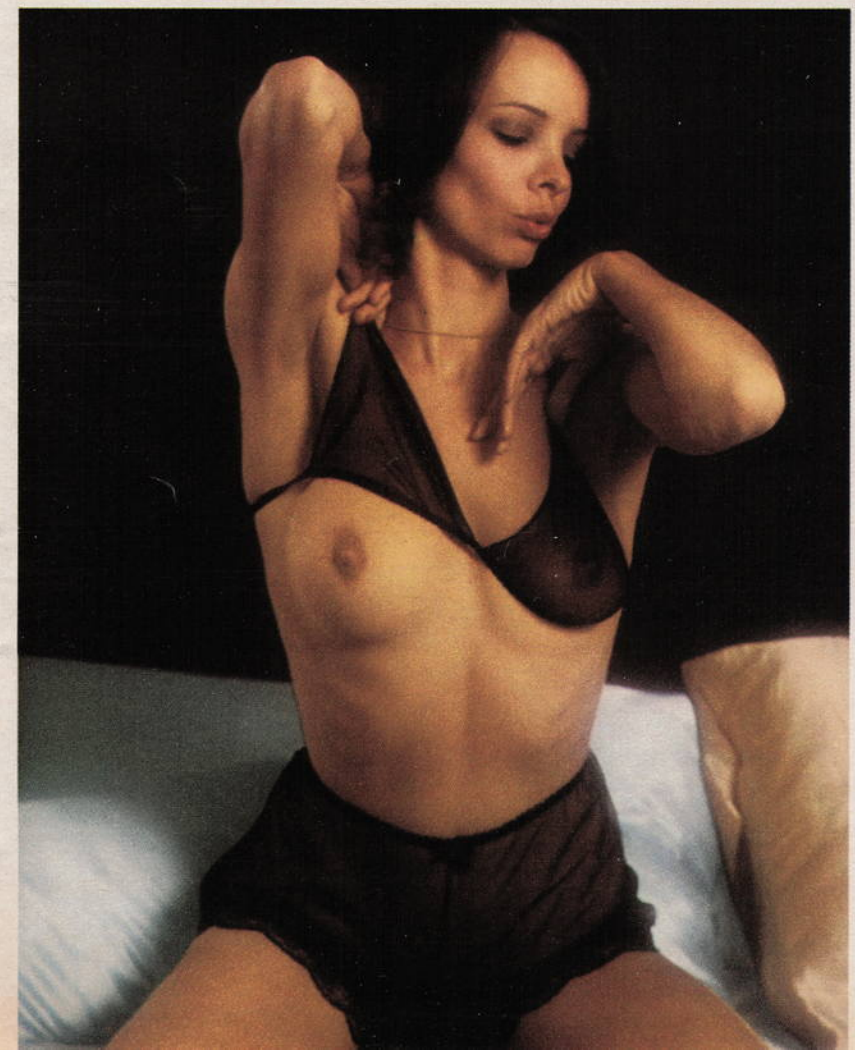
If, in frisking your psyche for telltale shudders, you find that you seem to share an appalling number of these neoshort-outs, don't go to pieces. It's highly likely that you suffer not from a host of small phobias, but from one large, widespread and age-old dread: *Omniphobia*, the fundamental Fear of Everything Under the Sun.

And, by all means, don't rule out the possibility of our customary American sweetheart, *Phobophobia*—Fear of Fear Itself.

Sweet dreams. ▣

Anne
TAKES
A LOOK
Photography by
Brian D. Hennessey





# ALONE, ANNE EXPLORES HER BODY, AWAKENING NEW FEELINGS

One morning Anne-Marie Challen waked and looked at herself in the mirror, just as she'd done nearly every morning for almost 21 years. But that morning she looked different. She stared for a moment, trying to figure out what had changed. Her reflection stared back: It showed the same dark-brown eyes, high cheekbones and slightly upturned nose she'd always had. Suddenly it came to her. "Anne-Marie," she told her reflection, "you'll be 21 next month, but you still look and act like a child. It's time for a change. And the first thing to change is your name. Anne-Marie sounds like a schoolgirl. From now on, you'll be simply Anne." She repeated the name a few times, liking the way it sounded. She moved to the full-length mirror. Her boyfriend Michael had already left for work. Anne was due at the jewelry shop she managed in a half hour, but a strange lassitude had gripped her, and she didn't care about the time. "If it doesn't open, who cares?" she thought. After moving to London two years ago from the south of France, Anne-Marie worked for a while as a shopgirl, then opened the Jewelry General Store, a boutique that specialized in selling different kinds of beads, feathers and stones for people who wanted to make their own jewelry. Although she owned many kinds of beads and bracelets herself, she rarely wore any jewelry except for a thin gold necklace. She picked at the necklace now and analyzed the body she'd looked at for so many years but had never really seen.

WHEN ANNE
SPEAKS
WITH HER
EYES, SHE'S
ALWAYS
UNDERSTOOD

## SHE LIKES THE COOL SLICK FEEL OF SATIN AGAINST HER SKIN

"Not bad," she thought, running her fingers lightly over her breasts, then down to the soft fuzzy triangle between her thighs. Her nipples stiffened instantly in the cool English morning, and all of a sudden she felt energized, alive, aware of herself as a new person—a person who had come of age and liked it. Anne decided to spend the whole day pampering herself. She went to a store and bought sexy black underthings and an evening gown with sequins that went over one shoulder. On a whim, she also bought blue-satin sheets to match the eyes of her Siamese cat, Minou. Back home, Anne first took a long hot bath. She poured in a capful of Shalimar bath oil and inhaled the moist vapors of the intoxicating perfume. She let her mind drift off to Sleeping Beauty fairy tales, all the while caressing her smooth oiled skin. When the water became tepid, she stepped out. One by one she tried on her new clothes, watching herself in the mirror and practicing come-hither looks. Michael had always known what she wanted by looking into her eyes. She spent several hours trying on different clothes and make-up, all the while exploring her body and her new feelings. She changed the sheets and lay back, luxuriating in the cool slick feel of satin. Her body no longer felt cold; she was aware of her blood racing. When Michael came home, she was wearing the black evening gown hiked up around her hips. For a moment, he didn't know what to make of the scene. Then he looked at her eyes. And understood.

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CONVERSATION WITH

# DR. THOMAS NOGUCHI

## The controversial Los Angeles coroner responds to accusations that he's a monster and recalls his official dealings with Marilyn Monroe, Sharon Tate, Janis Joplin, Bobby Kennedy and the S.L.A. shoot-out victims

*In a city where celebrities are a dime a dozen, it is perhaps only natural that the coroner should be a celebrity, too. Yet, even in Hollywood, a coroner does not become a superstar without good reason. In the case of Dr. Thomas Noguchi, the coroner of Los Angeles County, there are several good reasons.*

*One, of course, is the company he keeps. Marilyn Monroe, Bobby Kennedy, Inger Stevens, Sharon Tate, Janis Joplin, the S.L.A. shoot-out victims have all ended up on Noguchi's autopsy table. Thus his unofficial title: coroner to the stars. Beyond that, there's the fact that some of those stars still burn brightly as a result of disturbing questions that have been raised about Noguchi's handling of their cases—most notably the case of Marilyn Monroe. (See "Who Killed Marilyn Monroe?" by Anthony Scaduto,* OUI, *October 1975.)*

*Another reason for his celebrityhood is the way he fits the role of coroner. It was a brilliant piece of casting. With his mortuarial Oriental visage and his penchant for macabre quips, he often gives the impression that if he didn't have to cut up people for a living, he would do it as a hobby. That impression was reinforced in March 1969, when Noguchi was summarily dismissed from office pending investigation of charges that he had danced with glee at the fame the Kennedy autopsy would bring him; that he took drugs; that he threatened assistants with a knife; and that he prayed aloud for great disasters that would bring him piles of bodies.*

*Noguchi's initial response to the charges was to resign. Then, abruptly, he withdrew his resignation and demanded a chance to answer the charges before the Civil Service Commission. The subsequent hearings, which were televised live in Los Angeles, made headlines across the country. So, too, did the charges. No matter that they were disproved and that he was reinstated with full back pay. No matter that he was defended by medical colleagues from all over the world, who paid tribute to him as this country's greatest forensic pathologist. No matter; the image of Noguchi the Monster was fixed.*

*It is unfortunate, because Noguchi is unquestionably a gifted medical detective. In fact, he often jokingly refers to himself as Sherlock Chan. Once, he was able to establish the precise time of death of a badly decomposed murder victim—and thereby to establish a suspect's guilt—by studying the reproduction cycle of the maggots that had destroyed the body. But if this kind of feat testifies to Noguchi's skill as a scientist, it also is the fruit of his long campaign to acquire the facilities that make such feats possible. Not too long ago, he worked, along with a few assistants and a few microscopes, in the basement of the decrepit old Hall of Justice in Los Angeles. Now he sits surrounded by TV monitors and other sophisticated gadgetry and by an opulent wood-paneled office on the top floor of the world's most advanced forensic-science center—a multimillion-dollar complex that houses a staff of almost 200 as well as electron microscopes capable of magnifying objects 100,000 times. It was there that Donald Carroll interviewed him for* OUI.

*"I've known Noguchi for about a year and a half," Carroll reports, "and I like him and admire him enormously. Still, I can't help it; his image does get in the way. Which says a lot, I suppose, about the sticking power of mud that is flung publicly. This is particularly true when public accusations coincide with our private suspicions. Let's face it: Our darkest suspicion about any coroner is that maybe he likes his work. Tom does nothing to allay that suspicion. If anything, he intensifies it by referring to his specialty as horizontal medicine and by asking if you are dying to meet him.*

*"Yet he is one of the most sensitive, considerate, gentle people I know. He will, for example, risk alienating staff members if he thinks that they have not shown proper respect for the dignity of a dead person, and he will also risk alienating the reporters by keeping them waiting so he can talk first to a victim's family.*

*"The problem is his sense of humor. To give you some idea of the way it operates, when I called to set up this interview, I asked, 'How are things?'*

*"He replied, 'Oh, things are pretty dead around here.'*

*"He just doesn't learn."*

**OUI:** Most children say they want to be firemen or policemen or ballplayers when they grow up. Outside of a Charles Addams cartoon, it's hard to imagine a child who wants to be a coroner. Yet you apparently did. How do you explain it?

**NOGUCHI:** Well, it's ironic; my career grew out of a malpractice situation. My father was an otolaryngologist—an ear, nose and throat doctor—in Japan. When I was a young boy, he was accused of malpractice, which is a very serious offense under Japanese law. What happened was that a man came to my father, complaining of a sore throat. My father gave him the standard treatment, which was a throat swab with tincture of iodine. A few minutes later, the man coughed, grabbed his chest and died. The district attorney was ready to prosecute for malpractice, but an autopsy revealed that there was no cotton obstructing the man's air passage, and therefore no negligence was involved. My father's career and reputation had been saved by an autopsy. This stayed in my mind.

**OUI:** You never considered another career?

**NOGUCHI:** I did consider a career in aerodynamics, which fascinated me. I went to my father and said, "Honorable Father, I really am interested in going to engineering school." He said, "Fine." But then he added, "Of course, should you wish to pursue a medical career, I

Illustration by John Martin

**DR. THOMAS NOGUCHI** *I was very fond of Bobby Kennedy, and when I first saw him on the autopsy table, he looked as if he were still alive. I asked my assistants to cover his face.*

will take care of all expenses. Should you go to engineering school, you're on your own." That's what finally persuaded me.

**OUI:** How did you happen to come to the United States?

**NOGUCHI:** I had heard a great deal about the country, and I was extremely curious about it. Also, I must say, after the war, the situation in Japan was very grim. I didn't want to waste my time.

**OUI:** You're famous for not wasting time. In 1967, when you were 40 years old, you were appointed coroner of Los Angeles County. And then, only 18 months later, you were dismissed from office. What was the cause of all the controversy?

**NOGUCHI:** To be honest, I'm still not sure what it was all about. They screamed Noguchi's crazy. Noguchi threatens people. Noguchi carries a knife. Of course, if you do not have a knife, it is difficult to perform an autopsy.

**OUI:** But weren't there specific charges, too?

**NOGUCHI:** There were 64 of them. You know, when you think about it, one would have been enough, if it had been true. They must have been awfully desperate to come up with 64.

**OUI:** It should be said that you made the charges appear credible by resigning. What made you change your mind?

**NOGUCHI:** It was my wife, Hisako. She persuaded me to withdraw my resignation. She's a fighter. I think there's a difference between the Japanese who were born in this country and naturalized U. S. citizens who were born in Japan. Their behavior patterns are slightly different. The Japanese-Americans are more submissive. I don't mean that I'm a banzai type, but I haven't suffered the same psychological trauma as the nisei who were sent to internment camps. I feel equal, and I think perhaps the nisei don't. In Japan, I was with the majority. I don't know what it's like to be part of a minority group.

**OUI:** Nonetheless, you are part of a minority in this country. And most of your business comes from minority groups, doesn't it?

**NOGUCHI:** Yes. It's unfortunate but true.

**OUI:** In fact, weren't you the grand marshal at the Mexican Independence Day parade in East Los Angeles last year? That's a striking testimonial to your importance in the Mexican-American community.

**NOGUCHI:** Yes, I suggested at the time that it might be renamed Tom Noguchi Appreciation Day.

**OUI:** There had already been a kind of Tom Noguchi Appreciation Day when you released your report on Bobby Kennedy's death and pathologists around the world hailed it as a classic in forensic medicine. What made the report so special?

**NOGUCHI:** The detail. I believe in the legal precept "Justice must not only be done but must be seen to be done." In particular, I remembered how, after the assassination of President John F. Kennedy in Dallas, there were many seemingly unanswered questions. I felt we had a great responsibility to the public not to repeat that.

**OUI:** Teddy Kennedy didn't share your views at the time, did he?

**NOGUCHI:** Senator Kennedy was eager to have the body flown back to Washington immediately. But I insisted that this was no time to rush. And he finally agreed.

**OUI:** How did you prepare for the Kennedy autopsy?

**NOGUCHI:** The Senator was shot late on a Tuesday night after delivering a victory speech in the Ambassador Hotel. Shortly afterward, my duty staff called me at home and notified me of the sad event. From then on, my office was in constant contact with Good Samaritan Hospital, where the Senator had been taken, and I assembled the team that I wanted to assist me in the autopsy. At 6:30 P.M. on Wednesday, the hospital informed us that the Senator had a flat electroencephalogram, so we knew the end was near. I met with members of the Kennedy family in the district attorney's office to work out procedures. Death came at 1:44 A.M. on Thursday morning, and I went straight to the hospital. At three A.M., after the preliminary X-ray and fluoroscopic examinations were completed, I started the autopsy.

**OUI:** And you finished a few minutes after nine. That's six hours of work. How long did it take you to prepare the report?

**NOGUCHI:** We put something like 1000 man-hours into it. I thought this was necessary after what happened with the autopsy on the late President.

**OUI:** One of the strange things that happened in that case, which cast such doubt over the autopsy, was the disappearance of the President's brain. Presumably you kept Bobby Kennedy's brain?

**NOGUCHI:** All vital organs that I felt were necessary for continuing examination or for future reference were retained and properly kept in a highly secured area.

**OUI:** Including the brain?

**NOGUCHI:** Yes. In a case of national concern, where there is a gunshot wound to the head that involves the brain, I would expect every forensic pathologist to retain the entire organ.

**OUI:** Ironically, despite your thoroughness, more questions are being asked about the Bobby Kennedy assassination today than ever before.

**NOGUCHI:** In a sense, the questions are being asked because of my thoroughness. The questions concern who committed the murder rather than how it was done—because my findings do not support the eyewitness testimony regarding the position of Sirhan Sirhan.

**OUI:** To compound the irony, the new lawyer for Sirhan, who is trying to get the case reopened, also happens to be the personal lawyer for Thomas Noguchi.

**NOGUCHI:** That is purely a coincidence.

**OUI:** It's been said that you don't like talking about the Bobby Kennedy autopsy. Was that autopsy especially hard on you emotionally?

**NOGUCHI:** Yes, it was. I was very fond of Kennedy, and when I first saw him on the autopsy table, he looked exactly as he had when I saw him on television. He looked as if he were still alive. I asked my assistants to cover his face.

**OUI:** Did Marilyn Monroe have anything like that effect on you?

**NOGUCHI:** Yes. I couldn't believe that she was dead. When the case was assigned to me—I was only a deputy coroner then—I said to my colleagues, "Isn't that funny? I know an actress named Marilyn Monroe." I didn't actually know her in person, but I felt I knew her through her movies. And I liked her. So it was very hard for me to perform the examination. It was almost like performing an autopsy on a relative. That's why I still remember the date—August 5, 1962.

**OUI:** In the case of Monroe, your autopsy has been criticized.

**NOGUCHI:** I know.

**OUI:** Do you still think she committed suicide?

**NOGUCHI:** Yes. Let's analyze the scientific data. First, we found a Nembutal level of 4.5 milligrams in her blood. This means she had taken 30 or 40 capsules in a relatively short period of time. In addition, we found a lethal dosage of chloral hydrate, another sleeping-pill chemical.

**OUI:** But you found no trace of pills or capsules in her stomach, which has led to speculation that she didn't take the pills at all but rather she was injected—or else her stomach might have been pumped.

**NOGUCHI:** But there was no tear or bruise on her lips or tongue or anywhere in her esophagus *(Continued on page 74)*

*"License my roving hands,*
*and let them go*
*Before, behind, between,*
*above, below."*
—John Donne

# WHITE POWDER HEAVEN

## WILDERNESS SKIING VIA HELICOPTER IS THE ULTIMATE TRIP

ARTICLE BY
DON L. PIERCE, JR.

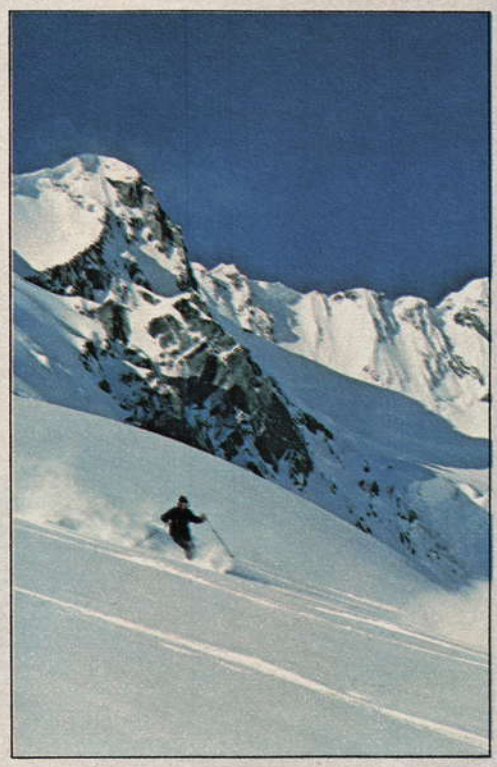
For any skier who has endured long lift lines and hard-packed runs worn icy by countless other ski freaks, wilderness skiing is the ultimate experience. Until recently, the dream of skiing in the back country, where the runs are untracked, the powder deep and the isolation supreme, was pure fantasy. Enter the helicopter. Those same whirlybirds that used to carry stranded mountain climbers off desolate peaks are now taking a new breed of adventurers the other direction. Wilderness skiers, aided by the helicopter, have access to runs that are as long as ten miles and drop thousands of vertical feet. With the advent of the helicopter as a flying ski lift, skiing has become what it started out to be: a natural, uncomplicated way to get high on snow and speed. Nowadays, anyone with the cash, the skill and the connections can ski in the wilderness, but this development was slow in coming. In the early Sixties, two young mountain guides, Hans Gmoser and Leo Grillmair, started to look into the possibility of using turbine helicopters to take small groups of skiers deep into the Canadian Rockies. Gmoser and Grillmair had been leading skiing parties into these mountains on foot—a time-consuming and arduous task—and the helicopter looked like the perfect solution for improved wilderness access; the chopper is mobile, fast, relatively inexpensive and convenient. It can land on a dime, which is about the size of your average mountaintop. In 1965, talk turned to reality as the first group of six skiers went helihopping in the Rockies under the safety-conscious guidance of Gmoser and Grillmair. It was a huge success. The two guides then formed Canadian Mountain Holidays, conducting heli-skiing operations into several mountain ranges (including the Cariboos, Bugaboos and Monashees) in the Canadian Rockies. C.M.H.'s helicopters are now taking more than 2000 people a year into the snowy hinterlands, but the experience of cruising down miles of back-country slopes, where the annual snowfall measures 1500 inches, remains as thrilling as it was for the initial

Photography by Bill Arsenault and Norm Clasen

**An Okanagan twin-turbine jet helicopter (above) flashes over the snow-covered peaks of the Monashee Mountains in the Canadian Rockies, carrying a party of ten skiers and a guide toward a rendezvous with the finest powder skiing in the world. After depositing the skiers on the top of the glacier, the chopper levitates for its return to the bottom to await the skiers' arrival.**

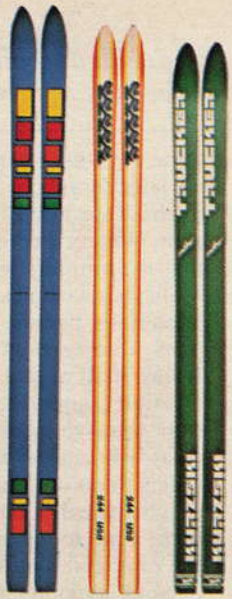
If you're going to ski glaciers, ski them in style. The man at left is wearing fogproof, snowproof, protective goggles by Scott USA ($15). The Ski sweater ($35) is by Demetre, who also outfits most of the hot pro racers and free stylers in clothing coordinated to match The Ski. His Promark gloves have racer-style, gate-crasher, flexible padding ($27). Even if you're not racing, these gloves are warm, comfortable and chic. His poles, Scott USA's Can-Am model, are light and ultra-strong—the special aluminum-alloy shaft is the secret ($25). The pants by Head are lightweight taffeta nylon backed with a thin insulating foam ($52).

six skiers. The base cost of a seven-day C.M.H. ski holiday varies between $570 and $950, depending upon the area and the time of year, but by the time air fare, bar bills and other extras are added, the total cost for a week's worth of powder heaven is closer to $1300. What you get for the money is ruggedly luxurious lodging at the base of a glacier, a private helicopter with a full-time engineer, a mountain guide (groups ski in parties of ten, with one guide) and 100,000 vertical feet of helicopter lift. Although you're always sure to find great skiing in the wilderness, there's also the possibility you might start an avalanche and find yourself buried under a ton of snow. Consequently, C.M.H. and the other helicopter-skiing operations take many safety precautions and use highly trained mountain guides and the latest in electronic gear. Every skier carries a personal transceiver (C.M.H. uses the Skadi unit) that serves as an electronic guidepost in case of an avalanche. If he is carrying one of these devices, a snow-covered skier can be located within minutes. Skiing via chopper in the Canadian Rockies may be the ultimate way to ski, but it's not an experience recommended for beginning or even intermediate skiers. It's not exactly a cheap vacation, either, but if the cost seems prohibitive, there's another way to do it. Helicopter skiing is now available at most major ski resorts in the western United States and, at about $100 a day, is definitely worth the investment. Back-country skiing is skiing in its purest, truest form, so if you're planning a ski trip this year, you should plan at least a day of heli-hopping. Your local travel agent can tell you where and how much, or, if you want to go directly for the big time, contact Canadian Mountain Holidays, Box 1660, Banff, Alberta. See you in the boonies.



**Once the helicopter has departed, four of the skiers (top) find that, for a moment, they can only stare at the almost incredible expanse of untouched snow that slopes sharply away from them. It's a little mind boggling to realize that you are about to ski down a mountain that no one has ever skied before. It's also scary. Before beginning the first run of the day, the skiers inspect their equipment and turn on their avalanche radios. Then the safety-conscious guide (above, left) carefully checks out the first run, looking for snow conditions that could trigger an avalanche. With the all-clear signal, the snow beguine begins as the skiers (right) float their way down the Monashees, cruising for miles through snow 1500 inches deep. Skiing miles of thigh-high feather-light powder is an unbelievable thrill.**

On the well-dressed skier's feet (below) are Superlight boots by Scott USA ($185), which weigh less than five pounds a pair, keep the toes toasty warm and feature adjustable forward lean and flex. With the Scotts are the revolutionary Burt bindings ($115), a new concept in ski-equipment technology. During a bad fall, both binding and boot release from the ski, then retract the ski for continued nonstop skiing. Cables built into the bindings eliminate the need for runaway straps around the ankles.




Above, from left to right: Skis named The Ski, designed by Bob Burns for The Ski Company ($235). The core of each of these skis runs the entire length, reducing swing weight and making the ski easier to turn. K2's 244 skis have a three-piece foam core for improved flexing and are designed for free-style skiing ($185). Mother Trucker skis are from Company 3. At $190 a pair, they are best for powder skiing and go like Gang Busters. This ski has a soft thermoplastic channeled-extrusion core sandwiched between double layers of fiberglass for excellent flexibility. The shades (above), from Uvex ($12.50), are an optic necessity because of the retina-stinging intensity of the light at high altitudes.

Above, Lange's Banshee boot ($195) has a high spoiler back for jet turns and other *avalement*-style skiing techniques ($195). The shell is of Du Pont Adiprene, for flexibility at very low temperatures.

Lange Daypack holds your wine, your wax or your cassette player and headphones ($14).

The Pieps avalanche radio ($50), from Company 3, does not get the Top 40. It does broadcast a steady beep that might save your life should you find yourself buried under a pile of snow. No one should ski the wilderness without it (and a partner).

This Class 5 down vest combined with a T-shirt, turtleneck and ski sweater will keep you warm and mobile ($27).

**DR. THOMAS NOGUCHI** *We quickly decided against the possibility of the Mafia's having committed the Sharon Tate murders because of the way the weapons were used. Overkill is not typical of the Mafia.*

*(Continued from page 68)* or stomach. Now, we have had the opportunity to observe a number of cases in which tubes had been used for feeding purposes; they always leave a mark, sometimes a tear. And it requires a much larger tube to suck the contents out of a stomach. We remember that with people who have been regularly taking Nembutal, or any barbiturate compound, the body often tends to dump the compound into the small intestine. In other words, the body has gotten used to the drug and can process it much faster than the body of someone who has never taken it before.

**OUI:** You've been criticized for not having examined her small intestine.

**NOGUCHI:** It was not our standard procedure at the time.

**OUI:** Also, isn't it possible that she was injected with the drug?

**NOGUCHI:** It's possible, but we found no evidence of it.

**OUI:** Yet you're convinced that she committed suicide?

**NOGUCHI:** Our physical examination was coupled with what we call a psychological autopsy. In the case of Miss Monroe, there had been previous suicide attempts. In fact, her whole lifestyle, as we reconstructed it, pointed toward suicide rather than an accident. Moreover, the district attorney of Los Angeles investigated extensively and ruled that there was absolutely no evidence of foul play. I think the questions that have been raised about her death are simply what often happens at the death of someone who everyone wishes were still alive. When the death is ruled a probable suicide, they say, "Could it have been an accident?" Then, if the accident theory doesn't work, they say it must have been homicide.

**OUI:** August has been a rough month for you, hasn't it? A few years after Marilyn Monroe died, almost to the day, there was——

**NOGUCHI:** Sharon Tate. That was the most bizarre scene I've ever witnessed. Miss Tate was lying on the living-room floor with an unusual nylonlike rope around her neck. Jay Sebring was also lying on the floor, with the other end of the rope around his neck, but not tightly bound. Between them, the rope went up over a beam. Sebring also had a white towel around his face. I thought this was significant. We have done a lot of studies and we know that, when a victim's face is covered, usually the murder was committed by someone who knew the deceased. On the other hand, there was a large American flag draped over the sofa. This suggested the possibility that the murder had been committed by some fanatic ultraright-wing group. But we later found out that the flag belonged to the Tate home, so it was not significant. We even considered the possibility that the murders were committed by the Mafia, but we quickly decided against this hypothesis because of the way the weapons were used—the multiple stabbing. It was, shall we say, not very professional. Overkill is not typical of the Mafia.

**OUI:** After your investigation, you issued what you called a psychogram of the killers. You not only characterized them psychologically but you suggested that there had to be a mastermind behind the murders. You were right in so many of your hypotheses—despite police protestations to the contrary—that one wonders how you could have been wrong in guessing that the murderers were on drugs.

**NOGUCHI:** I can explain that. Take Mr. Voyteck Frykowski. He had, I believe, 51 stab wounds, most of which were on one side of his body and parallel to one another. That means that the stabber probably continued automatically after the victim was lying down and already dying. Because of this—the repetitious stabbing—I felt that drugs had to be involved. I felt that a person who was capable of this simply had to be on drugs.

**OUI:** Still, your characterization of the killers turned out to be astonishingly accurate. Does this indicate that, for you, the examination of the scene of a crime is as important as the examination of the victim?

**NOGUCHI:** Absolutely. The scene of a death tells you many things that the deceased cannot tell you. For example, the position of the body and where it is found tell you much about the volitional activity of the deceased prior to death. And we can interpret this evidence in such a way that a re-enactment of the circumstances leading to death is often possible. We can even determine what the psychological state of the deceased was. And from the refrigerator, from the trash can and from the medicine cabinet in the bathroom, we can often determine a person's lifestyle.

However, even we sometimes miss things. That's why we always take pictures. There was a case once in which a man was found dead in his home. He was known to have had a heart condition—he had had several previous heart attacks—so when the police investigated and found no blood or signs of a struggle, they turned the case over to us. We took pictures of the scene and removed the body. Then, at the autopsy, we discovered a bullet in his brain. He had been shot through the eye and his eyelid had closed; that's why there was no visible evidence of the crime. We looked at our pictures again and found a bullet hole in the wall. With our pictures and with the bullets we recovered, the police were able to convict the murderer. That shows the importance of investigative thoroughness even when the cause of death seems obvious. When you have predetermined the cause of death, that's when you make mistakes.

**OUI:** What else causes mistakes?

**NOGUCHI:** Disturbing the body—if anyone, including the police, moves the body or disturbs the scene in any way.

**OUI:** Does that happen often?

**NOGUCHI:** Mostly in suicide cases, where members of the family have removed the suicide note. I read far fewer suicide notes than are actually written.

**OUI:** What about Janis Joplin's death? Wasn't it reported that the manager of the apartment building tampered with the scene after your investigators had sealed it off?

**NOGUCHI:** Well, I don't think we can really blame people who try to clean up a little bit, if their intention isn't to disturb the scene. Especially when illegal drugs are involved.

**OUI:** Nonetheless, your work must be complicated by people who want to clean up a little bit. Is that why you were at the scene of the S.L.A. shoot-out even before it was over?

**NOGUCHI:** Partly. At the S.L.A. shoot-out, where many different law-enforcement agencies were involved, it was important that I be on the scene to coordinate interagency liaison with my department. Also, I wanted to see for myself the position of the remains so that, if at all possible, I could understand the activity of the S.L.A. members before they died.

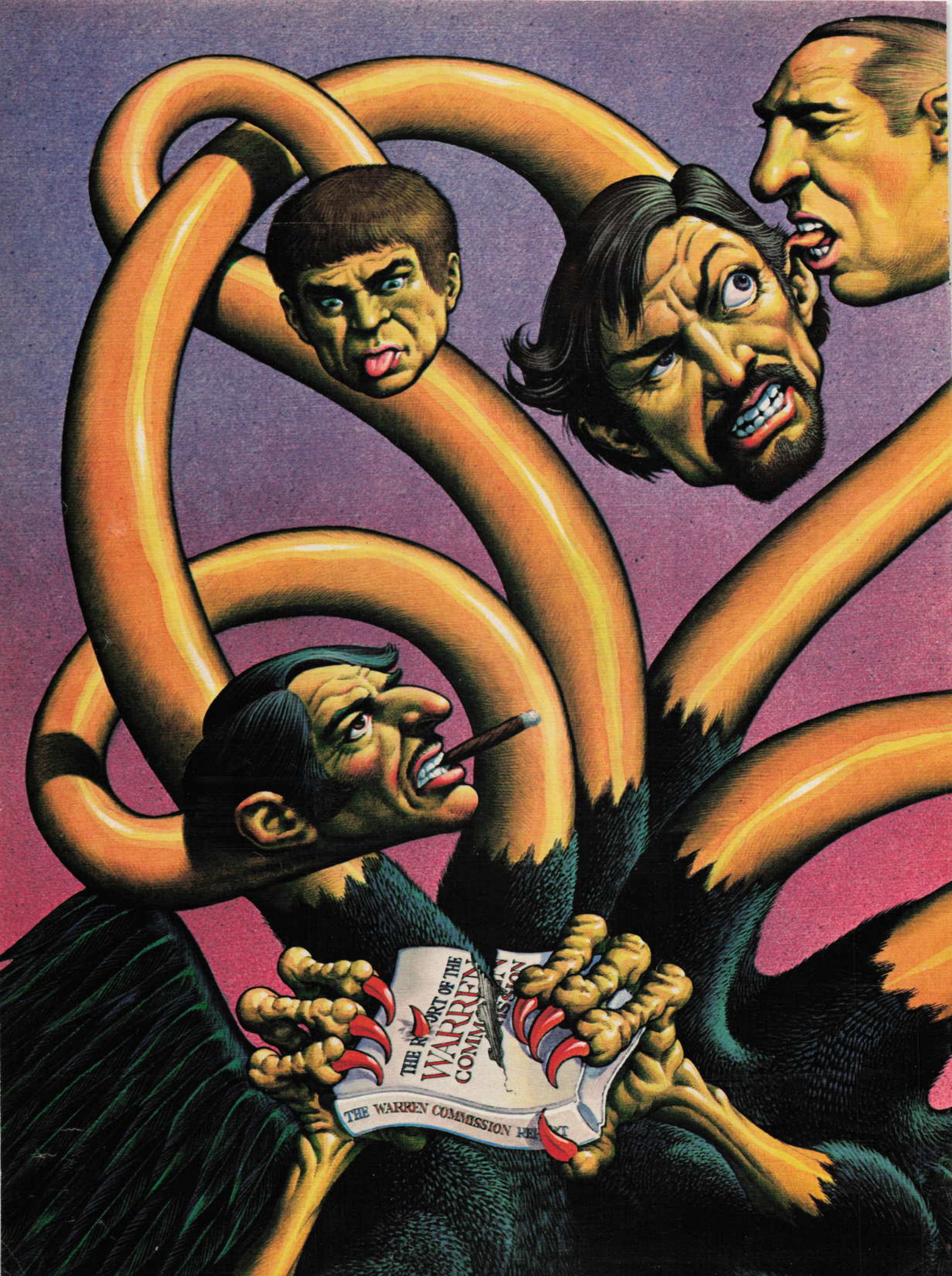
**OUI:** What did you find there that you couldn't have found back at your lab?

**NOGUCHI:** Many things. For example, when the bodies arrived at our facility, it appeared not only that they were badly burned but also that they had been shot with BBs. Now, we knew that the police were not using BB guns. So what were these little pellets, these little round droplets of lead? The answer came from the scene, where the dead were lying in intense heat among at least 2000 rounds of ammunition. The droplets came from ammunition that had exploded in the heat, had penetrated the skin and had then melted.

**OUI:** You went on to perform a psychological autopsy on the S.L.A. victims. How is that going?

**NOGUCHI:** We have collected a considerable amount *(Continued on page 118)*

LASSALVY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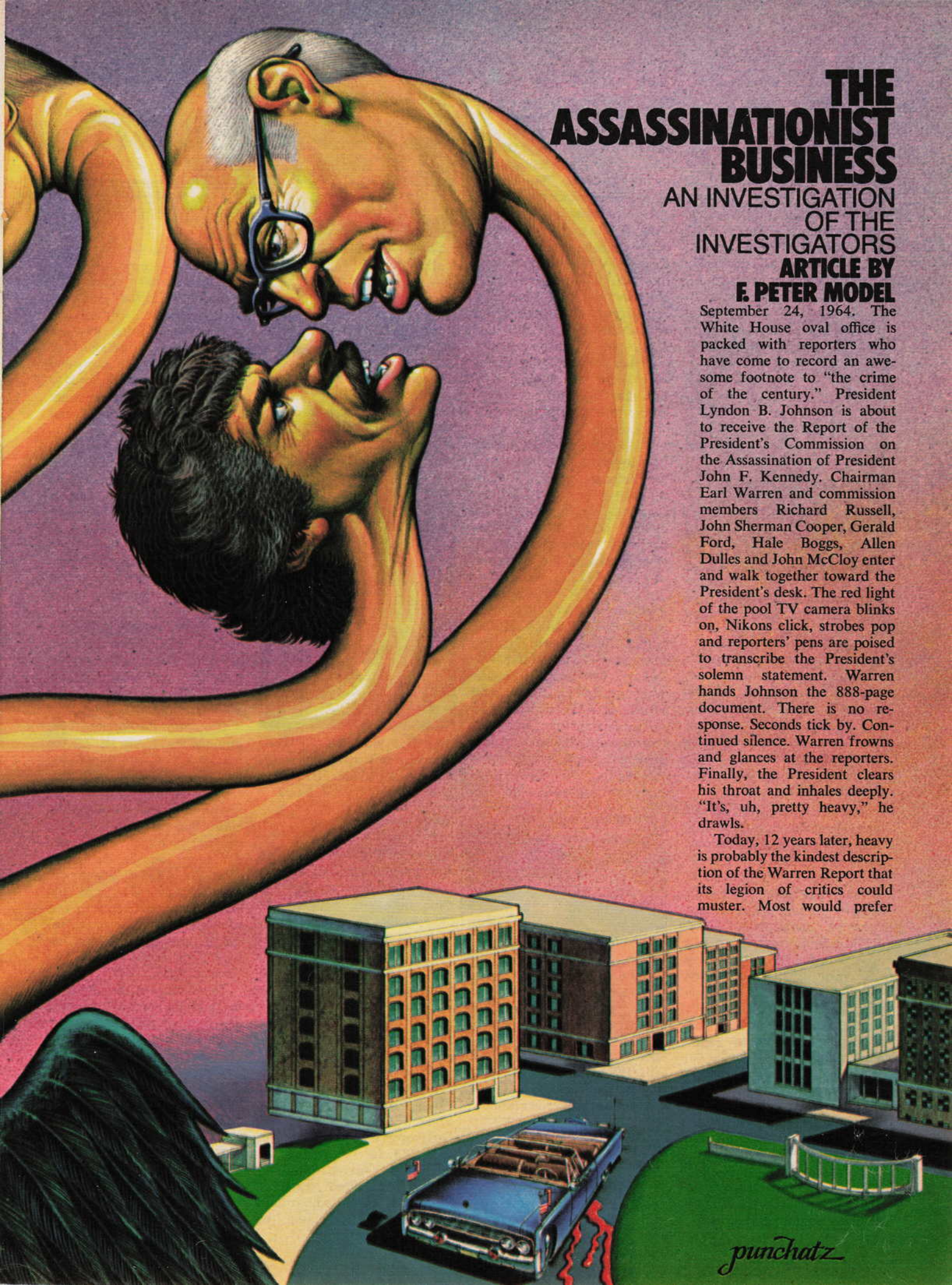



# THE ASSASSINATIONIST BUSINESS

## AN INVESTIGATION OF THE INVESTIGATORS

**ARTICLE BY F. PETER MODEL**

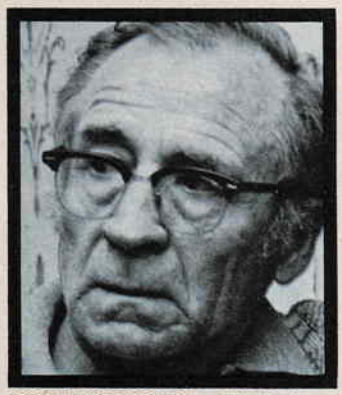
September 24, 1964. The White House oval office is packed with reporters who have come to record an awesome footnote to "the crime of the century." President Lyndon B. Johnson is about to receive the Report of the President's Commission on the Assassination of President John F. Kennedy. Chairman Earl Warren and commission members Richard Russell, John Sherman Cooper, Gerald Ford, Hale Boggs, Allen Dulles and John McCloy enter and walk together toward the President's desk. The red light of the pool TV camera blinks on, Nikons click, strobes pop and reporters' pens are poised to transcribe the President's solemn statement. Warren hands Johnson the 888-page document. There is no response. Seconds tick by. Continued silence. Warren frowns and glances at the reporters. Finally, the President clears his throat and inhales deeply. "It's, uh, pretty heavy," he drawls.

Today, 12 years later, heavy is probably the kindest description of the Warren Report that its legion of critics could muster. Most would prefer

pack of lies, or more acerbic, political truths.

That the critics of the document *are* legion and that their criticisms are uniformly bitter give testimony to the report's signal triumph: By pinning the rap on Lee Harvey Oswald alone and by ignoring a wealth of often-contradictory evidence, the Warren Commission succeeded in creating a countermovement of researchers, technicians, speakers,

**EARLY TRUE DISBELIEVER**



**PENN JONES, JR. "He brings everybody and his mother into the fuckin' conspiracy," says A. J. Weberman.**

writers and free-lance rumor peddlers who have transformed investigation of the Kennedy assassination into a big business. And, given the post-Watergate bull market in press sensationalism and public suspicion, it is one huge growth industry.

It is also a very informal and heterogeneous industry. Meetings are rare and rancorous, there are neither dues nor official newsletters, and the membership has never been fully tallied. Among its members, however, can be found an eclectic collection of former FBI agents and CIA officers, college professors and reformed Yippies, clinical psychologists and forensic pathologists, workers and bankers, all sharing a common interest—what *really* happened in Dallas on November 22, 1963—and a common trait: distrust and suspicion of one another. While pursuing their interest, the assassinationists evince this trait by zealously guarding their "findings" like autumn squirrels and continually disparaging one another's output without hesitating to steal and claim it as their own. [See accompanying article—*Ed.*]

If the assassinationists are their own worst enemies, however, they have escaped extinction largely because their *avowed* enemy, the United States Government, has persisted in behaving like their very best friend. By belligerently defending the Warren Report's lone-assassin theory, by classifying as top secret the commission's most crucial deliberations and by locking up vital evidence until the year 2039, the Government not only has kept the movement alive these past dozen years but also has seemed determined to ensure its perpetual existence.

Although the assassinationist movement did not actually get under way until the Warren Report was published, ten months after President Kennedy's death, first doubts about the lone-assassin theory were expressed the afternoon of November 22, 1963. One of the Dallas spectators, a gritty populist newspaper editor from Midlothian, Texas, named Penn Jones, Jr., returned to his office at the *Midlothian Mirror* disbelieving what he had just seen and heard. As a World War Two infantry veteran, Jones felt that he had witnessed enough men under rifle fire to know that the fatal shots in the Kennedy assassination did not

**LATTER DAY CONVERT**

**A. J. WEBERMAN "That wild man in New York" is how Harold Weisberg describes him.**

come, as authorities were saying, from the Texas School Book Depository. Jones wrote of his doubts in his newspaper columns and then, when several *(Continued on page 123)*

# WHEN GOOD ASSASSINATIONISTS GET TOGETHER . . .

## THEY SELDOM GET TOGETHER

**ARTICLE BY TOM SHALES**

"Assassination," says Bob Katz, "is no longer just a nutty subject for nuts." Katz, star speaker for the Assassination Information Bureau in Boston—speeches and traveling slide shows a specialty—can remember when it was otherwise. Back in the Sixties, members of respectable society considered the assassinationists to be just another bunch of coconuts, roughly comparable to the saucer spotters or

**EARLY TRUE DISBELIEVER**

**HAROLD WEISBERG "Poor Harold. He's attacked everybody except himself," says Mark Lane.**

the Krishna kooks.

Not now. The old paranoids are being joined by a new breed of post-Watergate conspiracy hunters, and the main difference between the old paranoids and the new paranoids is that the new paranoids are probably right.

"People are getting hip to the likelihood that the powerful operate in a covert, conspiratorial way," says Katz, "and we're getting more of a cross section of political views. The conservatives and the reactionaries never had any trouble disagreeing with the Warren Commission; it was the liberals who were reluctant to face the facts. Now even the liberals are coming around."

And so, after years of leading a quasi-underground existence and struggling for respectability, the assassinationists have come out fighting—one another, more often than not. What they don't accuse the Warren Commission or the CIA of doing, they accuse fellow assassinationists of doing. Dissension among them seems to be growing just as they achieve their greatest degree of public support and success.

Still, that success has been enough to transform a cult into what one assassinationist calls an industry and another calls a circus. The movement, which is what Katz and most others call it, consists of two main strata: the researchers and the promoters. Researchers try to tie up loose ends, secure access to classified documents, contemplate such artifacts as the famous Zapruder film, blow up photographs until they are indecipherable deserts of grain and call one another crazy.

Promoters disseminate these findings and try to stir up the masses by giving illustrated assassination travelogs (Katz's show costs $750 a night), talking on talk shows and trading conspiracy theories like kids exchanging bubble-gum cards. (In fact, lots of them *are* kids; the A.I.B.'s 26-year-old Michael Gee—14 years old when President Kennedy was murdered—says he's into assassinations because he's always liked mystery stories and "crime in general.")

In addition to the researchers and the promoters, there are the amateurs—people who originally were the targets of all this propaganda and who now proclaim themselves to be experts. They might be celebrities such as Dick Gregory, Mort Sahl, Geraldo Rivera and Gore Vidal, or they might be Mr. Bojangles down on the corner. Susan Ford didn't know it, but the Outerspace Band of Wendell, Massachusetts, which played at her

White House prom last spring, is "heavily into the whole assassination trip," according to band manager Eric Weiss.

Researchers do the real toiling and sweating, and the high Pooh-Bah of this work—though some would dispute that and claim the title for themselves—is probably Mark Lane, the onetime New York politician whose *Rush to Judgment* rushed onto the best-seller lists in 1966 and thus became the first pop success of assassinationism. In 1975, Lane founded the Citizens Commission of Inquiry, an umbrella organization for assassination investigators, which operates out of a town house located directly behind the Supreme Court building in Washington.

On a typical day at the C.C.I. town house, a teenage boy is collating in the hall while, in an inside room, attractive women volunteers gossip about a staff meeting Lane is conducting in another building around the corner. "There's going to be accusa-

**LATTER DAY CONVERT**

**SHERMAN H. SKOLNICK "Skolnick and his hippies are just plain wreckers," says Bernard Fensterwald, Jr.**

tions, recriminations and hard feelings," one of them predicts. Unanimity is a rare commodity in this movement.

Boxes and boxes of Lane's *Judgment* line the walls and even fill the fireplace, while a Sherlock Holmes–type hat sits atop the refrigerator. Stacks of C.C.I. promotional pieces lie about, one noting proudly that *Time* magazine has called Lane "one of the three most popular lecturers on college campuses."

Katz and colleagues in Boston will tell you there is relative harmony among the promoters, but among the researchers there are perpetual squabbling, ego tripping and

**EARLY TRUE DISBELIEVER**

**MARK LANE "There's nothing Mark wouldn't do or wouldn't say if it seemed expedient," says Harold Weisberg.**

denunciations. The things they have in common include a universal suspicion that their phones are tapped, a penchant for promising you a copy of a document to back up anything they say ("I have the files right here . . ."), a habit of accusing those with whom they disagree of being CIA agents and a certain certainty that Lee Harvey Oswald *didn't do it*—at least not alone, at least not the way the Warren Commission said he did it. Once past this point, the dissension begins.

One of the most squabblesome researchers is Harold Weisberg, a 62-year-old former Maryland poultry farmer who once sued the Federal Government for $300,000 because he said military helicopters and sonic booms from Air Force jets were scaring the shit, but not the eggs, out of his chickens. Weisberg has written six books on the Kennedy assassination and has accused others in the movement of stealing his research.

"Weisberg is bitchy," says Katz. "He's a very, very accurate and aggressive researcher and a poor writer. A strange guy. Kind of cranky."

"I was his lawyer for a while," says Bernard "Bud" Fensterwald, Jr., a Latter Day Convert who organized the Washington-based Committee to Investigate Assassinations in 1968. "But I had to give him up. He's too irascible."

"Poor Harold," says Lane. "He's attacked every single group and every single person except himself."

And what does Harold say?

"I'm a cantankerous old bastard," Harold says, "but I don't say only bad things about people. I separate people. I just do not like to see people's minds being ripped off by a lot of misinformation. I believe in truth and honesty. These other people look at me and their consciences bother them. I pay no attention to them. I stay home and do my work."

Last April, a friend of Weisberg's read a speech Weisberg had written but was too ill to deliver to a New York assassinationist clambake. The speech attacked those who had grown rich and famous from their investigations into the Kennedy killing. This seemed to be a reference to Lane. *Seemed?* Hell!

"I didn't mention Lane by name, but there was no mistaking it," says Weisberg, the man who, with Lane, can claim major responsibility for keeping doubts about the Warren Report before the public for lo these many years. "I'd say it was about as kind an understatement as I could make about him. He wants to be a famous man, to be known as the guy who took the whole case apart. All he's done is run around getting paid for making speeches. Now how does that make him an expert? Mark is a skilled showman; there's nothing he wouldn't do and nothing he wouldn't say if it seemed expedient. He is always on the 'right side' of an issue and never unselfishly."

Back to you, Mark. "I hope you aren't going to publish that stuff," Lane moans, when apprised of Weisberg's sentiments. "It isn't constructive. I'm sorry about Harold. Harold is very suspicious and very vicious to anyone who has come in recently on this, and he insists he was the first. It's silly to get into who came first. I was there at a very early stage. November 22, 1963, in fact. Harold was nowhere near being the first one, but he was there very, very early, too."

Lane is not rich and famous, he says. Well, not rich, anyway. "I had a better income before the assassination. I was one of John F. Kennedy's two campaign managers. *The New York Times* was urging me to run for mayor. Of the money I've made this year, 30 percent goes to the lecture bureau that books me and the remaining 70 percent goes to C.C.I., from which I do not draw a salary. In the past 60 days, I've spoken at 55 colleges and universities."

Weisberg is not impressed. "Now the last go-around I had with Lane, he pulled an indecency. We were on live television, and he said he'd learned that L.B.J. made a secret Executive order keeping everything on the assassination secret for 75 years. Well, there is no such order. The truth is more horrendous—that the existing machinery makes it possible to keep things secret *without* Executive orders. So Mark said to me, 'You can't get along with anybody,' and I told him, 'You expect everybody to sit still for your misstatements.' "

Push has a way of coming to shove.

"So then, during a break, he said, 'After this show is over, I'm going to punch you in the nose.' I said, 'Go ahead

**LATTER DAY CONVERT**

**BERNARD FENSTERWALD, JR. "He has a lot of people fooled; actually, he's a CIA agent," says A. J. Weberman.**

and punch me right now!' Well, he didn't touch me. Everything is just a show with him."

How about that, Lane?

"Harold is too old for me to punch in the nose," Lane says. "I feel sorry for him. If we could only get Harold to *(Continued on page 121)*

# "THE THERAPIST WILL SEE YOU NOW, BIG BOY"

## When is a whorehouse not a whorehouse? When it's the Golden Gate Foundation for Research and Development.

ARTICLE BY HERBERT GOLD

After hundreds of man-hours of police work, 18 San Francisco vice-squad heroes raided a Victorian house on Bush Street and arrested seven white women and one black man on charges of prostitution.

The next day, Kitty Desmond appeared in the newspapers, proud and smiling, to declare that the Golden Gate Foundation for Research and Development—of which she is executive planning director—had been performing a psychomedical service.

Desmond claimed that the bordello atmosphere was just for setting a fun mood and that the alleged prostitutes were therapists and surrogates—they had even filled out forms to prove it. The cops countered that the foundation was only organizing vice a little better, helping along the storied criminal weapon of feminine charm with a cunning modern refinement: recording what the johns like best.

The case has accumulated lawyers, briefs and publicity. Indignation, the bedrock of radical politics, fuels both sides. Everyone expects the case to make history, if not to set legal precedents. Many months after the original bust, judges are still issuing rulings, accepting briefs and studying papers. New arguments are joining the old ones in a thickening record. The case seems to be resting comfortably in the docket for a while. It's no simple matter. So much passion and money are now involved that Kitty's Golden Gate Foundation will soon be called the House of the Rising Sum.

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Sometimes it happens that a lady can relieve the tensions of a man's modern lifestyle, those nagging feelings of inferiority that anyone but a brute tends to suffer from time to time. Sometimes the man gives the lady a little gift of money. She has been the agent of a transformation of psychic pain into a feeling of peace. What psychiatrist or family doctor can do the same? The burden is lifted. The rocks are off. This is a healing art that Kitty, Shirley, Randa, Bonny, Sherry and so many others perform unsung. Let us now sing them!

These women are therapists and surrogates with hearts of gold. It's true. If you feel good and there's no painful urination the next day, you might like to make a little cash contribution to the cause of your own well-being. So much the better if it furthers the work of the foundation. And it costs no more than some untrustworthy callgirl. No, these fuckers are not whores; yet their sexual partners receive no prescriptions from doctors. It's a paradox, one that needs some explanation.

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There is a formidable iron gate that leads to a Victorian door emblazoned with the aforementioned research-and-development sign. A buzzer. A healthy dog sniffs curiously at the visitor, determining that he really has a crotch. Several downstairs parlors are filled with overstuffed chairs and carved tables. Books and magazines, ashtrays, glowing fireplaces. Soft rock plays somewhere.

It was one of those really rotten male fantasies I was living out. I was having dinner with the madam and the entire service staff of the most distinguished whorehouse in San Francisco, if it were a whorehouse. I was surrounded by Victorian luxury, by carpets so deep one gets the staggers hiking around the house and by beautiful women who were really clean, medically approved, highly trained and educated.

In these times of recession, I sent out to the Flying Chinese Chicken for dinner and provided a distinguished collection of genuine Napa

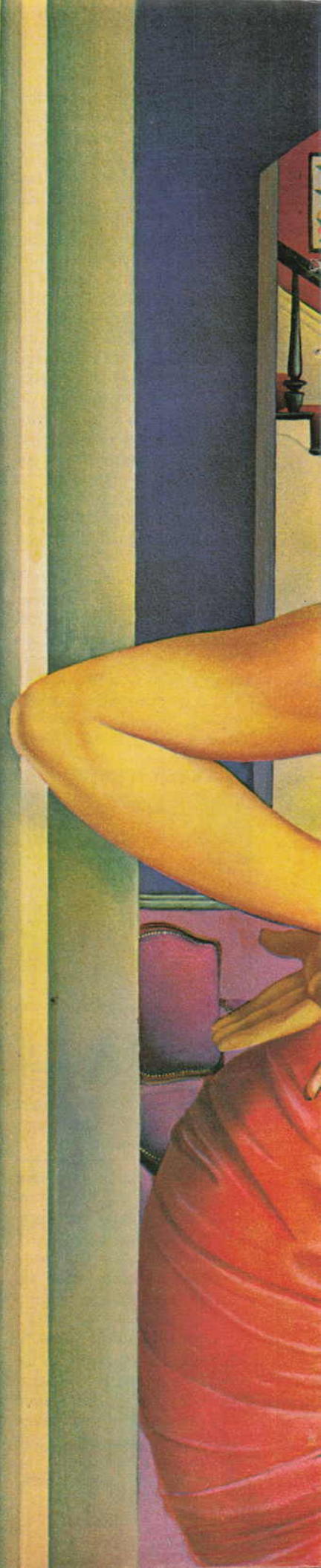


Illustration by Melinda Bordelon

**WHOREHOUSES** *Michael is Kitty's friend and helper. He wants to get into this new field of sexual therapy before it gets taken over by General Mills or the Mafia.*

Valley wines, including Gallo red and Foremost white. There were Kitty herself; plus Shirley, a very young surrogate at 20; Randa, a mature sexual surrogate, a soft-spoken Southern woman of 31, a graduate student who attends several universities and is doing her ground-breaking thesis on incestuous pedophilia; plus Michael Harris, Kitty's special friend, lean, handsome, black, indignant and articulate, a former boutique owner (we pronounce it *bo*tique out here). Michael helped to decorate the house and was, naturally, accused of being a pimp. He's not. He is Kitty's friend and helper, and he is a scholar of Masters and Johnson, Kinsey and Reich. He wants to get into this new field of sexual therapy before it gets taken over by General Mills or the Mafia. (There was a vulgar rumor that Kitty's place had been Mafia financed. If that were true, the place would have had new furnishings. Instead, they were lovingly accumulated by Michael and the girls from Goodwill and Salvation Army sources. They stripped all of the woodwork themselves.) There's still room for the small-time innovative operator.

When I went to interview Kitty, I brought along some help in the person of Rubin Glickman, a legal eagle.

"Did you get your 501 C-3 certificate?" he asked.

"Wah?" said Kitty.

"The 501 C-3 certificate," Glickman explained, "makes you a nonprofit foundation so the johns can contribute money and get a tax deduction."

No, they hadn't gotten that far. They had been operating for just a year when the bust came.

"We did low-profile fucking similar to what Masters and Johnson did," said Kitty. "We were helping men out with premature-ejaculation problems, sadism problems, water-sport problems, exhibitionism and voyeurism problems." She made a wave of the hand that covered many memories. "We knew we were under surveillance. If we thought we were illegal, we'd have closed up."

"Our business was emotional-therapy research," said Michael. "Sexual dysfunction. Lots of our clients were happily married men who just needed a little help, a helping hand, a listening ear."

"The cops," Kitty interrupted bitterly, "classified our business as 'other.' "

"They never heard of Masters and Johnson," said Shirley.

Randa pouted. "Our institute would teach expansion of sexual function, like a religious trip. We kept complete records on our clients, including preferences and type. Would we do that if we weren't a research operation? Does the Mafia bother with such crap?"

We sipped wine while Randa and Kitty and Shirley and Michael told me about their families and their pre-bust pasts. Artists, engineers, cops and alcoholics in their families, just like everybody else. Nice, smart, friendly girls, and now they're being hassled. They can't lead decent, ordinary lives without some undercover cop's trying to pick them up on some rinkydink charge of soliciting. Randa wants to get on with her thesis (she knows five girls personally who made it with their dads and are somewhat marked for life) but naturally all this legal and occupational harassment makes it hard to concentrate on scholarship.

"There's not much difference between sex therapy and high-level prostitution," Kitty said. "When we interviewed college girls for surrogates, we found they often didn't have the slightest understanding. A master's doesn't qualify you to be a warm and knowledgeable sex surrogate."

"We break men down," explained Randa, "into nine sexual types: friend, adventurer, fraternizer, opportunist, guardian, promoter, slave, lover, child."

"Vice squad is the tenth," said Shirley, and everyone laughed.

"We filled out forms on every client," said Randa. "Fantasies, excessive fondling, masturbatory activity, basic family situation—that type of research."

"And we never accepted money for activities engaged in," Kitty said. "Like a doctor, it was for time spent."

"Many came just to talk," Michael said, stretching his long legs. "Especially during the stock-market doldrums. The public was *sad*, man. They wanted to open up, lay it out. They cried."

"Often," recalled Kitty, "they wouldn't talk in front of Michael when he was bartending."

Bartending was one way that Michael assisted the girls in providing an atmosphere of good food and drink, but I could just imagine some paunchy, flab-gilled, wife-depressed, margin-haunted stockbroker taking one look at this handsome black dude, just stepping so easily around the girls. The broker wouldn't want to open up and cry those sweet tears.

"So I left off bartending and went into research," Michael said.

Glickman tapped his nose. Was he going to cry, too? No, just meditating, making mental notes.

One of Glickman's mental notes read: "A business license was applied for and received from the city of San Francisco and the category of the business was emotional-therapy research center."

By this time we had learned something about the foundation's clients. They were men whose wives misunderstood them. They were men whose fantasies had trouble keeping up with reality. They wanted specialties. They had money and time but not the right kind of friends. They had habits they wanted to change or indulge. They were not just a bunch of fellows out for a good time. They had style. They had class. They had the address.

"Women can do things on their own," said Kitty. "Good things. We here at the Golden Gate Foundation are not just a houseful of women's libbers." It was beginning to sound like a quotation. "No, we're *women*.

"We are over 18. We're not girls or whores, like the cops keep trying to say. We are women. Our customers are not johns. They are visitors. They are clients."

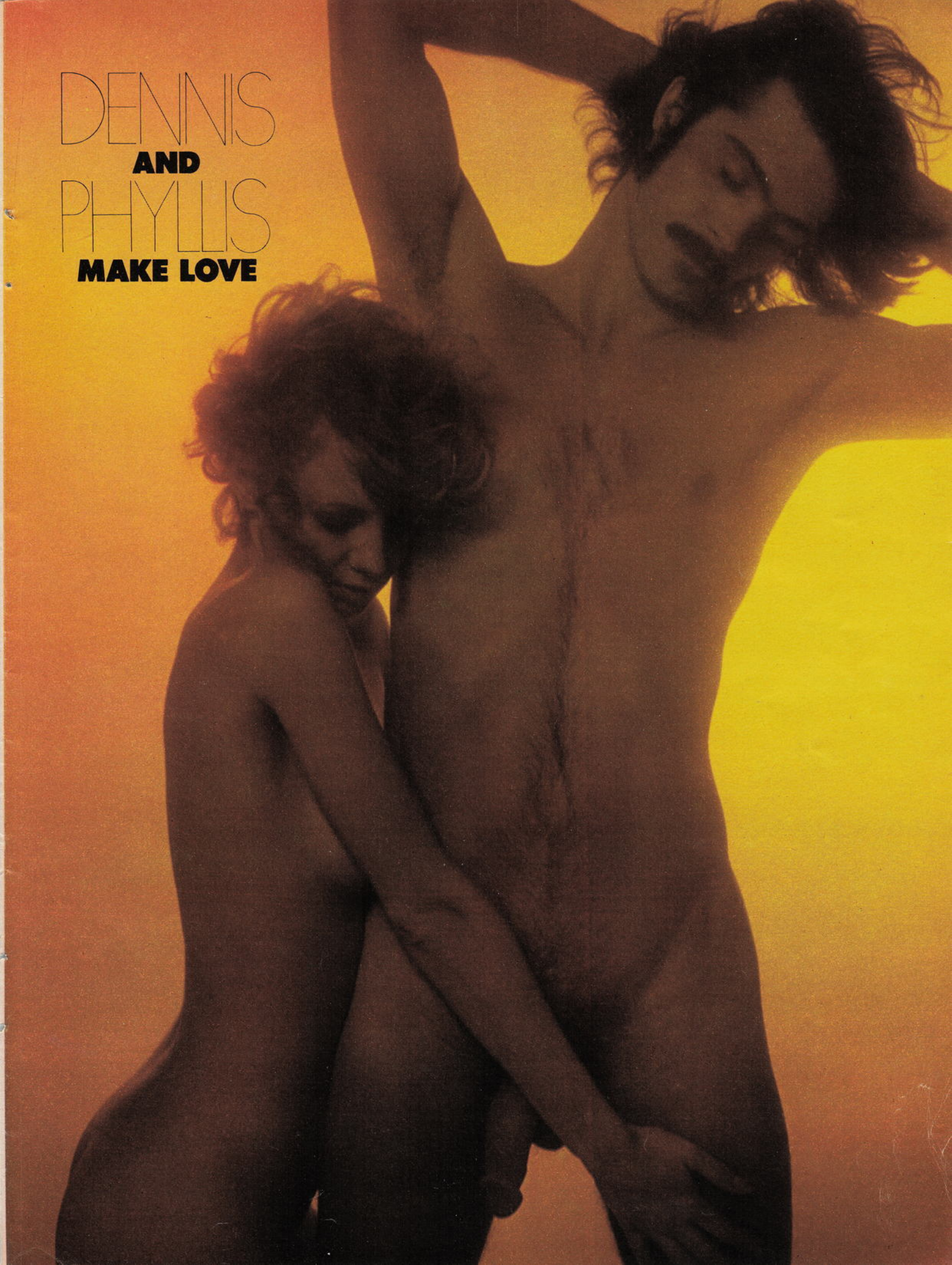
"When we had our fund-raising parties," Michael said bitterly, "the cops said we invited people to contribute to keep their names out of the papers. What bullshit!"

"With all the goodies, we barely broke even on those parties," said Kitty.

Ten or twelve lawyers cost a lot even if they are deferring their billing. And Kitty has a staff of the finest young idealistic criminal lawyers in San Francisco, including four or five staunch feminists. Michael Metzker, a former D.A. who is on the team, says that the professional scientific establishment is just covering its ass when it says that Kitty's outfit is not professional.

Margo St. James, founder and guru of COYOTE, aka Call Off Your Old Tired Ethics, the whore's affinity group (a union would be illegal), helped to mobilize the community in support of the foundation, even though it was not a brothel. Some of the girls from the foundation played on her softball team, so she came through immediately. Just call someone a whore, even if she's not, and Margo will rush to the defense.

Inspired by the research talents of the foundation, I took a lot of notes. I could now tell how Michael got out of the chain of boutiques in Sausalito and read those books by Miss J—you know, lick the whipped cream off your lover's body—and how he started thinking about sex as *(Continued on page 88)*


DENNIS
AND
PHYLLIS
MAKE LOVE

They have a special kind of relationship, Dennis and Phyllis. Some times, the heat of their passion seems to inflame the world around them. At other times, they share moments of such deep intensity that they lose all awareness except of each other; it is as if they are enveloped in a mysterious void. They like to take long barefoot walks in warm spring rains, feel the mud squish between their toes and splash in puddles like playful children. In summer, they race through fertile meadows until, laughing, they collapse among the daisies and make love. To an outsider, their life might seem mundane.

**DENNIS AND PHYLLIS SHARE AN INTIMACY THAT NEEDS NO WORDS**

# IN SUMMER, THEY COLLAPSE IN THE DAISIES AND MAKE LOVE

Dennis is a singer and Phyllis designs handbags when she's not modeling. In three years, they have never spent an entire day apart. Their friends say that so much togetherness will burn out their relationship. Dennis and Phyllis just smile. Photographer Larry Gordon, a friend of theirs, also believes they have a rare thing going. He asked them to help him film an essay on the different moods of love. "When Dennis and Phyllis look at each other, the air seems almost to vibrate," says Larry, "so in tune are they with each other's emotional barometers. They share an intimacy that needs no words, full as it is of passion and peace."

Photography by Larry Dale Gordon

**WHOREHOUSES** *Vice-squad duty is a favorite in police forces everywhere. It's safe and it has charm. It seems that sometimes you get laid, too.*

*(Continued from page 82)* this new frontier that wasn't all tied up like oil or the automobile business. He thought he'd better work fast. So he and Kitty rented, decorated, planned, bought three-by-five note cards and hired a staff.

Randa says, "I was overqualified to be a sex surrogate. I was more like a therapist." But Kitty was the chief therapist, having had the idea in the first place.

Randa, the incest expert, has a sweet, small Southern voice, and I remarked that she seemed to have an affinity for Faulknerian themes.

"The Southerner just doesn't have enough sense not to admit incest," she said. "The Northerner: Four out of five do it but deny it." Ah, these cunning Yankees, so smart that they deny their poignant stabs at their daughters.

"It's ironic," smiled Randa. "The daddy who is trying to protect you is *doing* it." Everyone has his little hobbies.

Kitty remembered one of the funny little local-color things that happened at a fund-raising party after the bust. An undercover cop kept offering $25 to the girls to go upstairs with him. "So I explained a lot about therapy. I talked and talked. Finally he cried. He denied he was a cop, and he cried and said nobody believed him. I finally told him to get out, and he said, 'If I give you $25 will you go upstairs with me?'—still crying because I said he looked so much like a cop."

And then what?

"He got into the plainest-looking Ford you ever saw and drove off."

Kitty feels the clients committed crimes, too; if the cops insist it isn't research and if the researchers are set upon by the law, the subjects/johns will have to suffer, too. This theory that the johns are just victims of feminine charm is for the birds. "We are basically sympathetic to our clients," Kitty said ominously, "but——"

Michael is sore about being taken for a pimp just because he's black: "Everyone should share the heat, not just the girls and one black male."

The women are indignant, too. "Sure, we dress pretty and flimsy, and we wear see-through things and eye shadow. But we're scientists," Kitty said.

Despite their irritation with the police action, they make distinctions among cops. "This one guy who had intercourse and fellatio, he arrested us, but he had a scintilla of human feeling. He said, 'Don't call them whores!' when his buddy handcuffed us," Ronda recalled.

"We never denied that there was sexual activity in the Golden Gate Foundation. The cops did it, too," Michael explained. "We filled out the sheets on their activities afterward—premature ejaculations, them guys. We want the public to hear *our* story."

Vice-squad duty is a favorite in police forces everywhere. It's safe and it has charm. It seems that sometimes you get laid, too. Shirley was making it with another girl at a cop's request, while he knelt at the foot of the bed and masturbated, which was his thing. She was sincere about everything and did as he asked, not faking, because otherwise she would giggle and crack up.

"Men are never whores," Michael complained. "They can do it with 50 girls and they're not whores. Only a girl gets to be a whore."

The unfairness of it all lay heavily over the remainder of the Chinese food. Kitty was saying that the foundation will treat women, too, when it reopens to do sensitivity training.

"This is not a *house*," Kitty said. "This is my home. I've got to support it."

"Plus it's a secondary-education facility," said Michael.

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Some girls, whose interest in macramé and tarot peaked last year, have this year found a new hobby: money. Selling what God gave them—beauty and grace—seemed to be in the cards. They are offering it for rent and sliding through on the wings of science and research.

There might be another side to the Golden Gate Foundation, so I visited Debbie on her houseboat in Sausalito. She is opulent, pretty, young, well educated, with one of those fresh, freckled Irish faces. She worked briefly as one of Kitty's surrogates. Now she travels her mane of tawny hair to an up-front, righteous, no-research, $100-a-session house, and she prefers it.

Although she has a good education—university and art school—she didn't like having to write a mini term paper for each john. "Man, I had to fill out all these sheets before I got paid."

"You'd rather be a whore than a surrogate?"

"I like to handle the 70-year-old gentlemen—some of them come three times a night, and I'm sitting on some 30-year-old dudes who can't do that. Listen, I make sure they get their toes licked. I take it seriously. Most of the time, for $100, I come with them. To me, it's a good energy exchange. Each new man is a good study, and it's noble to understand him. I deep-throat, a talent I discovered with a man who said I had a nice singing voice."

"But if a man is old and ugly——"

"That's a barrier, so I make sure to get through that barrier and that he sees Buddha, anyway."

Debbie's style is California early-Seventies hip wharf rat. Her houseboat is filled with books, paintings and unfinished carpentry. A friend is carving a stairway and a stool for the tub. Her sleeping ledge also houses a couple of white cats. Health food. Honey. A little Kahlúa for fun. Some girls would diet at her weight, but she's so friendly that everybody likes her as she is is. She seems easy with her body and likes to get off.

"I get into archetypal energies if he's disgusting. He's a prince, a god, a shepherd on a rock in a meadow. A put-off can be almost more enjoyable. I'm a landlady and I own property back East, so I can make my own choice of what I want to do."

"Do you need to make money this way?"

"There's something called the hooker's hook—it means I get a better orgasm when they pay me. The money makes it intense and clear. For example, I have a friend I used to freebie. He used to run his psychological racket against womankind. Now he pays—and he cooks dinner, treats me like a precious object, a princess, and we have a beautiful time. He benefits from the hooker's hook, too."

She used to live in another houseboat, called The Clit. That separated the wheat from the chaff among her friends. Now she is constantly improving her new houseboat, using the proceeds—after a 60–40 split with her madam—of a few days' work a week.

Whoring is uncomplicated for her, she says. She is taking her time, waiting for the energy to get together. Kitty's institution was too much like school. Now she can relax. When she's not working, she is making a pillow for her sister, who's about to get married—mountains, stars, sky and cute little felt Indians, all sewed onto a nice big foam pillow.

Debbie retired from sex therapy at Kitty's, declaring a nearly Churchillian credo: "I make victory as good as defeat, and I make failure impossible by changing the *(Continued on page 110)*

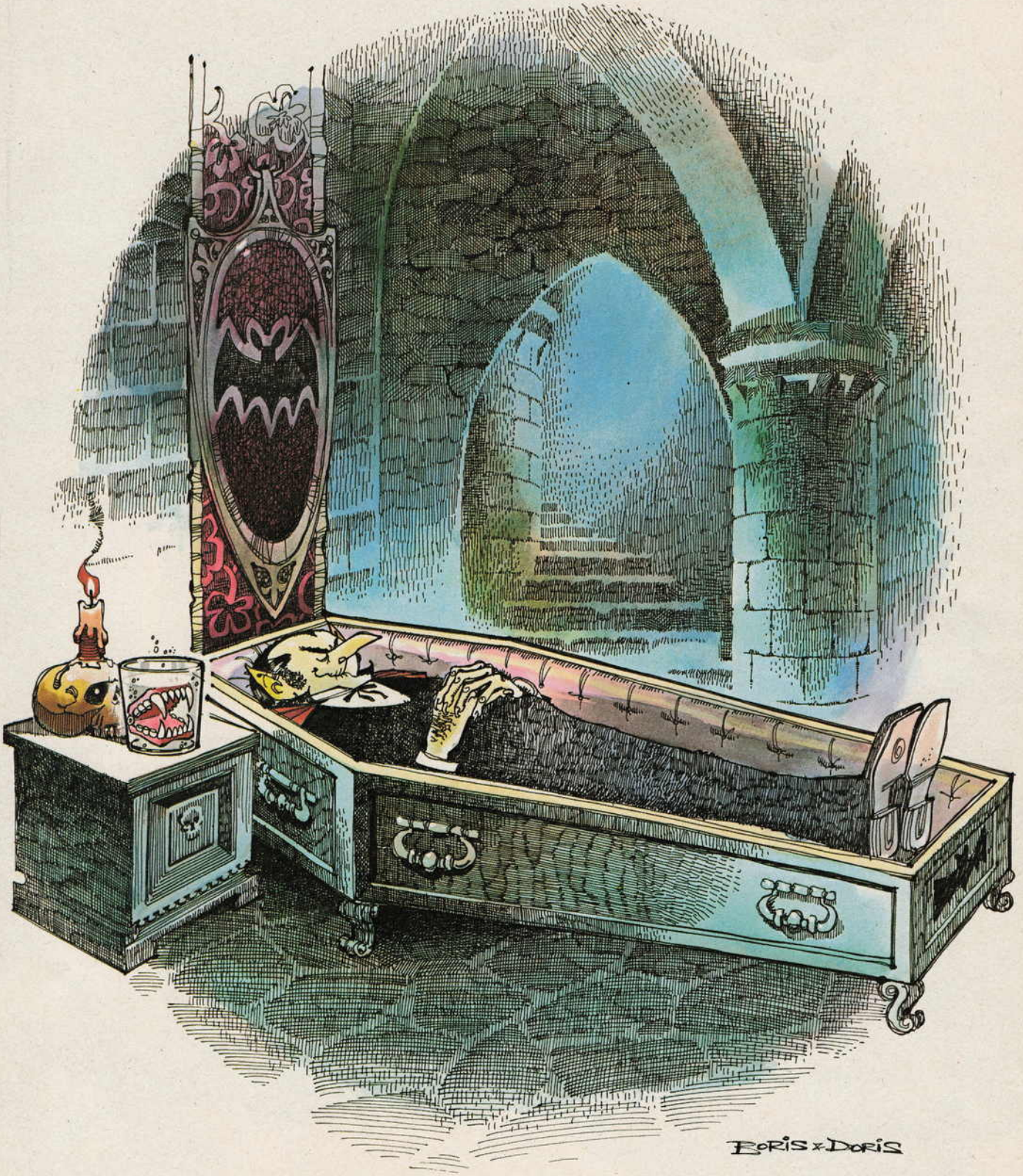

BORIS x DORIS

Illustration by Kunio Hagio

# IS IT TRUE WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT JAPANESE WOMEN?

## WELL, PARTLY

ARTICLE BY DONALD KIRK

You're standing on the platform of the Chiyoda line at Otemachi during a lull in the normal Tokyo rush. That is, the station, which is in the midst of downtown Tokyo's financial district, isn't milling with passengers, and you have plenty of time to inspect the innocent-looking schoolgirl type carrying a couple of English-language books, and you wonder whether you should practice your negligible Japanese or give her a chance to try out her English, which is probably the easier way. "*Eigo-o hanashimasu-ka*," you ask, which is one of the simpler girl-hunting ploys in Japan. She smiles shyly and says yes, she speaks English, in English that you barely understand. Before she leaves on the next train, you have had time to determine that she studies English at one of the dozens of girls' colleges in and around Tokyo, and you've even given her your card, which she accepts with the same perpetually shy smile.

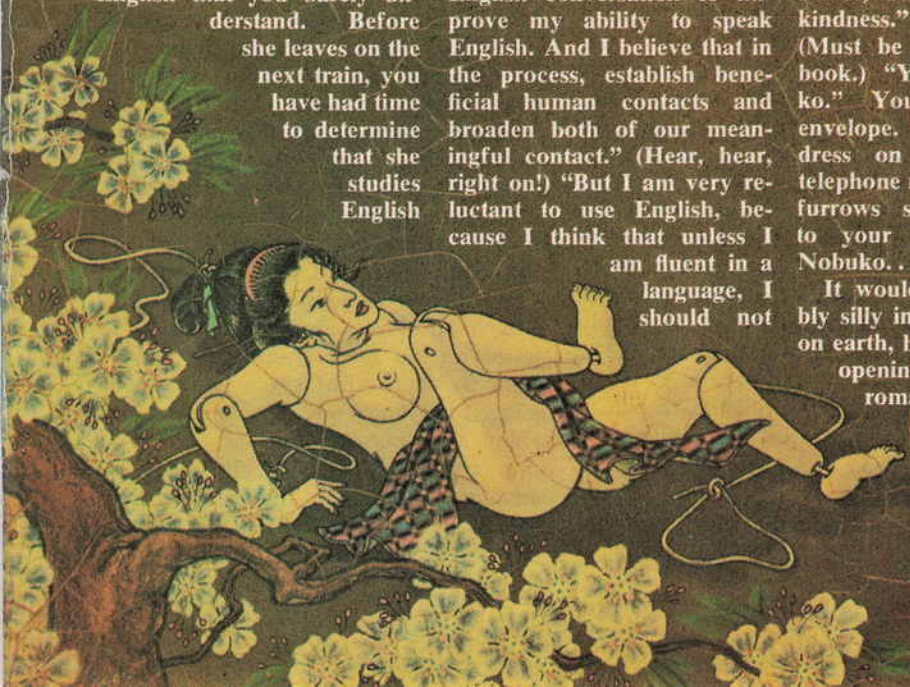
You forget about the incident, but a few days later, you receive a typewritten letter. "Dear Sir," it begins, "Do you remember me? I met you at the Otemachi station in October 2. I am sorry I couldn't tell you an answer that rings true." (What on earth did you ask that needed answering? And what is this about ringing true? The phrase must have come from her English phrase book.)

"I am a senior student of the Tōyō Tanki College," the letter goes on; "I am studying English conversation to improve my ability to speak English. And I believe that in the process, establish beneficial human contacts and broaden both of our meaningful contact." (Hear, hear, right on!) "But I am very reluctant to use English, because I think that unless I am fluent in a language, I should not try to speak it." (Now, now, don't be shy, we understand.) "But the purpose of any language is to communicate, isn't it? To my regret, I sufficiently couldn't communicate you yesterday."

Well, it *was* a pity, but your dear new-found friend *does* have a solution, which she is glad to impart—or at least to hint at. "I wish I had a chance to talk again with one whose native language is English." (Hmm. A proposition? A suggestion? Where do we begin—her house or mine? It is midafternoon, a gray day, a dull day. Quick look up the page to the line about "meaningful contact"—but where the *hell* did she pick up such strange expressions?) "I am thankful for your kindness." The letter ends. (Must be that damn phrase book.) "Yours truly, Nobuko." You glance at the envelope. Full name and address on the outside. No telephone number. Your brow furrows slightly. You turn to your typewriter. "Dear Nobuko. . . ."

It would sound unbelievably silly in any other country on earth, but it is almost a set opening to an East-West romance in latter-day Japan, post-post-Occupation phase. Surfeited with stories about geishas and cabaret hostesses, one finds it almost ludicrous to imagine that romance could be initiated on the childish pretext of language lessons in such a simplistic setting as a subway station. But geishas and cabaret hostesses are no longer the laughing, weeping delights conjured by James Michener's *Sayonara*, a book that seems almost as irrelevant today as the Occupation era in which it was written. You can drop 10,000 yen—more than $30—in almost any of the glittering girlie bars in the Ginza or Shinjuku or Shibuya or Akasaka just for the pleasure of a seat at a table, a snack, a couple of beers and five minutes of conversation. For twice or thrice the price, you might get the crafty-eyed vixen to give you 20 minutes of her very, very precious time. Forget it. The war's over. So's the Occupation. So's the post-Occupation period. Times have changed. Welcome to inflation and the energy crisis. Welcome to modern Japan.

So you've wisely decided that Japan isn't Korea or Taiwan or Hong Kong or Vietnam or Thailand. You can't just pick up what you want for considerably less than the cost of one night's wining and dining a Stateside round-eye and show her to your humble abode, which is already costing you at least $20 a day. Unless you're



**JAPANESE WOMEN** *The girl babies are big girls now, decked out in styles from Paris and Italy, often more cleverly interpreted on a mass level here than they are abroad.*

extremely well-heeled, you cannot compete on the cabaret market with the expense-accounting Japanese from Mitsubishi and Sumitomo and Mitsui, who happily charge their evening's fun to the glory of their company and their country. Oh, certainly, you might stumble through the narrow alleys of Shinjuku, Tokyo's youngest, swingingest district, and poke into the little bars featuring girls in negligeelike uniforms, all exactly alike, but more often than not, the doorman will turn you back with the rude remark "Japanese only, Japanese only"—an expression of Japanese ethnocentrism at its most basic. The fact is, Japanese men don't like to see *furyō gaijin*, bad foreigners, pawing their women, for love or money. The sight embarrasses them at best; insults and angers them at worst. And even if you do find a small, relatively low-priced bar—that is, one that charges only a few thousand yen for a beer and a hostess—you're wasting your time if you think the girl will leave the place in your company.

Yet it is precisely the Japanese male hang-up over Japanese women—the peculiar form of male chauvinism inbred in Japanese through centuries of historic isolation—that drives some Japanese girls into the arms of the evil, corrupting foreigners, despite the warnings of sad parents and jealous classmates, both male and female. The exotic appeal of the foreigner for the Japanese girl results, in a sense, from the Occupation, in which Japan blossomed in a frenzy of imitation of the ways of its conqueror and, at the same time, experienced a baby boom paralleling the one in the United States. The girl babies are big girls now, decked out in styles from Paris and Italy, often more cleverly interpreted on a mass level here than they are abroad. The universities and colleges are full of these stylish young women; they instruct them in such fashionable arts as French and English literature while the ever-serious men study politics and economics. Thousands of such girls click-click along the sidewalks of Otemachi and Marunouchi, the downtown business districts, in their minis and midis and square-toed, high-heeled shoes (imitative, the fashions invariably lag), moving among the nontalkative, arrogant men, who dress always in plain black-and-gray suits with white shirts and indistinguishable neckties.

It is a typically Japanese midday scene. Despite the inroads of westernization and higher education, the girls in many ways are treated as distinct inferiors today just as they were before the rise of the munificent Emperor Meiji and the opening of the country to Western trade—and influence—more than a century ago. They cannot obtain professional jobs with any of the leading Japanese companies. They cannot serve in any capacity other than that of woman's writer on a Japanese newspaper. They cannot teach in universities, and they cannot dream of becoming government officials. Of course, there are exceptions. A famous lady professor at Tokyo University named Chie Nakane once described her special place as the lone female on the faculty. "It's much better to be the only one," she explained. "Now I can be called an exception; but if there were more than one, we would be regarded as a minority. It is easier to be an exception than to be a member of a minority group." Despite such exceptions, the rules of Japanese society are equally stern in dictating relations between Japanese women and foreigners.

It is partly because the barriers of antiforeignism, groupiness, tradition and society in general are so steep, however, that the search for the Japanese girl can seem surprisingly enticing. Most *gaijin*, while eager to engage in the search, are not at all prepared for the risks. They may have consorted with bar hostesses—an entirely different breed that is beneath recognition by most office or college girls, the two main categories of available nonprofessional females. After having spent a great deal of money on a bar hostess, a *gaijin* may have taken her to one of Tokyo's ubiquitous love hotels—often very modern establishments complete with circular beds, mirrored ceilings and the like. That transaction in itself was no doubt difficult enough, involving several trips to the bar and perhaps even a little preliminary romancing, most of it subtly encouraged by the girl to convince the gullible foreigner of his Don Juan characteristics and to induce him to unload *all* of the contents of his wallet rather than merely *most* of his ready cash. For all of their experience in the bars of Tokyo and other large cities, however, few if any foreigners recognize the web of much greater complications attendant upon bedding down a "nice" Japanese girl.

Just for starters, the distinction between "nice" girl and "professional" is sharply defined in Japan. Yet Japanese society is unbelievably complex—and professionals can easily turn out to be nice and vice versa. That is, the same girl who works as a bar hostess by night, serving as perhaps the mistress of one rich man and the girlfriend of one or two others while extorting all the drinks she can from a variety of customers on the basis of all manner of unfulfilled pledges, may appear extremely conservative and proper among her close relatives. They may know—but never say—how she makes her living. Indeed, an odd aunt or in-law may have encouraged her to be a hostess in order to get a couple of younger brothers or nephews through college, or at least to pay off the mortgage on a plot of land an hour and a half's railroad ride from the bright lights of Shinjuku, where she works. Similarly, the nice girl, when extracted from her group by the unwary foreigner, can prove to be extremely bad—a money-minded prostitute, an extortionist or, as is more often the case, an incredibly emotional teaser who threatens suicide whenever her beau looks at another girl or otherwise indicates his ultimate hope of casually loving and then leaving her.

Before he gets in too deep, a foreigner should try to comprehend the maze of factors behind the decision of the girl to be seen with him, much less to go to bed with him or to live with him. First, like it or not, the girl *is* something of a rebel—and a foreign-oriented one at that. Almost all Japanese, male and female, imitate foreign styles, listen to foreign music, drink Coca-Cola, Sprite and Seven-Up, eat hamburgers and hot dogs—and thus might be said to be beholden to foreign customs and lifestyles. It is a paradox of Japanese civilization and history that the Japanese, while assiduously imitating Western ideas ever since the Meiji era, have just as assiduously been fighting—militarily, economically, culturally and diplomatically—for their own peculiar Japaneseness, a deep-seated indefinable yearning for both ethnic and national identification. Thus, for a girl to go out with a foreigner reflects not only a passion for foreign customs and ideas but also a desire to get away from those awful Japanese men with whom she's been going to school and to college, for whom she's been serving tea and running errands. Then, too, behind this small act of rebellion, there usually lies a story.

Almost *(Continued on page 114)*

Cartoonist Roger Blachon Pays Pictorial Tribute to France's Second Greatest Passion

# WINE ANTICS

CHATEAU MARGAUX '69!
OENOLOGIST DR. MARTIN
NEXT!
IT'S "COKE AU VIN" WHERE I COME FROM, PARTNER.

# BOB MARLEY IS *REGGAE*-MAN, RASTA-MAN, REVOLUTION-MAN

## IN JAMAICA, WHERE THERE'S SMOKE, THERE'S FIRE

Article by Scott Cohen

The first drags are the hardest to keep down, but you smoke and smoke and just when you think there's no more, another *splif* comes around.

*Splif* is Jamaican for joint. Pot is called herb. It is the kind that would cost $65 an ounce if it reached the States, but it doesn't. It's all smoked in Jamaica.

Bob Marley takes the white, uncoated, ungummed paper the herb is wrapped in and, shaking back his dreadlocks, rolls everything—seeds and stems included—into one giant cone.

The most remarkable thing about Marley is his dreadlocks. After you have one puff, he appears to be sitting under a woolen palm tree. Actually the dreadlocks are like a lion's mane. At the moment, he looks like the lion of Judah incarnate, which is the point.

Bob Marley smokes more than a pound of herb a week. That is why he is so aloof, as if in a trance. It's not because he's cold to strangers; it's because he's stoned. You imagine the furniture of his house to be bales of herb; you picture him reclining on what appears to be a 100-pound herb sofa.

The herb is one reason conversation is tricky. Another is the language, in which English words and an African inflection combine to form an exotic-sounding patois. It sounds foreign because it's sung more than spoken, the voice jumping from baritone to falsetto, the

Illustration by Fred Nelson

**BOB MARLEY** *The only accepted facts in Jamaica are word of mouth and the* reggae *songs played on the radio. There are no written facts in Jamaica, just oral history with a beat.*

accent falling on the last syllable. Marley further complicates the conversation with expressions of Rastafari (his faith), so I stands for I, me, you, we, or us. I and I, therefore, can mean you and me.

"I and I a-hang out in there," one expression goes. "And I and I naw leggo."

Often he adds man (pronounced mon) to I. Man can be added to any word to signify a person. "I-man say. . . ." When Marley says herb-man he means someone who smokes herb. A locksman is someone who wears his hair braided in dreadlocks, according to the Rasta belief that neither scissors nor comb should touch one's hair. A heightsman is a Rasta-man, because the Rasta-man is very, very high. Only the police are never called man, because the police are not considered men. Marley calls them Babylon. His favorite curse word is *bumbucloth*, the Jamaican equivalent of motherfucker. You don't catch all of his words, but you catch his drift.

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Marley, Peter "Tosh" MacKintosh and Bunny Livingstone formed the Wailers 12 years ago. Originally The Wailin' Wailers, their name to Jamaicans means crying out in the wilderness, and their music echoes the wailings of the ghetto, because that's where they're from.

Literally, Jamaica means Isle of Springs. When you're in Rasta country near the Blue Mountains (famous for Blue Mountain coffee and Tia Maria liqueur), which drop sharply from 7400 feet to the sea, you might think you're in paradise. At dawn and dusk, the mountains take on a muted impressionistic glow. Wild-colored flowers, tropical vegetation and peak-of-perfection fruits are all framed by an azure sea, which laps palm-fringed, silver-sand beaches. If you take another hit from the *splif*, it seems as if the fanlike palms will float on those white puffs of clouds into the mountains and that the mountains will tumble like hills of beans into the sea.

But the Rastas don't come from this side of paradise. They flee to it, some of them do, from the worst slums in the world; others stay there, stranded.

There are no natives in Jamaica. The original inhabitants of the island, the Arawak Indians, were killed off by the Spaniards who settled there. When the British conquered the Spanish, they brought slaves from Africa and India. Since the island was large and wild and mountainous, quite a few slaves managed to run off. They settled in the mountains, up in Cockpit country, where they couldn't be found, where it wasn't worth the trouble. They were called maroons, and they were bad enough to stay free and dream dreams of Africa.

Today the vast majority of the inhabitants of Jamaica are black. The majority of power (black, left-leaning president Manley notwithstanding) is held by a handful of British, American and Chinese businessmen.

One quarter of the island's people live in Kingston, Jamaica's capital and only big city. At one time, the western sector of Kingston was a fishing village, as tropical a tourist spot as any in paradise. Then, in a typical fit of urban development, the city decided to reclaim the harbor by filling it with garbage. And as the city filled the harbor, the unfranchised poor people from the hills came in droves to settle on the rot like sea gulls on a garbage dump (which West Kingston literally is) until all traces of tropical beauty had been obliterated with the refuse, both material and human, of Jamaican society.

Even slum has to be redefined when Harlem or Bedford-Stuyvesant or Roxbury or Watts is compared with Ghost Town, Trench Town, Lizard Town or the Dungle, the rows of shanties that make up West Kingston.

Building a shanty is very simple. Take a piece of corrugated tin from a neighbor's roof and three sticks. Put the tin over the sticks. Move in. Sometimes along with 18 people. Forget about running water or electricity. Forget about the sun's beating on your tin roof. Sit back and feel the pressure build around you. It's been building for 400 years, since the first slave ship from Africa landed here. It'll build a bit more before it explodes.

"Trench Town is a town anywhere you come from," says Marley, the voice of experience. "If you come from Trench Town, you don't have a chance. Dat's a fact."

In Jamaica, a fact is a fact. You can't argue with a fact. Because two thirds of the population is illiterate, the only accepted facts are word of mouth and the *reggae* songs played on the radio. There are no written facts in Jamaica, just oral history with a beat.

No one knows for sure, but the story goes that *reggae* began when the *rudeboys*, the youth of the ghetto, tried to imitate American-style rhythm-and-blues. It might have been the transistor radios; more likely it was pure African instinct; but whatever the reason, the beat came out backward. They put the emphasis on the second beat instead of the first, where it goes in rock 'n' roll.

Out of this back-to-front beat came *ska*, *reggae* in its earliest form. Both *ska* and *reggae* are characterized by a steady thump-thump-thump generated by an electric bass turned on full-volume, a chicka-chicka-chicka staccato scratch on the guitar and choppy drums. All the musicians play their instruments as if there were one percussion instrument only; the melody is supplied by the vocals. The *rudeboys* caught on fast. It came out backward, but it came out strong, and it caught on.

The first *reggae* to hit the charts in the United States was *Israelites*, by Desmond Dekker and the Aces; you may remember *My Boy Lollipop*, by Millie Small, which made it in England first and then came on to conquer America with its infectious back-to-front beat.

One of the first honkie artists to really catch on to the backward beat was Paul McCartney, and if you still don't know what *reggae* sounds like, spend a couple of hours listening to *Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da.*

And don't leave your mind a blank while listening: Imagine how the body moves with it. *Reggae* is ultimate body music. The basic dancing that goes along with it is very simple. When you see the Wailers perform, the I-Threes, their backup singers, do a kind of slow, sexy cross between the twist and Temptations choreography. When Marley has the inclination, he does it, too, exaggeratedly pushing his pelvis in time with the chicken scratch of his guitar, reminding you just how much music, dancing and sex have in common.

*Ska* caught on because there were a lot of Jamaicans sitting around with not too much to do but with a powerful inclination to dance. When the first *ska* records appeared, enterprising young d.j.s began to travel around with portable sound systems and whatever danceable 45s they could lay their hands on. They competed fiercely for the latest imports, which were pirated by the few local record companies and sold at inflated prices. When rock 'n' roll hit a low in the early Sixties, *ska* filled the gap. Record companies sprang up overnight to record domestic talent. This all happened coincidentally and conveniently at the time Jamaica declared its independence from Britain and was eager to develop its own ethnic music.

The first native record companies are sort of a famous scandal; their story is told in the film *The Harder They Come*, in which Jimmy Cliff plays a dope-dealing *reggae* artist ripped off by society, record producers and the law. He is on the run by the time his record is number one. The first *ska* artists were

*"My glasses . . . my glasses. . . ."*

**BOB MARLEY** *It is ten in the morning. Marley has just awakened. He calls for his morning* splif. *Several pretty girls walk by and Marley gives them the eye.*

street kids, *rudeboys*, who were paid 20 bucks to play everything they knew. If one of their songs made number one, they had the honor of hearing themselves on the radio, but their $20 was long since spent.

The music grew fast; the island's appetite for new records was insatiable. As *ska*'s rhythms became more sophisticated, the music got to be called rocksteady. Not only was the sound more diverse but also a lot of funny ideas began to creep into it. It had to happen. The whole island is covered with strange cults and fervent beliefs.

Some say the basic guitar beat was invented by a Rasta. Maybe—maybe not. But it was a Rasta band called Toots and the Maytals that gave *reggae* its current name in 1968 with the hit *Do the Reggay*.

Bob Marley is a Rasta-man and a heights-man who has been doing the *reggae* since the beginning, and it's safe to assume that Jah, the head Rasta-man, has been doing the *reggae* since the beginning of time.

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You prefer to meet Marley at the beach where he hangs out, but it will make his friends uptight if he brings a white outsider. If the cops see you, they will think you are there to buy herb—or ganja, as the cops call it in their official capacity. You meet him in his back yard instead.

Marley's house in Kingston is on Hope Road, down the street from the Government House. Hope House is a funky white-and-pink wood-frame house with a high, corrugated-tin roof. Scrawled over the door is PLEASE TAKE OFF YOUR SHOE OR WIPE FOOT. The door mat is straw, and it has a large hole in it. The interior is sparsely furnished and the walls are painted the Ethiopian national colors: red, green and gold. By American standards, the house needs repairs; by Jamaican standards, whoever is living here is doing well.

The yard behind Hope House is surrounded by several smaller houses. One is being converted into a studio. There is a steady flow of Rastas, Wailers and hangers-on through the yard. The main sign of affluence is Marley's silver-blue BMW sedan. The tree in the center of the yard provides the only shade. It is surrounded by stones. One is large enough to sit on. Marley sits on this stone. He is king of the yard. He is wearing a red T-shirt, cut-off jeans and no shoes.

It is ten in the morning. Marley has just awakened. He calls for his morning *splif*. A Rasta disappears into one of the houses and returns with a three- or four-ounce clump of herb wrapped in newspaper. Later he is seen toting a garbage bag full of what must be herb. He is the herb-man. Another Rasta rolls a few *splifs* and passes them out. Someone else brings Marley some herb tea and tropical fruit from the yard. At one point, a messenger arrives with a telegram, and Marley tips him with a *splif*. At another point, several pretty girls walk by and Marley gives them the eye.

There is a problem of etiquette. Jamaicans are not handshaking people. They don't say hello. Marley acknowledges you with a nod and a "Yeah," which seems no acknowledgment at all.

The truth is that you feel as if you're an anthropologist who has stumbled across a small Rasta tribe in the jungle. They are called the Wailers. When they greet each other, they say "Peace and love." Or they say *hi-ghry*, which means I see you're high, or I see your heights.

The American press writes that Marley is very handsome, or beautiful, or sexy. They say he's the new Mick Jagger. But Bob Marley has never worn any make-up. He never cuts or combs his hair.

It's hard to tell his age. You know he's about 30. When you ask him how old he is, he says, "Today." Not a question.

"Thirty?"

"No, I'm today. I come like the day. I don't really have a birth."

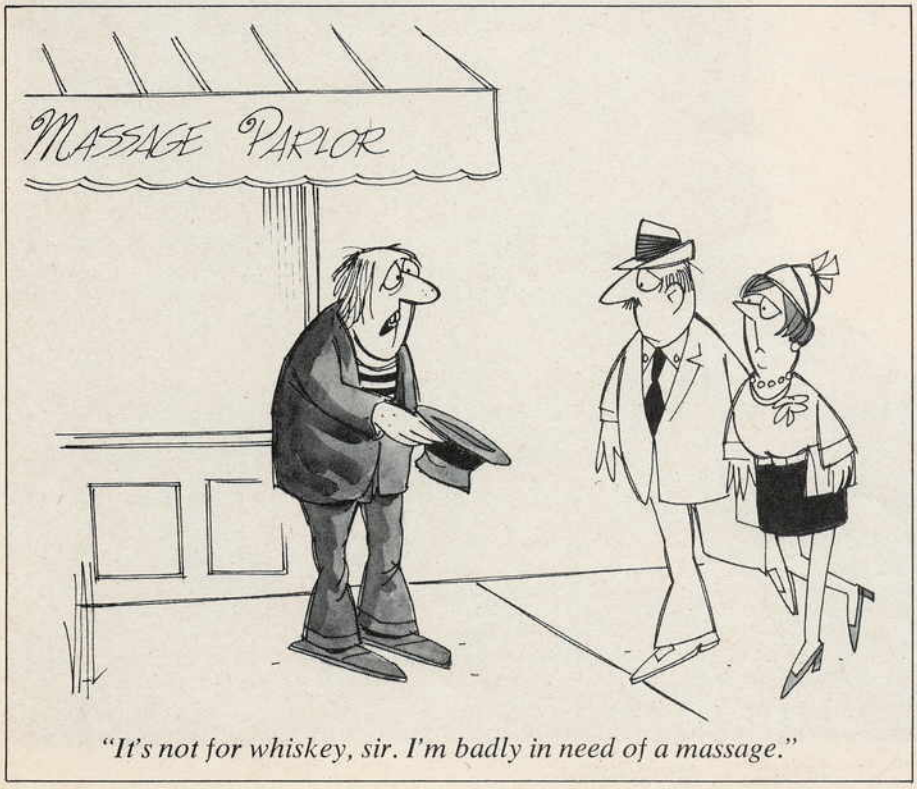
This isn't a put-on, really. It's where his head is at.

"I head rest with Jah," he says. And the lion of Judah surely comes with the day. In previous incarnations, Marley says, he was "a man who followed Christ."

Marley was unheard-of in the United States until a few years ago, when a couple of his songs, *Stir It Up* and *Guava Jelly*, were recorded by Johnny Nash, an American singer who started out on Arthur Godfrey's *Talent Scouts* and went on to introduce *reggae* to American audiences.

Marley has never played the gold record he received for *I Shot the Sheriff*. It's possible that beneath the gold spray is a Frank Sinatra record. Most likely it's a copy of Eric Clapton singing *I Shot the Sheriff*.

Marley had never heard of Clapton until Clapton's cover version sold 1,000,000 copies. Marley is wondering when he will receive his royalties. More of his songs have been stolen than have those of probably any other *reggae* artist. Three years ago, the Wailers' recording of *I Shot the Sheriff* hit the top of the Jamaican charts. But it wasn't until Clapton's version hit number one in America that most Americans heard of Marley or the Wailers. Until you heard the Wailers do it, you probably thought the song




*"It's not for whiskey, sir. I'm badly in need of a massage."*

was about the Old West. Actually it's about planting herb:

*Sheriff John Brown always hated me.*
*For what, I do not know.*
*Every time I plant a seed,*
*He say kill it before it grow.*
*I shot the sheriff,*
*But I swear it was in self-defense.*

Originally *I Shot the Sheriff* was titled *I Shot the Police* but it was changed for obvious reasons.

It's easy to be convinced that the Wailers are a band of *reggae* revolutionaries. But you find out that it's not a political revolution; it's a spiritual revelation.

"There are two roads," Marley explains. "One is life and one is death, and if you live in death, then you must death. And if you live in life, you must live. The way the mouth say, make you live."

Translated, it means what you see is what you get.

"You can check it out privately by yourself," he continues, in case you have any doubts. "Look for things marked positive to you, like songs, because all dem things are right."

Marley's melodies are light, airy and markedly positive, but the lyrics and the beat are defiant and provocative:

*Slave driver,*
*The table is turned,*
*Catch a fire,*
*So you can get burned.*

That's *Slave Driver.*
*Small Axe* says:

*If you are a big tree,*
*We are the small axe*
*Sharpened to cut you down.*

It seems like the most militant music you've ever heard, tougher than Hugh Masakela, Gil Scott-Heron and the Last Poets put together. How else do you interpret a song like *Burnin' and Lootin'*?

"Dat song about burnin' and a-lootin' illusions," he replies. "The illusions of the capitalists and dem people with the big bank accounts."

Despite the lyrics of his songs and album covers like the one on *Soul Rebel*—which shows a young woman with her shirt unbuttoned, holding a machine gun, and the Wailers posed with machine guns on the other side—Marley insists he is nonviolent. He isn't inspired by Che, doesn't read Mao and doesn't support the Weatherman organization. He's even reluctant to discuss politics. He's not Phil Ochs.

"Politics no interest me. Dem devil business." He gives an example. "They say they will straighten out Jamaica in three months. The purse, you know, won't go around the table, yet they must straighten out Jamaica in three months and everybody lie. Dem a-play with people's minds. Never play with the people mind," Marley warns.

*"One moment. I have reason to believe you've got hotel property in your suitcase."*

You've heard a lot about the rip-off game. It's as Jamaican as cricket is English. But Marley's not worried about it. "Me got no reason for dem to rip me off. Dem rip off demself, like. . . ." He goes on to mention something about his first record and some crooked promoters, something that goes back to the early days of *ska* when the fast-buck men were ripping off guys such as Marley, Jimmy Cliff and Toots Hibbert, but he's talking fast, and you don't understand it all. It might be the patois, or it might be the herb, but you can only ask a man to repeat himself so many times.

Then it comes together like a revelation. "I mean, me get ripped off materialwise, but spiritually grow stronger. It really pay off when they rip off." That's the Rasta's understanding of the world. When you lose materially, you gain spiritually.

There are two pictures pasted to the inside cover of Marley's King James Bible, one of Marcus Garvey and one of Haile Selassie. Marcus Garvey founded the back-to-Africa movement in the Twenties, and when he was deported from the United States to his Jamaican homeland, he said, "Look to Africa when a black king shall be crowned." It was believed that the lost tribes of Israel, sons of Africa, would be redeemed and would return to their true homeland. When Ras Tafari was crowned Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia in 1930, he was regarded as the fulfillment of Garvey's prophecy and the Rastafarian movement was born.

Rastafari comes from Ras, meaning prince, and Tafari, Selassie's family name. Rastafarians consider Selassie to be a direct descendent of King David, a living god called Jah. Ras Tafari died last year, but to the Rastafarians, he is still the living god.

"Rastafari not a culture," Marley insists. "It's a reality." He points out a passage in the Bible, *Revelations* 5, as proof:

> And I wept much, because no man was found worthy to open

and to read the book, neither to look thereon.

And one of the elders saith unto me, Weep not: behold, the lion of the tribe of Judah, the Root of David, hath prevailed to open the book and to loose the seven seals thereof.

To Marley, Ras Tafari is revelation and apocalypse. He was not born a Rastafarian.

"Me can't tell you how me know Ras Tafari. It is pure vision. Pure vision get Ras Tafari. Me see him coming up with his hand. Yeah, Ras Tafari is head creator."

Marley can't prove his vision, but you love the image of a head creator. You also love the idea of a religion whose sacrament is herb. That's in the Bible too, King David's own book, *Psalms* 18, 8: "There went up a smoke out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth." God himself was herb-man. Head herb-man.

Aside from their *splifs* and their dreadlocks and their beliefs, the Rastas don't eat meat, and they do live communally. Unlike American hippies, they have never been accepted into Jamaican society. Consequently they don't vote, and they are not counted in the census. They simply don't participate in society. That is part of their revolution, along with playing *reggae* and smoking lots of herb.

Reciting the words to *No Woman, No Cry*, Marley draws a diagram on a piece of paper. A rectangle represents the government housing project in Trench Town, where Marley grew up. The yard is enclosed on three sides by houses, and opens into a street marked Fifth Street. Marley points to his house and marks an X where Georgie lights a fire to cook corn-meal porridge. He puts an X behind the house where he smokes a *splif* and observes "the hypocrites" mingling with his friends in the yard. When the police patrol Fifth Street, they see the crowd gathered in the yard and don't notice what's happening behind the house.

"A po-lice guy see you with a *splif*," Marley explains, visibly angry, "and he roar up to you and grab you and take out him gun, and if you try to chew it up, he shoots you. Usually he go for some guy who is 53 year old or 72, not some guy who look like him can run fast." Has Marley ever been busted? "You mean hold me and bust me? Never. I go to jail one time for no driver license," he laughs.

But he gets angry again. "You know why I don't love Jamaica society? Me don't love Jamaica because dem fightin' is madness. Dem things make blood run feared.

"I show you something now. The law is not the law, you know. What the law really is, the law a-tell you you have to die. There is a devil element, what the government and the rulers play, dat is devil business. Big devils who say ya have to die."

You wonder what the politics of ganja are.

"The politics of herb," he corrects you, "is dat herb is *the healing of the nation.*"

Only authorities call it ganja, like only the authorities in America call pot marijuana. Marley speaks of herb as if it were a person, his friend named Herb.

"The thing about smoking herb is dat plenty people can think same way. Dat is why Babylon don't want people to smoke. The more people smoke herb, the more Babylon fall." Rasta and herb are the two most feared words in Jamaica.

Having argued the point to his satisfaction, he leans back and proclaims, "Ra-sta-fa-ri!" stretching each vowel proudly and defiantly.

Marley says his biggest musical influences are Curtis Mayfield, Stevie Wonder and King Solomon. Marley's followers compare him to King David, whose psalms, to them, are the most beautiful in the world.

"How I learn to play guitar? I teach myself. A good guitar player, him can do some real showy things, but when him a-catch you a-watching, him a-hide it. Like a man a-hide his high cards. He don't want you to catch it so quick," he laughs.

Marley also keeps his past a mystery. If you ask him about the details of his life story, he will tell you about Jah. But rumor has it that five years ago he moved to Brooklyn with his mother. Then, rather than be drafted, he returned to Jamaica, where he married Rita, one of the I-Threes, his backup singers. Marley doesn't confirm or deny this. Nor does he speak about his father, who is, supposedly, a blond-haired, blue-eyed Englishman named Norvan Marley. His mother, he will tell you, lives in Wilmington, Delaware.

In addition to Hope House, Marley has a house away from civilization at Rhoden Hall. "Dat not on the map."

Does he have any children? "Seven," he smiles. From how many women? "From four," he laughs. You don't know if he is laughing from embarrassment or if he's putting you on. "The oldest one is seven." That averages out to one a year, but he points out that in one year he had three children. "The women name dem one thing and I another."

Does he ever fall in love?

"Well, see, you mustn't give your strength to the woman, you know what I mean? A woman is to be loved and appreciated. Woman is an earth, the mother of creation. Must love woman, but don't *fall* in love. Me *stand* in love. No falling out of love. Just love. Love so much me look hungry. Pure love, dat. When you see me look vexed, dat 'cause me pucked up with love."

For relaxation and exercise, Marley plays soccer. "I don't know my right position," he confesses. "Sometimes play defense, sometimes forward. I like to defend, but I like to attack, too." He roots for Brazil.

•

Peter MacKintosh and Bunny Livingstone left the Wailers a year ago and the band became known as Bob Marley and the Wailers. Some say Tosh and Bunny quit because Marley refused to tour, and touring was a question of money. Marley once canceled a tour of England because of cold weather, saying it was a sign from Jah. Marley says that Tosh and Bunny quit because they became more interested in playing soul music.

The current Wailers are Bob Marley (lead vocals and rhythm guitar), Aston "Family Man" Barrett (bass), Carlton Barrett (percussion), Touter (keyboards), and Al Anderson (lead guitar). The group is presently the most popular *reggae* band on the island, but it is not the only *reggae* band, nor is *reggae* the only music on the island. Prominently displayed at Prince Buster's Records in Kingston are albums by Big Youth, U Roy, Burning Spear, the Heptones and Toots and the Maytals. Also displayed are the latest country-and-soul records. Marley and the Wailers have made about 100 singles and seven albums in the past 11 years. His interest in records is not limited to making them; he, like his mother in Delaware, sells them in a shop he owns in Kingston. It's called Tuff Gong and it sells Rasta records only.

The Wailers toured America recently, and everywhere they played, crowds of people were turned away. America is on the verge of going *reggae*, and Rasta *reggae* in particular, in a big way. It seems to be the only striking new sound to emerge in the Seventies. Marley attributes this success to the positive vibration and the spirit of the music. "If you

*"I hope you won't be disappointed, Kevin, but I never have an orgasm on the first date."*

**BOB MARLEY** *"You ask me what I think about America. It's dat I find plenty a-people window-shoppin'. You know it's pure trick, the guy dat make the store window to catch your eye."*

have good music, people must dig it. If the music is right, then people appreciate it."

Last summer, the Wailers turned down an invitation to open the Stones' tour on the West Coast. When they played a date of their own in Los Angeles at the Roxy, the Stones skipped a party in their honor to attend the Wailers' gig. So did George Harrison, Ringo Starr, Cat Stevens, Maria Schneider, Joni Mitchell, Ryan O'Neal, Neil Diamond, Sara Dylan, Anouk Aimée, Bianca Jagger, The Band and The Grateful Dead, among others.

It looks as if the Wailers are the next big thing, as unlikely as it would seem from their philosophy. Will success spoil the Rasta-man? What does he think of America?

"What will really happen to America is dat certain people will get conscious and when dem get a-conscious, they'll see it's good over evil, and dat's why we just deal with the good. There are two things a-goin' on da earth, Devil and God. God always rule, you know, but da Devil have plenty influences.

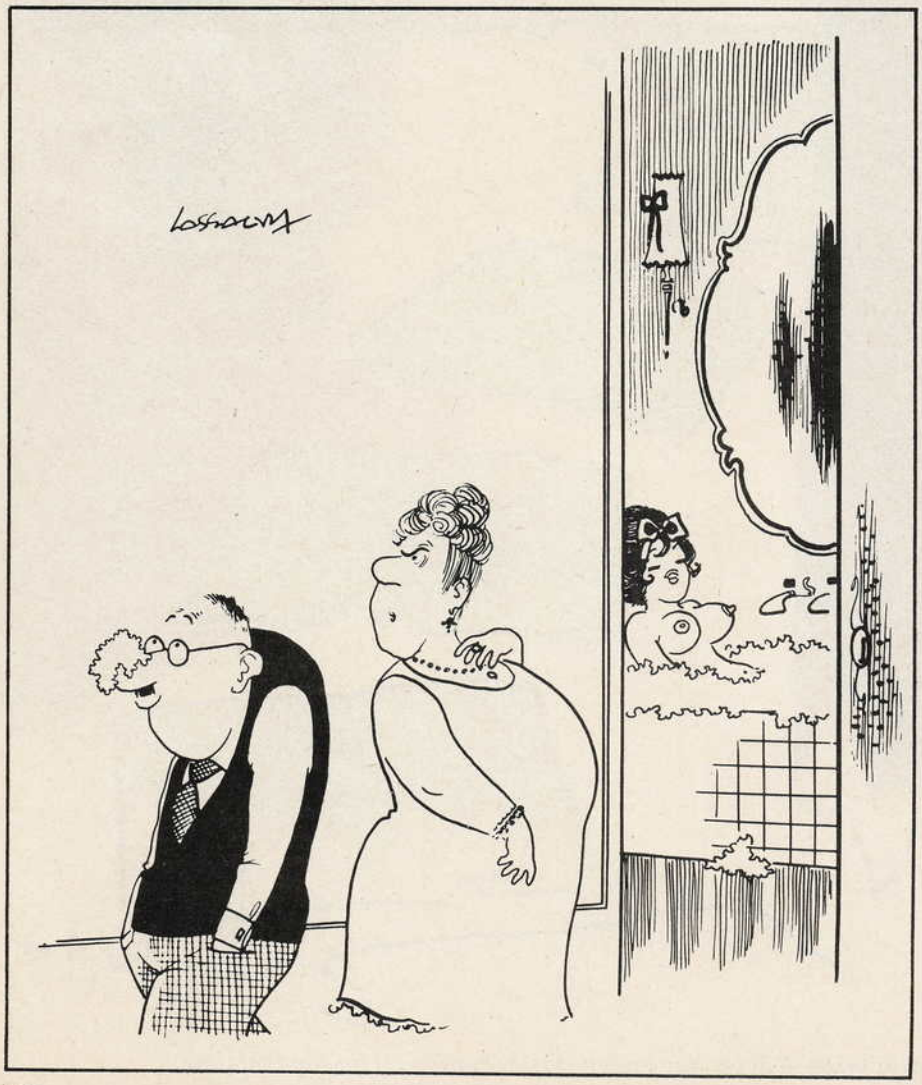
"You ask me what I think about America. It's dat I find plenty a-people doin' window-shoppin'. And maybe it's in New York dat I find dat, right in Manhattan, dat's what I call America. . . . Me have a song for America dat say:

*Stiff-necked fools,*
*You t'ink you are cool*
*To deny me for simplicity.*
*You 'ave gone from reality*
*And are provin' your love for vanity.*

"You know it's just trick, pure trick, the guy dat make the store window and decorate it to catch your eye.

"Whoever passes dem stages, dem talk like me. Me don't talk against dem. Me talk with one voice. What I even find for the youth, man, needs Rasta vibration."

"Did you do any serious window-shopping in New York?"



He laughs. "Well, yes, sometimes I go look to see if I can find some jeans. I go somewhere down in the Village."

Marley wears Wranglers and Lees.

"The difference," Marley points out, "from Jamaica to America is the climate, you know. Some places have it green all the while. But the earth needs a change. The whole earth needs a change. Plenty places change. I hear in Cuba everybody live happy. I don't know. Jamaicans go to Cuba and come back and say, 'Everybody live happy in Cuba.' "

Rasta is prophecy, and Marley knows you want to hear it.

"Me can't tell you the things dat will a-happen," he begins again. "Me just wait. Prophecy the last thing.

"Plenty people have to die. Don't ask me why. Wickedness must be destroyed. And so, the way it destroy is from way down, from the people who have the imagination to do it. So there's plenty people have to die. You can't ask me why, because me don't know why."

Last August, at the age of 85, Haile Selassie died. You ask Marley how he relates to his death.

"Death? Don't speak of death. God. I don't look upon His Majesty as a man, you know. If I know His Majesty as god, den nothing could a-happen dat His Majesty can do where he won't give me the wisdom to *overstand.* Jah dread! Jah can't dead!

"Check it, man. All dem things a-happen just prove more dat he is the almighty. Far East culture," he gives as an example, "dem guys astral travel. Well, it's only god himself who can come out of himself. So if he's out one time, he's out ten times more than your one time. Millions of times more than one time. Dat meaning he do the things you say is impossible. Every day a newborn baby born. Jah can't dead. His Imperial Majesty got spirit!"

He gives another explanation: "When you rest at nighttime, you put your head down and go to sleep. Where yourself is at dat time? Yet you awake again. You know what I mean? You awake again.

"You can't imagine the people who don't know, who double don't know. But those dat make up their hearts are to live!"

You ask him what the future holds.

"My future is righteousness," he replies.

Back to Africa?

"Forward," he asserts prophetically, shaking his dreadlocks.

"My song say I moving on. . . ." ▣

**RAPE** *The extent to which laws have been reformed is due to an unlikely alliance between feminists and traditional conservative forces of law and order.*

*(Continued from page 46)* anti-rape front seemed to have one thing in common: The extent to which laws have been reformed, sentences stiffened, investigations and prosecutions of rapes facilitated, was due to what heretofore would have been considered an unlikely alliance between feminists and the traditional conservative forces of law and order.

I took word of the Evans decision and the changing rape laws to the singles bars to test the water. What did the hearty denizens of the fleshpots have to say about the assault being launched, seemingly in their direction? Most of the guys I spoke to looked at the Evans case as an aberration, but nearly everyone would admit to having slung some pretty flaky baloney in the wee hours of sexual desperation. And almost to a man, they echoed the she-got-what-she-deserved opinion. As for reformed rape laws, the singles-scene guys didn't seem to realize the extent to which the new laws could affect them, because, as one guy told me, "I'm not planning on raping any chicks. They can have whatever laws they want, and it won't affect me."

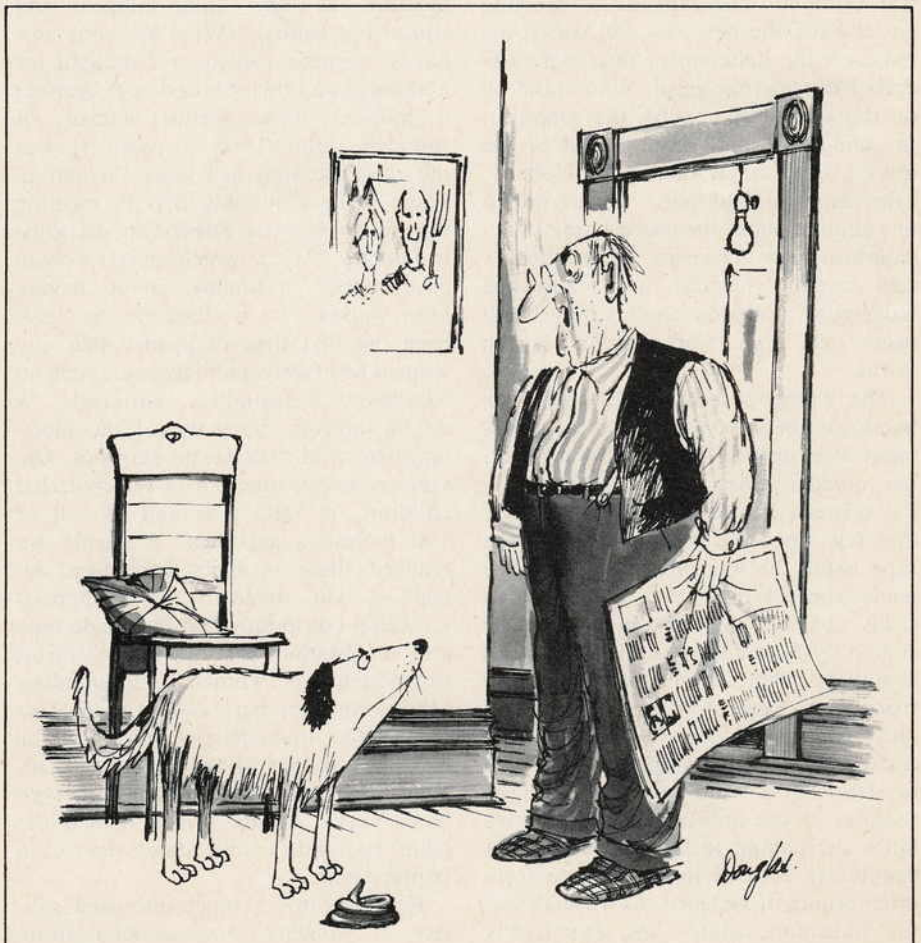
Women in the singles bars were less blasé. Of the 20 women I spoke to, only one identified herself as a feminist (though several said they were in sympathy with the women's movement), yet almost to a woman, they were in favor of laws making convictions of accused rapists easier and in favor of stiffer sentences. Several of them were even of the lock-'em-up-and-throw-away-the-key school. Yet none of the women seemed to feel in jeopardy even in the predatory environment of a Manhattan singles bar.

Talking to several of the women further, I discovered some unifying threads. The women identified with the women's movement in essentially conservative ways. They were in favor of abortion on demand not as a political or moral issue but because someday they might need one and wanted to have it available. They supported equal pay for women because it fitted into a neat niche in their essentially capitalistic, work-ethic beliefs. And they liked the new anti-rape movement because rapists (and other criminals) deserved whatever punishment they get.

This should come as no surprise. Conservatives have been in favor of stiffer sentences for criminals for years. They have uniformly opposed liberal Supreme Court decisions such as the Miranda decision, which, conservatives say, tilted the law in favor of the accused by giving him the right to counsel at the time of arrest. The past 20 years have seen an ongoing legal battle between liberals and conservatives, the former supposedly wanting more evidential requirements to convict and shorter sentences, while the conservatives wanted it the other way round. And conservatives have favored codification of every kind of behavior, hoping the very existence of laws could somehow affect the aberrant will of man. That the women's movement has seized upon rape as an issue around which to organize women makes perfect sense. Movements have traditionally used black-and-white issues as wedges with which to open the door in recruiting support. The left used the war in Vietnam in the Sixties, and now the women are using rape. Perfect.

The marvelous thing about rape is the fact that no one finds it particularly easy to be on the side of the rapist. In the spectrum of law-and-order issues, rape ranks above God, country and apple pie these days. It is as cut and dried and ugly as violent crime can be. The rapist is a far cry from the Sixties' sympathies that could be cranked up for a George Jackson (he stole $70 from a filling station, an obvious victim of the system), or a Huey Newton, or an Eldridge Cleaver (they acted in self-defense). Robbery, rioting, arson, even murder had their adherents among Sixties radicals and liberals flirting with radicalism. "The system made me do it!" seemed to be the popular excuse for all manner of illegal misbehavior. But just try to say the system made you commit rape! Christ, not even Martin Evans would try that line. No system has yet been shown to have forced a man to take sex from a woman against her will (though some sexual liberationists would like to be able to blame the church, uptight parents and other purveyors of moralistic repression).

And so, with feminists leading the



*"Ya durn fool dog . . . I said sit!"*

**RAPE** *The rape issue, carrying on its back the new law and order, arrived on the doorstep of distraught liberals like a saving angel.*

charge, rape became the first liberal law-and-order issue. The way this came to pass is as instructive about our times as it is about the methods and aims of the women's movement.

The crime of rape and its politicization provided the crack in the door that radicals and liberals have been after for years. All those freaks who moved off New York's Lower East Side and headed for the hills because they got tired of gates on their windows, junkies in the hallway and carrying mugger change in case they were attacked—but who found it impossible to embrace law and order because the prevailing dictum was to understand the criminal rather than to condemn him—those freaks could return to the cities and welcome the rape issue with open arms. Ditto the liberals who pulled their kids out of public schools and sent them off to private schools because they were tired of their kids' getting held up for their lunch money in the john, yet couldn't bring themselves to vote for Hubert Humphrey because he was a war criminal. The rape issue, carrying on its back the new law and order, arrived on the doorstep of distraught liberals like a saving angel. Who could be on the side of the rapist, the sodomist, the child molester, those lowest of the low on the criminal totem pole? Nobody. Liberals, who had been whispering to one another about the encroaching undesirable element for years, could suddenly step into the sunshine of the anti-rape movement alongside conservatives with heads held high. And a welcome step it was.

The women's movement, which has heretofore been seen as a radical movement often calling for socialist reforms, has quietly pulled a fast one and, in the process, has shown a side of itself that few suspected was there. With the rape issue, the women's movement has made conservatism chic. Liberals can easily parrot the movement phrase coined by Susan Brownmiller: "Rape is a political crime against women." And from there, how far is it to "Muggings and street assaults are the fascism of the disadvantaged"? If women are entitled to streets safe from rapists, under the rhetoric of the anti-rape movement it's but a short jump to the conclusion that people are entitled to streets safe from other crimes of violence. As we shall see, the transition, while slow, has hardly been painful. From the meager beginnings of the anti-rape movement to the current full-scale banzai attack on the crime and the criminals, the process goes a long way to explaining why all the fuss about rape. Why? Because people in major metropolitan areas all over the country wanted—no, *needed*—to raise a fuss about some kind of crime, and the rape victim happened to be the victim who appealed to virtually everyone's sympathies.

The figures on rape became as handy as they are odious—a neatly geometric progression from bad to worse to entirely unacceptable. And they justified a re-examination of many assumptions underlying the liberal understanding of crime in general. The history of how rape became a political issue in America is a short course in the new conservatism that has begun, ever so slightly, to invade traditional liberal thinking about crime.

According to author Brownmiller, the New York radical feminists are to be credited with starting the anti-rape movement. "The Socialist Workers Party had a meeting at Columbia University in 1970," Brownmiller recalled recently as she chain-smoked and sipped hot coffee. "'What are your new issues?' someone asked us. I thought for a moment and then blurted out: 'Rape is a political crime against women.' It sounded right. There it was! It was the most exciting new idea I'd had in years." The Columbia S.W.P. meeting was followed by a Speak-Out on Rape in January 1971, at which several women gave public testimony about having been raped. It is thought to have been the first time in history that any woman had freely, publicly made such an admission. Brownmiller continued: "A lot of statistics came out at the meeting, like child-molestation statistics. Did you know that nine out of ten molested children are little girls and 99 out of 100 molesters are men? Suddenly we realized these statistics had been denied us. This made us realize there is a societal conspiracy that has made rape and molestation part of the historical subjugation of women." Brownmiller began work on her book *Against Our Will* almost immediately. She knew she had the freedom of four years to complete the book, she said, when even New York's *Village Voice* missed the point and didn't understand rape as a political issue.

Rape became a much-discussed subject in women's consciousness-raising groups, and slowly the movement began to build. There was a certain convenience when rape emerged as *the* women's movement organizing issue. The movement, having won its fight for abortion and having failed dismally at raising prostitution as a feminist issue in late 1971, was in dire need of a high-profile problem around which to organize. Gradually the movement coalesced around the kernel of what would become the first focus of the anti-rape movement: the law. According to Brownmiller, rape laws have been traditionally paternalistic, equating rape with theft of men's property: their women. So the movement has sought to reform rape laws along the following lines: (1) removal of the requirement in most states for corroboration of the crime by a witness; (2) limiting or eliminating altogether cross-examination of the victim on her past sexual history—promiscuity, prostitution convictions, etc.; (3) codification of the crime as sexual assault rather than as rape per se, thus degenderizing the law and emphasizing the violent nature of the act while de-emphasizing its sexual nature.

In New York, the women's movement, almost unassisted, ramrodded the first two changes in the law through the state legislature, with some help from law-and-order conservatives. "When we in the women's movement first began to politicize rape back in 1971," Brownmiller has written, "we found ourselves on the side of the prosecutor's office in demanding that New York State's rape laws be changed to eliminate the requirement of corroborative proof. The liberal establishment as represented by the A.C.L.U. was up in arms. Two years later, the A.C.L.U. had become sensitized to the plight of rape victims under the rules of law. . . . This, I believe, was a philosophic change of significant proportions, and perhaps it heralds major changes to come."

Not exactly. Brownmiller's claim that the A.C.L.U. made a 180-degree turn is misleading. In fact, the New York Civil Liberties Union (the state chapter of the national organization) made the change, under heavy lobbying from women's organizations and female N.Y.C.L.U. staffers. But, according to Aryeh Neier, executive director of the national A.C.L.U., the organization does not have a national position on the issue of the rights of rape victims versus accused rapists. Although some chapters have followed New York's lead in endorsing the women's movement position, others have refused, and the A.C.L.U. does not expect to resolve the split until sometime early this year. As with other

fights within liberal groups such as the A.C.L.U., tempers are running high. Those on the side of the women's movement virtually demand that the A.C.L.U. endorse reforms of the rape laws. Those who take the more traditional civil-liberties stance doubt that the so-called reforms will make any difference, and feel that they could serve only to erode the rights of accused criminals in general.

But there does seem to be a middle ground, at least on the corroboration issue. William Hellerstein, head of the legal aid appeals bureau in New York City, which handles virtually all defenses of indigent accused rapists, is in favor of eliminating the corroboration requirement in cases where it can be shown that the victim and the accused rapist never knew each other. But, in the opposite case—and a surprising number of alleged rapes fit this description—where the woman and the man know or knew each other, Hellerstein is in favor of retaining the corroboration requirement. "Look," said Hellerstein when interviewed recently, "there are just too many cases in which a guy and a girl are going together, and, for some reason, she gets pissed at him and calls the cops and yells rape. So he gets picked up, and he's got to prove he didn't rape her. It happens all the time. In these cases, the victim should be required to corroborate. There's no question in my mind about that."

Hellerstein is adamant in his opposition to the New York law that bars cross-examination of a victim on her sexual history. "The law is too broad," he says. "It limits the ability to cross-examine for evidence pertaining to sexual promiscuity, which can be extremely relevant where consent is an issue. The judge should be able to decide the relevance of evidence. Take the law the way it's written. It was rushed through. It doesn't make sense. You can't cross-examine on sexual history unless the victim has a conviction for prostitution in the past three years. I've seen a case in the past couple of years where a prostitute took on 12 guys in one night and then called the cops and charged the 12th with rape. If you can't cross-examine her, how can you show how specious her charge is? Or take an even more common case. A few years ago, a young college coed who was incredibly promiscuous took on the whole staff of the student newspaper. She went through about eight guys and charged the eighth with rape. Well, a girl like that has just got to make up her mind whether she wants it or doesn't. The law has got to face up to the fact that women sometimes use the rape charge vindictively for one reason or another against men, especially when they know the man." Hellerstein represents the classical defense-lawyer posture here. He wants the law favorable to the defense, no matter what abuses this may allow.

*"Care to do some slimming exercises?"*

Susan Brownmiller is as interested in locking up the convicted rapists as she is in eliminating what she considers to be the causes of rape. She favors jail sentences of 5 to 20 years for people who are convicted of rape. In fact, there already exist much stiffer penalties, mostly in the South, depending on the severity of violence of commission. And a growing segment of the women's movement is in favor of mandatory sentencing, with no parole, on the theory that taking a convicted rapist off the streets means there is one less rapist out there violating the rights of women to their bodies. This theory is enjoying increasing support among conservatives seeking a solution to the revolving-door effect of prisons, where convicted rapists and others serve only a portion of their sentence and, when they're paroled, go out and commit the same crime all over again. The fact that the stiffer the

sentence, the more reluctant the jury is to convict in rape cases, so that asking for 5- to 20-year jail terms could be counterproductive to the aims of the movement, has not yet been dealt with.

There is some disagreement within the women's movement on the issue of stiffer sentences, most of it emanating from women Brownmiller describes as having descended from the male left. "Those women have been chanting 'All prisoners are political prisoners' for so long, they've forgotten how to think," Brownmiller says derisively. Yet there seems to be little debate within the movement about magazines like OUI. "How do you expect to do a serious article on this important issue when it will be placed right next to . . . all those degrading pictures of nude women?" Brownmiller demanded when first approached for an interview. "That magazine will never allow you to publish the truth." In the end, presumably, her interest in publicizing her book and the possibility of reaching some of those chauvinists glomming the so-called sexist pages of OUI won out over her objections to the magazine, but not before she got off a giant fusillade against pornography, both hard- and soft-core.

"Rape begins in men's minds," Brownmiller asserted. (The concluding chapter of her book also reflects her views on porn.) "I think little boys learn what women are through dirty jokes and dirty pictures. I think the pornography explosion is incredibly dangerous. It's basically hostile to women. Pornography nurtures the attitudes that lead men to believe they are entitled to whatever they can take. It is undiluted anti-female propaganda and so is prostitution. As soon as a teenage boy learns he can buy a woman's body for a few dollars, it's not a very big step for him to conclude that whatever he can buy, he can steal. My solution to begin attacking the problem of rape is to begin at its source, with magazines like OUI and the 42nd Street porn scene, the porn movies, the porn books, and to do away with prostitution." Brownmiller, not surprisingly, supported Richard Kuh for Manhattan district attorney in 1974, because of his prosecution of Lenny Bruce.

Again, Brownmiller's position is not supported by empirical evidence. Even the President's Commission on Pornography and Obscenity, impaneled under Lyndon Johnson, found that there was no evidence to support the thesis that pornography in any way causes sexual crimes.

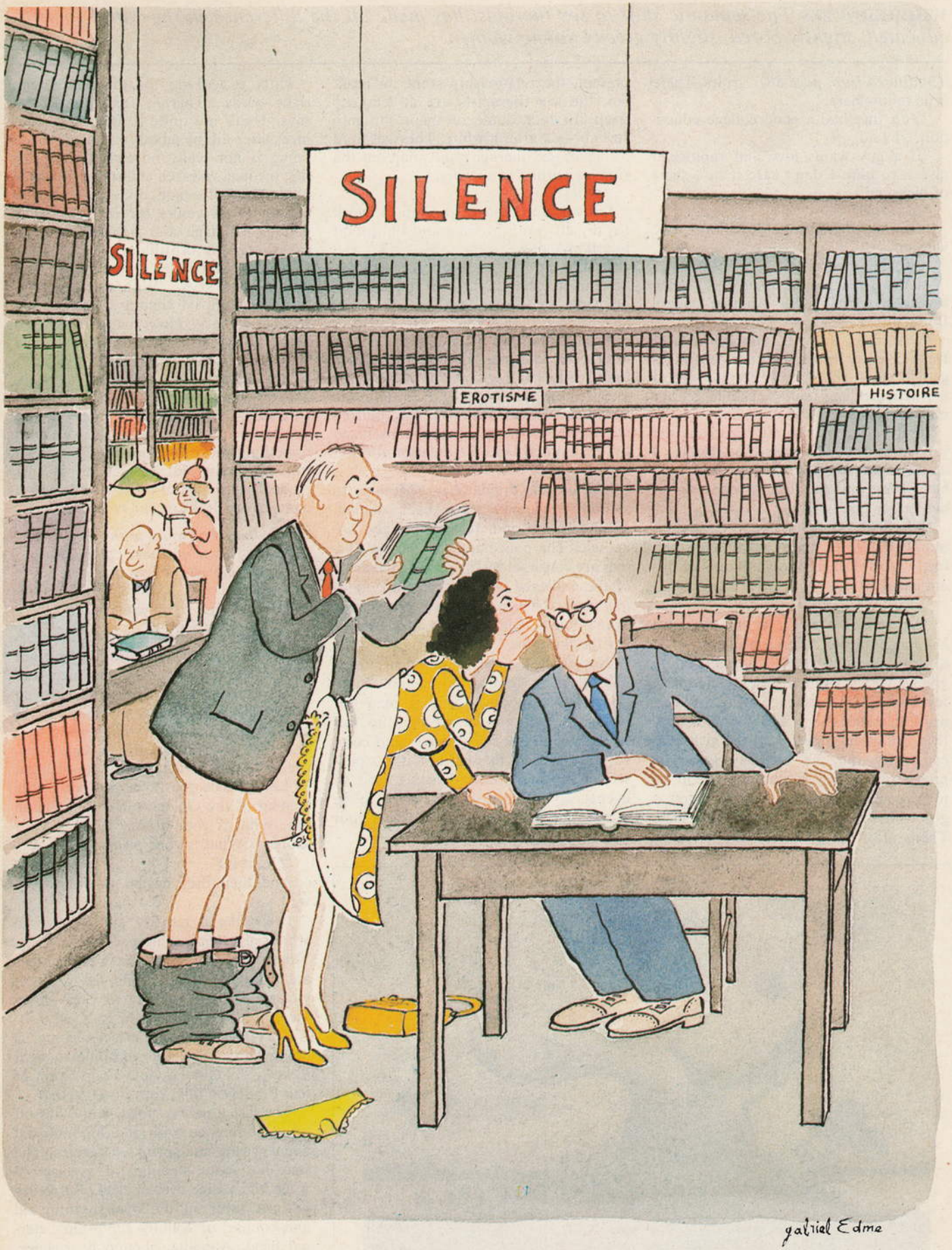
Even among law-enforcement officials, there is no support for the Brownmiller belief in the evils of the photographed naked female form. New York City police lieutenant Mary Keefe, head of the police department sex-crimes analysis unit (the first of its kind in the country), said that the department had been able to find very little connection between rape and pornography. According to assistant district attorney Eileen Courtney, of the Manhattan district attorney's sex crimes unit (again, the first of its kind), the D.A.s have not been able to establish a connection between rape and pornography.

Yet the assertion by Brownmiller and others within the women's movement that there is something intrinsically wrong with pornographic films and magazines that feature naked women is a logical outgrowth of the politics of the anti-rape movement. The extent to which the movement is conservative nearly mandates following the traditional conservative line, which includes regular attacks on the erosion of youthful morals by exposure to the evils of pornography. This points up perhaps the most interesting and significant phenomenon of the anti-rape movement: As intensely moral as the movement is, championing the rights of women while attacking the protections afforded the rapist, the movement's morals come down uniformly on the traditionally sexually repressive conservative side of the political spectrum. While many in the movement call for an end to pornography, locking up the rapists, laws that will make convictions easier, there is nary a lone voice calling for a sexual liberation (or theory thereof) that would, in effect, wipe out rape. Psychological profiles of rapists, widely accepted by law-enforcement officials, prosecutors and defense lawyers alike, picture a man so sexually repressed that he is unable to achieve any kind of normal sexual congress with a woman. He projects his self-hatred on women and, instead of feeling passion, carries out an assault on his victim borne more of hatred and violence than of any sort of sexual desire.

No one within the women's movement seems willing to cope with the growing feeling that the movement, far from having a sexually liberating effect on men, is having exactly the opposite effect, engendering in men already unsure of themselves more hostility and self-consciousness than any feeling of liberation. Women's movement rhetoric, which urges women to throw off the constraints of male-female relationships and to enjoy lesbianism or celibacy, doesn't go very far to alleviate this. So, while the anti-rape movement is eager to lock up rapists, it seems unwilling to confront what might be called an essential fact of rape. As long as there are men who, for one reason or another, feel they are not capable of normal sexual relations with a woman (even if those relations are purchased with cash, a marriage license or candlelit dinners), there will be men who are sickly—terribly, unjustifiably, but inevitably driven to steal what they feel they can get no other way.

This will not be easy for the women's movement to confront, especially if in fighting the rapist it continues to adhere to an essentially conservative, repressive, legal and moral ideology. Perhaps the first step the women's movement could take to clear the air would be to abandon Brownmiller's assertion that rape is a political crime against women. That line of rhetoric makes it sound as if every rape is a carefully planned attack on women in general rather than a violent assault against an individual. In fact, as Brownmiller herself well knows, rape is a crime that springs from a psychological sickness, not from a well-thought-out ideology.

What can we expect for the future? More and more state governments will adopt the women's movement rape-law reforms, as liberals tuned into the anti-rape lobby join hands with law-and-order conservatives to force through the legislation. This will continue until legal challenges to the new laws are resolved. (Betting among civil libertarians is that the bar to cross-examination of victims on sexual history will lose.) We can expect a harder and harder line of movement rhetoric, which will soon seek to encompass crimes other than rape. Sometime this year, an international conference on crimes against women will be convened and it will seek to broaden the scope of the anti-rape movement. As Brownmiller says, "Violence has never served the interests of women, and soon, I think, you're going to see more liberal re-examination of values, like the A.C.L.U. turnaround." Yet law-enforcement officials expect rape to continue its meteoric rise, as violent crime, in general, also rises. And no one has a solution. For nobody, not psychologists, not sociologists, not criminologists, not the women's movement, and certainly not the rapist himself, knows why violent crimes are committed. That's a fact as ugly as rape itself. ▣




*"Rape!"*

**WHOREHOUSES** *The semantic shift to sex therapist has made all the difference in the world to well-educated, slightly bored, slightly greedy young women.*

*(Continued from page 88)* rules. There is no failure here."

"You sure had a good college education," I said.

"If a guy wants love and rapture, I give it to him. I don't care if he's short of pleasure."

"Ma'am?"

"I mean, premature ejaculation is OK with me."

"You tell them that?"

"I do. Then they are surprised when it doesn't happen. Another cure, Buster!"

What does Kitty Desmond think of Debbie? Kitty thinks she's not neat or together, that she's lazy despite all of her activities and that she should get her nails done.

In the ease of the afternoon, as the sun moved down over the Pacific, I dared to ask Debbie whether she would have gone into this line of endeavor if her father had lived.

"My dead father? We're in tight communication in the spirit world. He's perfectly glad I deep-throated one of his old pals."

•

The semantic shift to sex therapist has made all the difference in the world to well-educated, slightly bored, slightly greedy young women. They can turn a few tricks for the science of it. And furnish their homes in the bargain. And they are more honest than the girls who constantly run the birthday scam on prosperous men. A wealthy friend of mine complains that he never meets a girl whose birthday isn't next Tuesday. Then, after he gives her the birthday present, the relationship seems to peak. No, the sex therapists are at least up front. In fact, some of them slip into straight talk after a while. They get tired of lisping sex therapist and snap out the ringing words *I'm a whore.*

"What?"

"But I don't have a pimp. I work for myself. I'm a woman and I'm proud to sell my body."

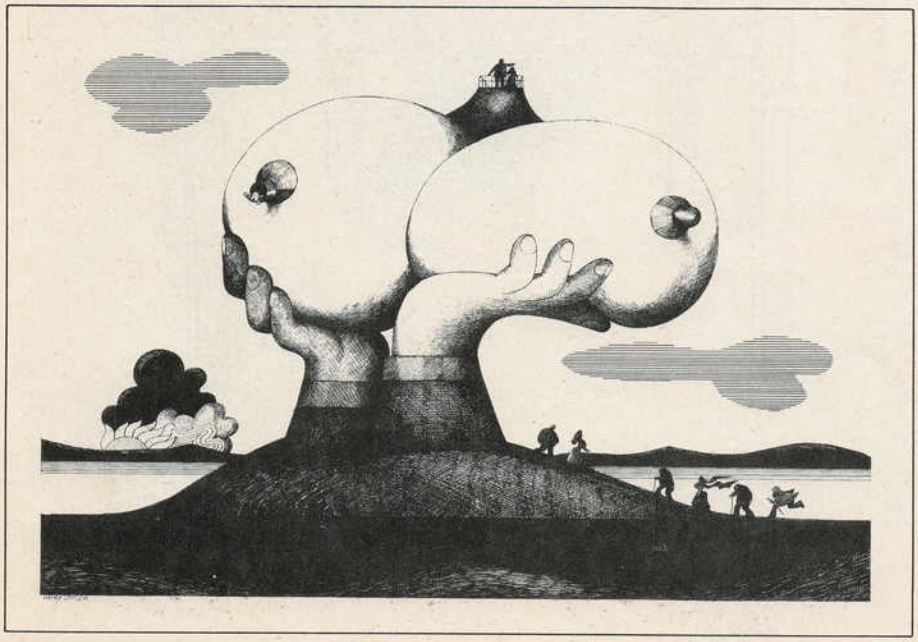
Margo St. James, deep theoretician, has put it succinctly: "The streets must be made safe for walking."

•

I am sitting in Kitty's kitchen one afternoon, and she is wondering if it's time to do her nails again, waiting for a call from a lawyer and feeding me strawberry shortcake. We are putting our minds to the many problems faced by the Golden Gate Foundation for Research and Development.

The case is dragging on. Motions to suppress evidence have been denied. Misdemeanor and felony charges are atangle. The police and the judicial system are confused by the strange behavior of these alleged whores. *They are fighting back.* They are already out of the lower courts, into appeals and headed for the Supreme Court.

Nevertheless, the harassment takes its toll. The foundation cannot function in this shadow. Neither man nor woman, client nor therapist, john nor hooker, can fuck scientifically and comfortably with all this noise. Kitty is pensive. Kitty is in stasis. Kitty, forced by events, is thinking. It's all right to be a crusader, but you've got to have your theory together.



Kitty is looking for the words, the right words. "Therapy for money," she says. That's not quite it. But she recognizes after all the jabber that what she is doing is not really normal. OK, scientific medical research and treatment. Not quite. Yet it's not quite prostitution either, unless you're the sort that calls dating, marriage and habitual submission forms of prostitution.

"We're inventing something in between," she says. "With the best elements of both. We treat dysfunction. We indulge fantasy. How many people go home happy from a marriage? People are lonely in this world. We *assist.*"

Ah, Kitty, but that's not enough. You're a nurse, and you're sweet-tempered, and you do a lot of good, and you're a fighting innovator, too; you need something more to explain your special role in the world. I think of W. H. Auden's definition of poetry—that which comes from the heart and creates order:

*How hard it is to set aside*
*Terror, concupiscence and pride.*
*Learn who and where and how we are*
*The children of a modest star.*

My friend Glickman and all the traffic at the Golden Gate and I myself are all seeking to put concupiscence and pride at bay and to kill some time on this cold planet. We seek oceanic waves of unity and answers to our mortal sadness, but we can be satisfied with pleasure for a time. Nice work if you can get it. Like female genii out of a bottle, the women of the Golden Gate Foundation ask, What is your desire? What is your sadness? What is your pleasure?

"Oh, it *is*?"

And then they hasten to do it very well.

Feels like a remedy and a cure to almost everyone who goes through it. This is victimless pleasure. Yet the cows are eating the violins and the reverent vice officers are seeking to close down the tingle, to confiscate the K-Y jelly.

Kitty Desmond, imperfect ideolog, is doing battle. She will continue to fight to keep the Golden Gate Foundation of San Francisco tidy, cozy and together.

The last time we spoke, Kitty was off to a conference with the fire marshal about wiring and sprinkler systems. The state has many weapons at its disposal when the police are blocked. But Kitty has grit, faith and the loyal yearning aid and counsel of Johnny Jump-Up's eternal need. Appetite, abetted by science, has a fighting chance as this battle is joined. ▣

**THE PIZZA PAPERS** *During the formative years, pizza was made part of our permanent mating behavior. We'll always somehow unconsciously associate pizza with lust.*

*(Continued from page 54)* madness?"

THE METAPHYSICS OF PIZZA

Pizza makers have probably always taken into account the beauty of the thing—the scarlet of tomato sauces and pimiento, the white and screaming yellows of the cheeses. This is in contrast to the predominantly green foods of central and northern Italy—the spinach *gnocchi* of Tuscany, the green *pesto* sauce of Genoa, the green peas and rice of Veneto, the lasagna *verde* of Bologna, not to mention those fabulous green-and-yellow stuffings in rolled-beef and veal dishes, the artichokes, omelets or salads. The green dishes are all mouth-watering, but they're shorter than pizza on visual pizzazz.

The colors of pizza, enthusiasts point out, are the colors of the Italian flag; pizza's got red tomato, white mozzarella and a touch of green basil and oregano, supposedly brought together in honor of Margherita, the first queen of all Italy. To this age, pizza is a magic, even cosmic, circle—a gastronomical mandala consumed at Communionlike bread-breaking rituals.

Peter Max recognized pizza's kaleidoscopic eye-boggling circular repetitions and painted the pie accordingly. Lay the right pizza down on a checkered tablecloth in flickering light and you begin to hallucinate.

But if that seems far-out, just consider the pie's sensual qualities.

APHRODISIAC PIZZA

Pizza didn't become the sacred host of the American rites of adolescence for nothing. It's not the manna of our puberty rituals by coincidence.

Mushrooms have historically been associated with fertility and potency, and there was a not-so-distant time when women were simply not allowed into the houses and caves where mushrooms were grown. Their mere presence was believed to endanger the crop of budding phallic fungi.

Also, there are plenty of cooks who believe that spicy food is a catalyst for horniness. Spices—except the bitter varieties—stimulate saliva flow and are reputed to increase hormone secretion from the adrenal glands.

In the 17th Century, the tomato was already known as an aphrodisiac, the *pomodoro*—golden love apple. And cheese is believed to keep the sperm count up.

When those of us now in our 20s and 30s began dating, pizza and a movie was a respectable proposition. And we were more likely to skip the movie and eat the pizza than to skip the pizza and see the movie. The lip-smacking, tongue-burning plate of Mediterranean mating food started our juices flowing. We exchanged amorous glances across the table with tomato sauce dripping down our chins and we sucked the mozzarella from each greasy finger while entwining feet under the table. During the formative years, pizza was made part of our permanent mating behavior. We'll always somehow unconsciously associate pizza with lust.

THE PIZZA VORTEX

So. You're having a hunger fit. You want pizza, of course, and you have alternatives. You can (1) make it from scratch, (2) go out, (3) send out, (4) thaw it out, or (5) just add water.

But people who start from scratch obviously aren't oral compulsives; if they were, they wouldn't have time to get it all together. Besides, though some people—most notably the health-food crowd—make pretty interesting pizzas at home, homemade pizza is a lot of work and a true pizza bakes at 700-plus degrees Fahrenheit. Your oven can't do that, even if it's a microwave.

GOING OUT

If you are looking seriously for the quintessential pizza, you have to go out for it. But a good pizza might turn up anywhere. Some New Yorkers contend that the best is to be bought by the slice on the streets of their city.

But take some advice and save yourself a lot of heartburn. Read the guides. They change, but in New York, you will probably find yourself at Goldberg's Pizzeria, Second Avenue at 52nd Street. Goldberg's uses Chicago-style thick (but still crisp) crust. Also esteemed is the Queen Italian Restaurant at 98 Court Street in Brooklyn.

In the city of the Golden Gate—it's untrue, the New York claim that there is no good pizza in California—go

**DIANA'S DIARY**

*"Forget the feather, Henri. Give me the whip!"*

**THE PIZZA PAPERS** *On the frozen pizza, the cheese thawed and spread across the oily surface. The morass of tomato, L-cysteine and calcium propionate began to boil; air pockets swelled.*

directly to family-operated Tommaso's on Kearny in North Beach. Francis Ford Coppola hangs out there. Coppola is a longtime friend, so the Tommasos let him bake his own for friends, but three to seven dollars will buy you any pizza in the house. The Tommasos do pizza and *calzoni*, a folded pizza, so magnificently that you regret every other pizza you've ever eaten.

Part of their secret is their oven. That's always something to look for when you walk into a pizzeria; forget about the exhibitionists who spin the dough over their heads. Tommaso's has a brick oven in which they burn only oakwood—no, not one of those stacked stainless-steel affairs with raging gas jets but a real oven. A whole family of Vietnamese with their TV could live in it comfortably.

The biggest pizza ever made, by the way, was baked at a place called the Pizza Inn in Little Rock, Arkansas, two years ago. The pie was 25 feet in diameter (494 square feet) and it weighed 1200 pounds. In Little Rock, the Pizza Inn is obviously the place for pizza. In Chicago, it's Pizzeria Uno or Due or Gino's East on Superior Street.

As Major Jim Kean, the last American marine to evacuate besieged Saigon, was asked by a buddy, "What kind of pizza do you want when we get to Subic?"

ON SENDING OUT

You're too dispirited to go out. Your old lady has a huge zit and refuses to leave the apartment. You're in luck. The local pizza parlor is the backbone of the food-delivery business. The telephone transformed pizza into a 24-hour-a-day impulse purchase, and marijuana, with its accompanying munchies, made the phone-ordered pizza one of life's essentials. Pizza was perfect for people so laid back that they couldn't crawl farther than the phone—but were grinding their teeth with hunger. Complaints were that it took too long to get the pizza and that it arrived cold.

Competition and the free-enterprise system inevitably led to delivery cars with insulated heat-retaining containers, which were eclipsed by vans with Sterno ovens, and then those were one-upped by speedy vehicles with moisture-control ovens. When you call, ask about the service.

Some pizza parlors have tried to hire gorgeous pizza delivery*girls*, but gorgeous girls usually have better things to do than deliver pizza, and most don't like getting pawed while counting change. Hemi, a clever entrepreneur near the University of Oklahoma in Norman, discovered that if he hired hunky delivery*boys*, phone calls increased from sororities and girls' dorms. Before long, Hemi was billing his pepperoni pizza in an ad campaign this way: "Hemi's sends you the biggest P.P.s in town." It's a huge success.

But how long should you have to wait? Most delivery folks are lying through their teeth if they claim to be able to get a pizza to you in less than 45 minutes, and exasperated patrons remember ravenous two-hour waits. At least try to phone an establishment near where you live, though there is no way to get around the 50-cent service charge, and you *are* expected to tip the deliveryboy—says every deliveryboy who's ever been asked.

It doesn't hurt to ingratiate yourself with the pizza boy either, albeit the lad may be 47 years old. Invite him in, offer him a drink, but make sure he leaves loving you. He can shave 30 minutes off his time if he wants to. And some deliverers have been known to drop off serendipitously unclaimed pizzas *free*. They're great friends to have.

THE MIX / FREEZE CONTROVERSY

Supposing, just supposing now, that you can't go out or send out but you still want pizza. There are two shaky alternatives left.

We set out to resolve, once and for all, the raging frozen-pizza-versus-do-it-yourself-mix-pizza controversy. The resolving was done in the court of last resort, with Ernesto Altobello, a Harvard man with the right kind of name, and Muffin the Mutt, a dog notorious for eating anything, assisting the writer.

The frozen pizza slid stiffly out of its waxed-cardboard sarcophagus and clattered against the countertop. Frosty cheese shavings were imbedded in the desiccated disk's tomato permafrost.

Gradually, as the frozen pizza lay before the judges and thawed, it formed a puddle of calcium silicate and sorbic acid–polluted water—a wonder of modern technology—reminding us that lack of imagination is the mother of all frozen foods.

Next we opened the mix-it-yourself pizza. The dough is actually all you mix, and it is so easy that you can do it under the influence of almost any drug. You just add one-half cup of warm water to the envelope of flour and yeast. Kick it around with a fork until it coheres. Then pat a few times and leave in a bowl like a disembodied cerebellum in a mad scientist's laboratory.

The yeast is supposed to awaken and respond to the warmth and moisture, emitting a gas that makes the dough rise. Our dough never rose, though; it just got yellow on the outside and dry.

The judges next greased the dough and poured on the contents of the K-rationlike cans of tomato paste—reeking of oregano—and then the inadequate allotment of sawdustlike cheese.

The two rival pies then went into the preheated oven side by side and the judges peered through the stove window to watch.

The mix-it-yourself job was the first to respond. The topping of dried cheese, calcium silicate and sorbic acid sank into the tomato ooze and disappeared as frantic yeast cells entered into their death throes and caused the crust to swell like wild Bisquick; indeed, it looked for a moment as if the crust would heave off the mantle of hissing goop and ruin the oven.

On the frozen pizza, the cheese thawed and spread across the oily surface. The morass of tomato, L-cysteine and calcium propionate began to boil; air pockets swelled under the cheese and huge bubbles rose up and burned as the exposed aureole of crust quickly turned brown, then black, long before the recommended time had elapsed.

We sampled. "Hmmm, each is distinct," observed Altobello. "What they have in common is that they are both very bad."

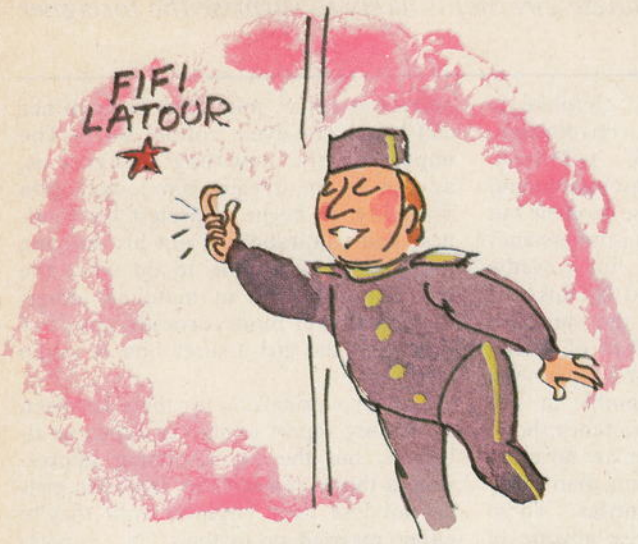
The goop is difficult to describe. But the crust on the frozen pizza was comparable to lightly scorched cardboard, and the crust on the do-it-yourself pizza was reminiscent of a leathery marriage between stale pretzels and Wonder bread.

Muffin the Mutt worried his much-gnawed portion around the kitchen for some time, growled and finally deposited it in the corner with his rawhide chewing bones and gum exercisers.

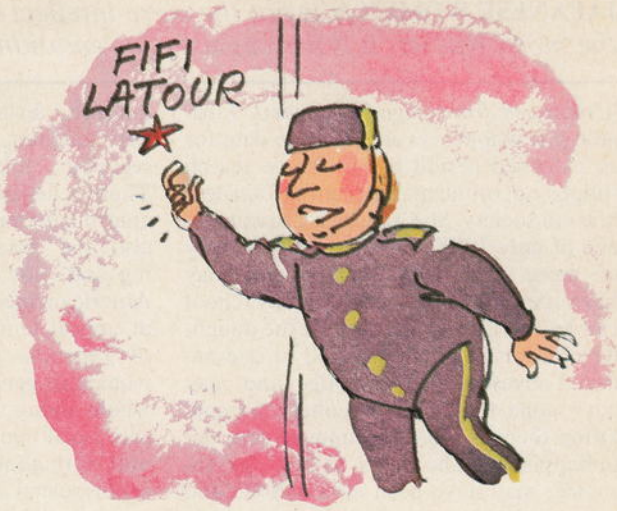
The little that Altobello and I ate rested heavily in our stomachs, and we regretted the experiment. But somebody had to do it. For what it's worth, we concluded that the mix-it-yourself pizza is not quite as bad as the frozen, and it's more fun. We suggest that, either way, you add lots of your own ingredients and then eat only those.

This is really last-resort pizza, realize. You have to be obsessed with pizza to eat frozen or mix, when there are alternatives.

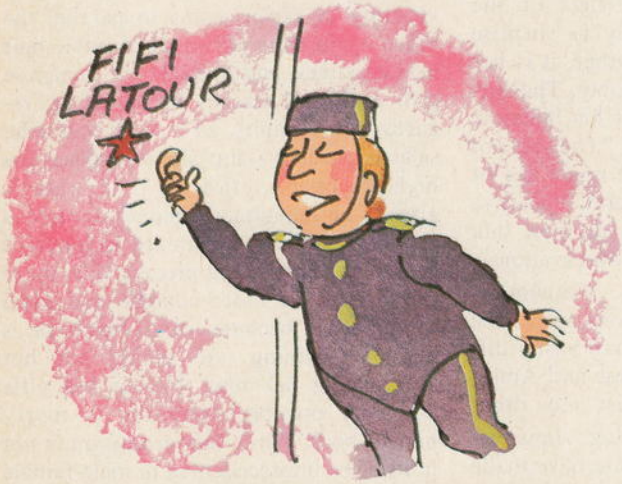
Altobello remembered a sad moment in recent history. His television had been on, he said. Charley Cong was marching on Saigon, and the Amis were fleeing; network news clips showed Vietnamese looting the abandoned commissary. And what were they lugging away? Armloads of frozen pizza. ▣



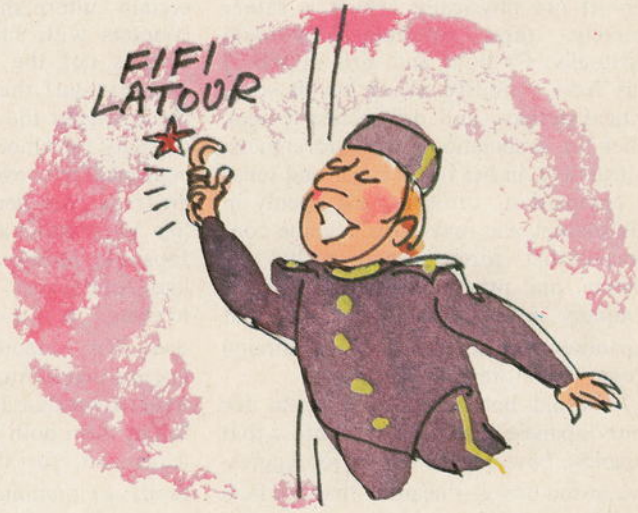

*"This is your fifteen-minute call . . .*



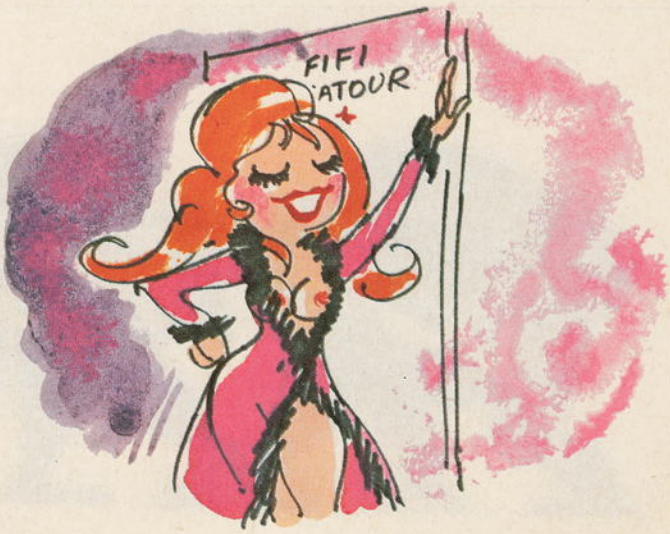

*Ten-minute call . . .*




*You've got just five minutes . . .*




*This is your final call!"*




*"Next!"*

**JAPANESE WOMEN** *It is not the mere intellect of the Japanese girl that is likely to surprise the foreigner the most. Rather, it is her capacity for emotional display.*

*(Continued from page 92)* every Japanese girl whom you are likely to date for an extended period has for some reason slipped out of the mainstream of Japanese life and society. She may be a Christian—one of only 1,000,000 or so in a country of more than 100,000,000—and may have attended a missionary Sunday school run by foreigners. She may be the daughter of a businessman engaged in international investment and trade—and may have gone to school or college abroad. Often there is a background of personal unhappiness. The girl's father, for instance, may have been an alcoholic and a womanizer—and may have caused her mother such grief as to have convinced her that almost any eligible *gaijin* was preferable to a Japanese. Her brothers may have bullied and brutalized her—if not physically, which is rather unlikely, then psychologically and spiritually. Or boys and girls in school may have viciously teased her at some critical period—and driven her to seek relief in associations with foreigners. Conversely, in her inner anger and sense of competition, rarely voiced openly in this society, she may have become convinced that foreign men really are "better" and may have aspired to their company in much the same way that Japanese crave foreign fashions, foreign artwork and foreign inventions.

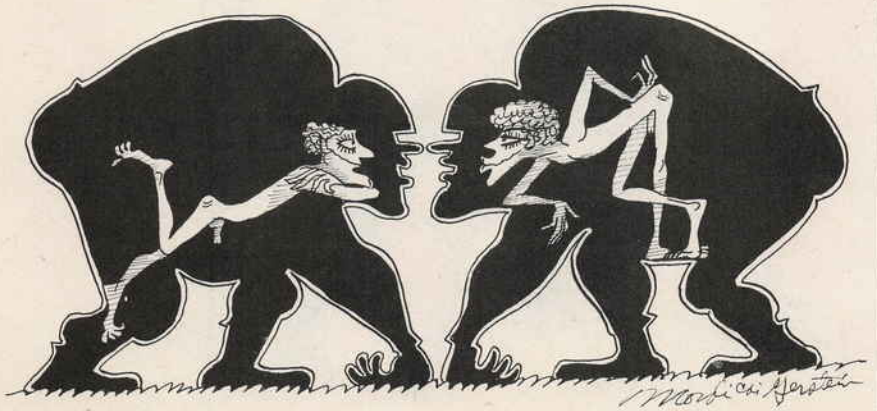
It would not be unusual, then, for your Japanese girlfriend to confess that Japanese boys regard her as too aggressive or too bossy—meaning that she fails to defer to them with the same sense of coquettish, male-ego-building inferiority that characterizes most Japanese girls in the presence of men in general. Still, by any Western standards, she will be coquettish, flirtatious, almost childlike in her laughter, forms of conversation, seeming tolerance and politeness. Therein lies not only the fascination and charm inherent in Japanese women but also the potential for misunderstanding and, not infrequently, for tragedy. American men mesmerized by this sort of appeal tend to confuse the approach of Japanese girls with that of Asian women in general—notably Vietnamese, whom many Japanese resemble in size and facial contour. The difference, however, is that Japanese women are far more sophisticated and hard-driving than women in other Asian countries. These qualities should not surprise anyone in view of the over-all level of advancement of Japanese society, but *gaijin* who have lived elsewhere in Asia suffer from a certain culture shock in their initial encounters with Japanese women.

It is not the mere intellect of the Japanese girl that is likely to surprise the foreigner the most. Rather, it is her capacity for emotional display. The foreign male may even admire his Japanese girlfriend for her brains. "They're not like Vietnamese at all," he might say of Japanese females in general. "They're like Americans. You can at least talk to them." It is a common observation—one that underestimates Vietnamese, overestimates Americans and misses the main point that Japanese are vastly different from both Vietnamese and Americans and, for that matter, any other racial or national grouping. Japanese females, for instance, seem to have made a fine art of weeping at the slightest provocation. A Japanese college girl may burst into tears at about the time the lecherous *gaijin*'s hands begin to wander below her collar, much less beneath her calf-length tie-dyed cotton skirt. The impact on the unwitting foreigner is, as often as not, to cause him to apologize profusely, to begin to protest his fondness and admiration, if not his undying love, and to continue to do what the girl no doubt had in mind all along: to wander ever more earnestly onto and into what the girl assures him is virgin territory.

Utterly virginal? So far there has been no Kinsey report to shatter Japanese illusions, but the overwhelming impression is that a majority of Japanese girls do not lose their virginity until they're either married or in their 20s. Reports of changing values among students on major metropolitan campuses are slightly deceptive. If a girl does sleep or live with a man, it is not just a casual fling—it's a prelude to marriage. The stress on virginity in Japan seems to parallel the taboo against the portrayal of pubic hair in magazines and movies. A Japanese girl, until she reaches her mid-20s, regards her virginity as a very valuable, salable product—and she will place the highest possible price on it in what is already an inflationary, money-conscious economy. All those tears are an inherent part of the bargaining process. The more she weeps, the more contrite and loyal the man will become—until finally he is not only wining and dining her but also paying her rent, buying her gifts and very possibly promising to marry her, to boot. While this process may not in itself be unprecedented in male-female relations, the degree of emotional fanaticism displayed by Japanese girls can be alarming to the uninitiated.

Suppose, for instance, after a concerted campaign, the *gaijin* lover actually does get her into bed in his apartment—and then tries very gently to drop her in favor of another more tempting charmer. The results can be disastrous. Suicide threats—even attempts—are common. They are part of Japanese tradition—the only honorable way to atone for guilt and failure. And the sense of failure, for the girl, is heightened by the knowledge that her relatives and friends already regard her as a bit of a whore to have had a foreign boyfriend at all. She might explain away this deviation by pointing out that the man's intentions are the best, that he loves her and will care for her as well as any Japanese "salaryman" on the Mitsubishi payroll, but she loses all face the moment the man ditches her. She will adopt almost any ruse to prevent

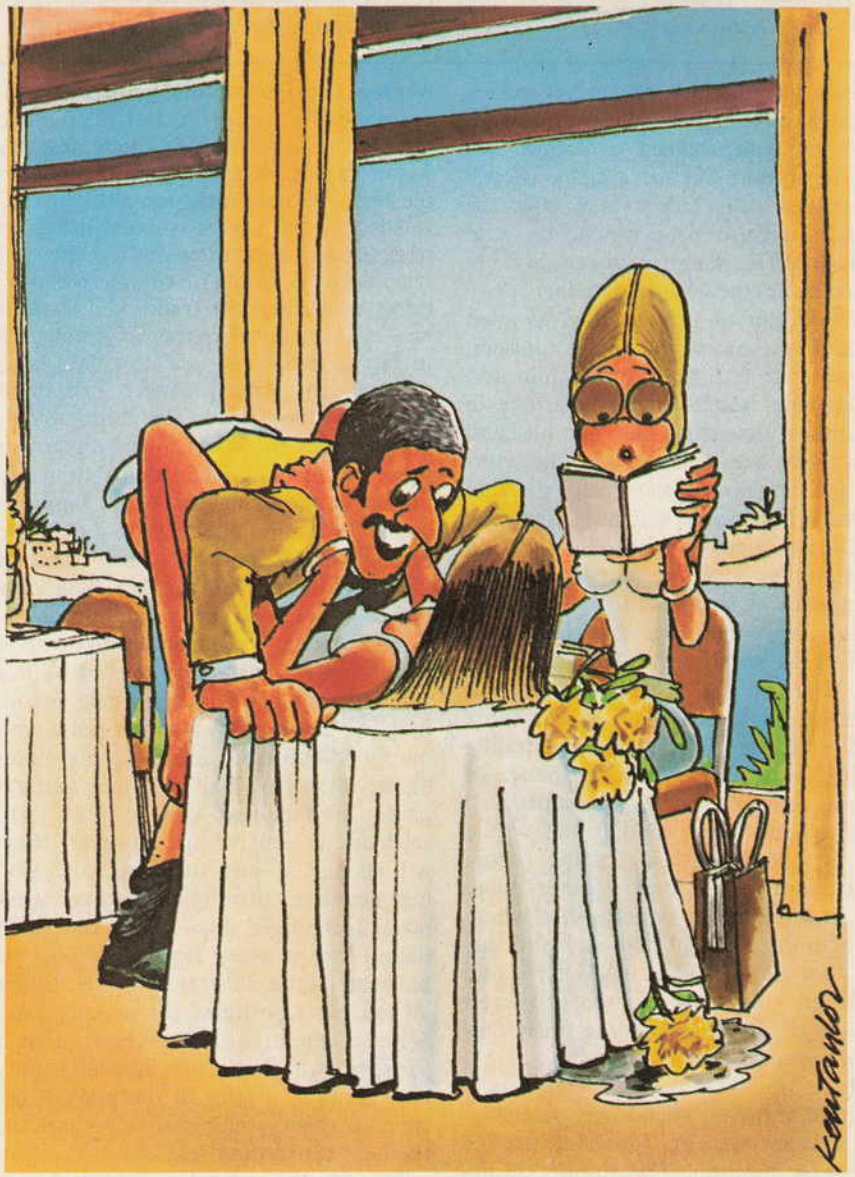
**The Inner Man**



this disaster. She will appear on his doorstep as he is leaving for work in the morning. She will drop by his office. She will simply camp out for the night, in tears, in the lobby of his apartment building—confronting the man with the necessity of taking her in as a matter of mere charity, let alone love. There will naturally be telephone calls and letters (long ones eating up dozens of pages of flimsy white paper). And, finally, if the girl does not resort to suicide threats, she may not be above a little blackmail—in the form of anonymous notes to bosses and mutual friends or perhaps to immigration authorities or police, who might be interested in knowing the status of the man's working visa or tax returns.

"*Onna gokoro to aki no sora*," goes the Japanese saying, meaning "The heart of woman and sky in autumn," or, in loose translation, "The heart of a Japanese women is as fickle as the weather of a Japanese autumn." For a Japanese girl, however, a love affair is very much a drama separate from mundane realities. It is in the bedroom that she displays this sense of drama perhaps most convincingly. The room itself is a scene, and she is the set designer, producer, stage manager and director. She will arrange the scene with much the same care, in microcosm, that she might devote to her home or garden. A couple of magazines here, a pot of tea there, the clothes hanging just so, both in and out of the closet—and (how did it ever happen?) you're no longer in a dreary hotel room but in a veritable love nest, subdued, tastefully organized, quietly exciting. The underlying purpose of the act—the product much more of instinct than of careful calculation—is to show the girl's ability to make a happy home for her man.

Stripping her soul of pragmatic worries about the future of her marriage, a Japanese girl can dedicate herself to the welfare of a man with the same totality of concentration that the man reserves in turn for his work. "My wife reads the newspapers every day and prays that I will not make any mistakes," a prominent Japanese cabinet minister, Masayoshi Ohira, once remarked to a gathering of foreign correspondents. "She has been praying that I will do my best for the past 40 years." Hopelessly egotistical though such a remark might appear to a foreigner, it is really an expression of the male-female relationship idealized in Japan. Behind every painstaking, hard-nosed Japanese official or businessman there is an equally hard-nosed woman—only she sublimates her view of the world through her husband, her home and her family. The same attitude of service will dominate the Japanese girl in her relationship with her *gaijin* boyfriend. Once totally enamored, there is little the girl will not do on behalf of the man she adores—beginning with her efforts to please him in bed. Whatever she may really be thinking, she manifests concern only for the man and cannot help but feel somewhat guilty if she fears she has disappointed him.




*"What a stupid phrase book!*
*I can't find 'I'll have the same' anywhere. . . ."*

One of Japan's best-known women, an ancient political figure named Fusae Ichikawa, offered some basic perceptions on the attitudes that induce this response among females, by way of explaining her own long revolt against the norms of her society. "I was born into a poor family," said Ichikawa-san, still sparkling at the age of 81 with the revolutionary zeal with which she has led the minuscule women's liberation movement in Japan since the Twenties. "My father was a farmer, and my mother was illiterate. My father would beat my mother with his fists whenever he was angry, and my mother would tell me, 'This is the fate of woman.' She would repeat this complaint many times without doing anything about it. I could not see why I should bear this hardship because I was a woman." Ichikawa-san, a member of the upper house of the Japanese parliament for more than 20 years, gained financial independence by the only means then open for a woman other than prostitution and bar hostessing—schoolteaching. Then, arriving in Tokyo from her rural town, she instigated the women's suffrage movement

in Japan and thereby lost whatever chance she might have had of finding a husband. "The newspapers called us names. We were regarded as beasts and monsters," she recalled with a merry smile. "Because of such adverse propaganda, no man would offer his hand in marriage. That is what makes me what I am today."

The specter of wife beating, as cited by Ichikawa-san, is not at all unusual. The wife of a former prime minister, Eisaku Sato, confessed in an article in a woman's magazine that her husband often beat her—and shared the view that such treatment was really the fate of woman in Japan. It is not surprising, then, that Japanese girls, nurtured on this tradition, view the pleasure of man as a matter of paramount importance—if only for the sake of their own survival. In keeping with this consideration, they are likely to prove excellent actresses, all to show the man what a great lover he is despite the grinding insults he must endure at the hands of his boss or his colleagues or competitors. Japanese girls seem to sigh and writhe and go into climactic ecstasies more easily than do Western or other Asian girls, but one never is quite sure where the acting ends and the real fun begins—for the girl, that is. As an exotic foreigner, you will be in the privileged position of listening to some fairly flattering comparisons.

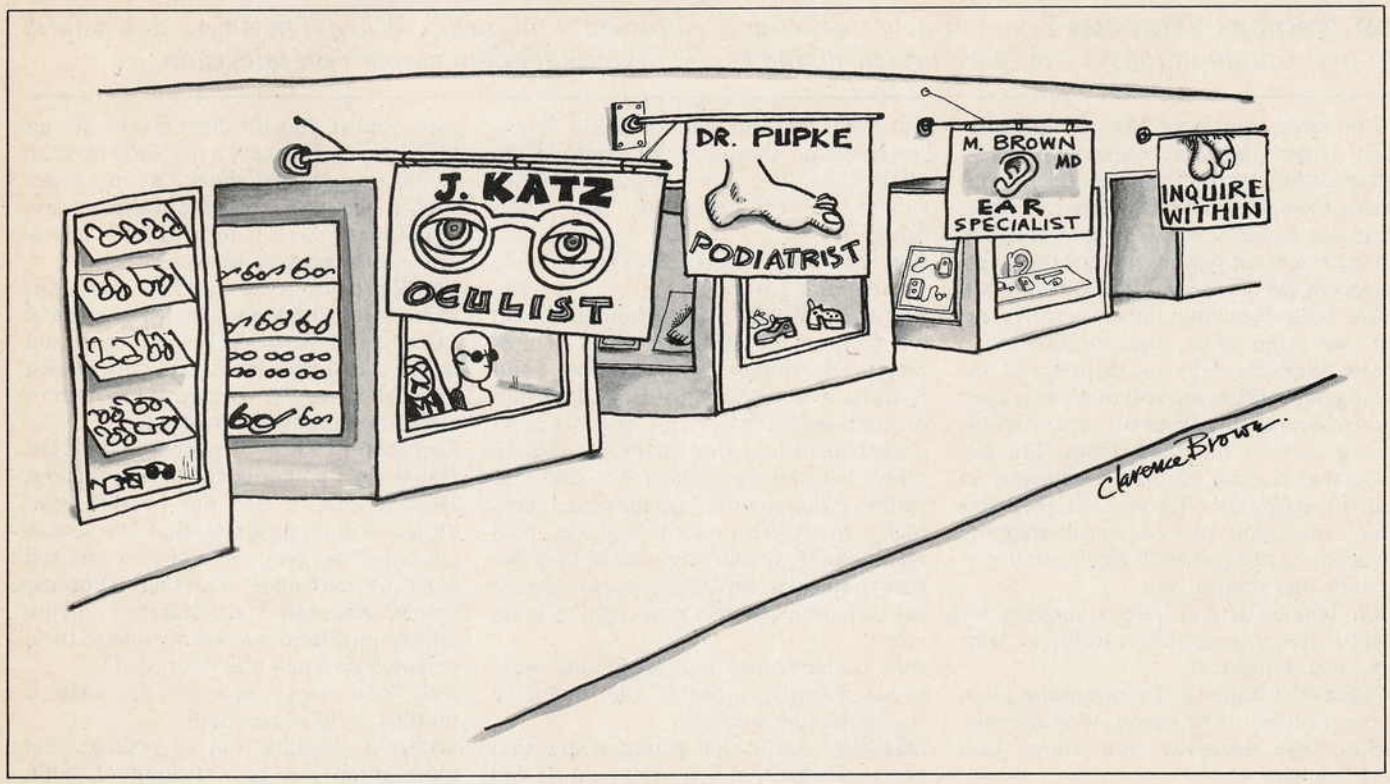
There is, however, the distinct possibility that the girlfriend may be engaging in the ancient Japanese art of male ego boosting. The finesse of the average Japanese girl in building up the image of the male is so instinctive as to defy real analysis of whether she means what she's whispering. Thousands of *gaijin* have married Japanese without ever knowing them at all—just as foreigners cannot fathom the Japanese psyche in other aspects of human relations ranging from business dealings to politics to art and literature. Yet Japanese bar hostesses and prostitutes—certainly more reliable informants than "nice" girls—say that Japanese customers take far less time to satisfy than do *gaijin* and, what's more, never engage in bargaining. (In contrast with other Asians, Japanese rarely if ever dicker over prices. If they can't afford the outrageous cost of an item, they just don't buy.) The other side of the comparison between the styles of Japanese and foreigners is that the latter are more likely to experiment in techniques for which most Japanese girls initially are unprepared. Few of them, for instance, are about to engage in oral intercourse until a foreigner shows them how. A Japanese bar hostess once explained to me that Japanese men, for all their outward signs of aggressiveness and pugnaciousness, were basically too shy and frightened to think of asking for anything other than the traditional straight lay—an Americanism that might emerge in Japanese bar-girl talk as "stlate lay."

Inevitably, some Japanese girls think that *gaijin* boyfriends are too demanding. Perhaps the worst mistake you can make, though, is not in demanding too much but in moving too fast. A Japanese girl may kiss and cuddle with a fantastic display of passion—and then recoil at the thought of making love. She may regard the kissing and cuddling as almost expected in a relationship with a *gaijin*, but she may want to wait until a genuine romance has blossomed before jumping into bed—at which point you may find yourself more deeply committed than you had originally anticipated. If Japanese girls at first seem reluctant to experiment, however, these will sooner or later succumb to a driving, gnawing curiosity to discover what novel techniques these *gaijin* can teach them. Almost every Japanese schoolgirl has read a little illustrated booklet listing all the basic positions for making love. Some of them, with a diligence that a foreigner will find quaint or even funny, may studiously refer to the booklet between seances—the better to prepare for the next act in the drama.

More to the point, however, Japanese women are nothing if not good actresses. You will discover the capacity of the Japanese girl for acting out her emotions in a number of ways, beginning with the emphasis on her sacrosanct virginity, going on to her seemingly uncontrollable delight in lovemaking and concluding, perhaps, with threats of varying seriousness. If you don't encounter all these extremes, you will at least discern manifestations of them in any romantic relationship with a Japanese girl. Typically, Japanese girls who have long since lost their virginity often go to great lengths to establish their purity—until finally confessing they had one boyfriend long ago. Then, in one of those quirks of social class so mysterious in Japan, the nice girl who somehow doesn't seem to object to your foreignness will turn out not to be so nice, after all. Somewhere in her past, years before you knew her, she may have sold her virginity for 1,000,000 yen or more—a deal that will not inhibit her from playing the virgin role more industriously than she might otherwise have felt compelled to do.

The business of selling virginity—usually at an enormous price, to a middle-aged businessman—is not widespread. Most of those who sell, or get sold, are from poor families, possibly the daughters of bar hostesses. At the same time, it is not out of the question for a nice girl also to sell herself, if she can do so with no chance at all of anyone in her office or school finding out. A relative or friend of the family may arrange the deal for consummation in another town, with a customer far removed from the girl's own circle of friends and contacts. The girl will certainly not come from an upper-class family, but she could be the daughter of a middle-class shopkeeper or schoolteacher hard-pressed for ready cash. There are other ways, too, for a not-so-nice girl to support herself. While in her mid-teens, for instance, a girl may hang out in a coffee shop, meet a man, date him, sleep with him—and then reveal that she is beneath the lawful age of consent and blackmail him for 50,000 yen or so—approximately $175 at the current exchange rate. Encouraged by boyfriends or secret contacts, not-so-nice office girls and college girls can lead double lives as part-time prostitutes. They can drop into private offices for lunchtime quickies or escape to any of hundreds of hotels and inns that rent out rooms by the hour. Secrecy, however, is crucial. If she is not openly working as either a bar girl or a hostess, she ordinarily cannot afford to let anyone know that she's hustling a little on the side. In the end, she has to be able to present the appearance of the virginal Japanese girl of yore—a consideration that has resulted in brisk business for doctors capable of restoring a girl's hymen to its pristine state.

Nor should a *gaijin* delude himself into thinking that he is likely to be able to enter into a straight, noncomplicated commercial transaction with any of those relatively few girls who seem to straddle the borderline between nice and not nice in modern Japan. It is far more likely, in fact, that this kind of girl is just the one who will work the hardest to give him the impression of her traditional niceness, if not her virginity. Assuming that her peers already suspect her basic morality, she will look on the foreigner not as a client but as a long-term source of support. Or, if the girl is not exactly a prostitute, she is still likely to have been dismissed as too loose to be a




proper marriage prospect on the basis of her past record of love affairs.

Airline hostesses on overseas flights seem to fall into that category. Japanese men refuse to believe that any girl who overnights in foreign cities will not have lost all sense of morality—a factor that drives many air hostesses into the arms of *gaijin*. (Japanese girls who work on foreign airlines, notably Pan Am, are doubly suspect.) Despite all the talk of changing morality in modern Japan, a foreigner should never forget the existence of this strange dual standard. It is, if anything, even more applicable today than it was a couple of generations ago, just because it is so subtle, so difficult to pinpoint. The fact that Japanese men think nothing of having bar-girl mistresses—or occasional pickups in love hotels—before returning home to wife and family naturally heightens the irony.

A foreigner need only walk down a busy street with a Japanese girlfriend to understand the meaning of this anti-foreignness—and the significance of it in a male-female relationship. Suspicious sideways glances, open glares, grins and smirks are routine, as are such remarks in Japanese, to the girl, as "Why do you go out with foreigners?" "Do you prefer foreign men?"—and other more strongly worded variations. Similarly, if a foreigner dates a Japanese girl in his own office, the other girls in the office are likely to turn bitchy. At the least, they are sure to gossip over lunch and tea; at the worst, they may write nasty letters to the office manager or to the girl's parents. (One foreigner told me of an episode in which he had to apologize personally to the girl's mother for having deflowered her daughter after one of the girl's friends wrote an anonymous letter tattling on her.) The final result can be to disrupt the whole office routine—a danger that might make it advisable for the foreigner to keep his hands off the help, wherever else he may choose to put them. Indeed, for the sake of both the *gaijin* and the girl, it may be best to meet solely in a social setting, with no other relationship. Thus the girl, if she wishes to return to an exclusively Japanese environment, can retreat from her experiment in *gaijin* romance with a minimum of embarrassment or social stigma.

Otherwise there may be no room for retreat. Just ask the beautiful Madame Dewi Sukarno, who was hostess at a posh night club when she met the Indonesian ruler Sukarno during one of his overseas junkets. Although Dewi no doubt earned top fees, she was definitely not nice in the minds of Japanese; hence, her case may be somewhat extreme, the more so since her *gaijin* husband had several other wives and numerous amours—and then was unfortunate enough to lose power in a cloud of scandal. Nonetheless, the reaction among Japanese to her relationship with a *gaijin*—a *furyō* one at that—was infinitely crueler than would have been conceivable in any other advanced society. "After my husband was deposed, I couldn't walk down the street in Tokyo without something unpleasant happening to me," confided Madame Dewi, now living in luxury near the Champs Elysées in Paris, in a recent interview with Tokyo columnist Andrew Horvat. "Once I was stoned. I was even attacked by sword-wielding rightists, but that was better than the verbal attacks in the press." Japanese weekly magazines pilloried her, shopkeepers refused to serve her. "The pain of a personal assault passes more quickly than the pain caused by lies," Dewi observed sadly. "Every time the newspapers would write about me, I would get anonymous telephone calls from people telling me to mend my ways."

Dewi's account of her suffering *after* Sukarno led to serious introspection on the place of Japanese women, the mores of Japanese and the attitudes of the opposite sex. "Perhaps my greatest sin in the eyes of Japanese men," she said, "was my marriage to a foreigner. It is that for which I shall never be forgiven and, the more I succeed at whatever I do, the more I shall be feared." Although Dewi leads a busy social life in Europe, she has resigned herself to the full realization that many Japanese cannot imagine that anyone but a whore would marry a foreigner. Inured to the slights of her countrymen, she believes in countering insult in the way to which Japanese women are accustomed by tradition and, apparently, by desire, as well. "I am against women's lib as it is today," she said. "We should participate in a man's world only when we are as mentally independent as men. Until then, our femininity, the source and origin of our beauty, is our greatest weapon." ▣

**DR. THOMAS NOGUCHI** *You can never develop a callus on your heart. When I'm going downstairs to perform an autopsy, I prepare myself mentally. It's like switching channels on television.*

*(Continued from page 74)* of information from law-enforcement agencies around the country, particularly in Alameda County, where Berkeley and Oakland are located, but we would still like to interview the parents and brothers and sisters of the deceased. Unfortunately, we have been receiving rather negative responses from them. Perhaps they have been bombarded by journalists and investigators and so on, and that's why they are reluctant to talk to us. And without being able to interview them, I'm not sure that we can succeed completely in our investigation. But we will keep trying. And I am still convinced that the concept of the psychological autopsy is a very meaningful one.

**OUI:** It does demonstrate a concern for detail. Are you equally careful in your physical autopsies?

**NOGUCHI:** I hope so. In an autopsy, you cannot afford to be messy, to make mistakes. The deceased, you know, heal very slowly.

**OUI:** So how do you avoid making mistakes?

**NOGUCHI:** When I examine a body, I examine it as a medical doctor. But at the same time I am thinking as a lawyer. I will ask myself, "Dr. Noguchi, how can you be sure that this is an entrance wound?" That sort of thing.

**OUI:** Isn't there also a Noguchi who is always appalled at what he sees—as a human being?

**NOGUCHI:** I've never thought about it. Yes, it has to be there. That "My God!" sort of feeling.

**OUI:** When do you get that "My God!" sort of feeling?

**NOGUCHI:** All the time. You can never develop a callus on your heart. When I know I'm going downstairs to perform an autopsy, I prepare myself mentally. It's like switching channels on television. As a person I may be on Channel 2, but as a scientist I change to Channel 4 so that I will not get any message from Channel 2. I do not dehumanize myself, but I professionalize myself. I cannot afford to get so upset that I run out of the examination room and arrest a suspect. What good would that do?

**OUI:** Is there ever a time when you simply cannot switch channels—when you have to turn off the set?

**NOGUCHI:** Yes. Battered babies do that. They really get me. I have to take a deep breath and switch my mind off completely. There's something special about babies.

**OUI:** There's something special about life.

**NOGUCHI:** Exactly. In the popular mind, the coroner is preoccupied with death. But I feel that the real essence of forensic medicine should be to improve the quality of life. The modern coroner should be life oriented, not death oriented.

**OUI:** You work closely with the Suicide Prevention Center.

**NOGUCHI:** Yes, their psychologists help me very much with what I call victimology. By interviewing relatives and friends, it is possible to draw a picture of a victim's lifestyle and, from that, to draw conclusions that enable us to help others before it is too late. You find that people who commit suicide cried help many times before, but no one paid attention. If we can understand how potential suicides cry for help, perhaps we can get more people to recognize those cries.

**OUI:** Is there anything you would want to say directly to people who might be contemplating suicide?

**NOGUCHI:** Admit that you're afraid, that you're scared, that you need help. If you can admit that, you're winning. Then, as I said on a radio show once, contact one of the agencies that can help you, like the Suicide Prevention Center. Or you can contact me, your friendly coroner, and I will introduce you to some of your predecessors. When you see them, they will tell you that life is beautiful.

**OUI:** Does your work in victimology extend to homicide as well?

**NOGUCHI:** Absolutely. Many times the victim himself precipitates the homicide. Of course, there may be 15 different steps involved, but often the first step was taken by the victim. So it is important for us to know how and why certain people become murder victims.

**OUI:** Of course, you don't pick up the trail until the last of the many steps. So perhaps we can talk about that: the actual instrument of murder. You've admitted to being fascinated by unconventional murder weapons and by the types of marks they leave on a victim.

**NOGUCHI:** I know. I can't help it. Just the other day, I was in a department store with my wife, and she wanted to see what was on sale in the basement, so I went down with her and I noticed a display of tennis rackets. Now, as you say, I am fascinated by weapons that appear innocuous, so I picked up a tennis racket and said to my wife, "Can you commit murder with a tennis racket without leaving any trace?" And naturally she thought I was crazy. She just looked at me and said, "It would have to be awfully heavy." But when you think about it, if a person is bending over, with maximum extension of the spinal cord, and if you hit down vertically on the back of the neck, the sudden snap would cause spinal shock. As in karate. And it would leave practically no external mark. So a tennis racket *is* a possible instrument of homicide.

**OUI:** This brings up another point. Dr. Milton Halpern, the former chief medical examiner of New York City, once said that when a murder is committed with unusual savagery, frequently a homosexual relationship is involved.

**NOGUCHI:** I would concur with Dr. Halpern's opinion. The brutal, vicious attack—what I call the overkill syndrome—often indicates that the assailant is homosexual. Actually, we can tell a lot by looking at the body. For example, when the face has been deliberately mutilated, we know to look for a person who knew the deceased.

**OUI:** You mean because the face is mutilated out of revenge?

**NOGUCHI:** Possibly out of revenge, but more often out of a feeling of guilt. The murderer doesn't want the victim to look back.

**OUI:** What else do you learn from looking at a body?

**NOGUCHI:** Tattoos are very interesting. The tattoo BORN TO LOSE, for example, usually means what it says. We see it rather consistently on people who die by violence. Persons who have that tattoo are usually in the habit of using drugs or taking risks. Also, a tattoo can be, in its own way, a cry for help. Tattoos are an important facet of victimology.

**OUI:** How would you feel about performing an autopsy on yourself? Would you like to know what makes *you* tick?

**NOGUCHI:** In a way—psychologically—I am performing an autopsy on myself all the time. But I'm not sure—— I'm sorry, this is a rather unexpected question. It's a good question. Would I like to perform an autopsy on myself? Yes, I think I would.

**OUI:** Have you yourself ever been threatened with death?

**NOGUCHI:** Oh, yes, I always receive a couple of death threats when I am handling a publicized case. I received some after the S.L.A. shoot-out. But I keep this out of the press, because when the threats get publicity, I get more threats.

**OUI:** While on the subject of death threats, the attempts on President Ford's life must have evoked some bad memories, not only of Bobby Kennedy's assassination but of Richard Nixon's illness in 1974 as well. At least in the Nixon case you were prepared, weren't you?

**NOGUCHI:** Very much so. I put together

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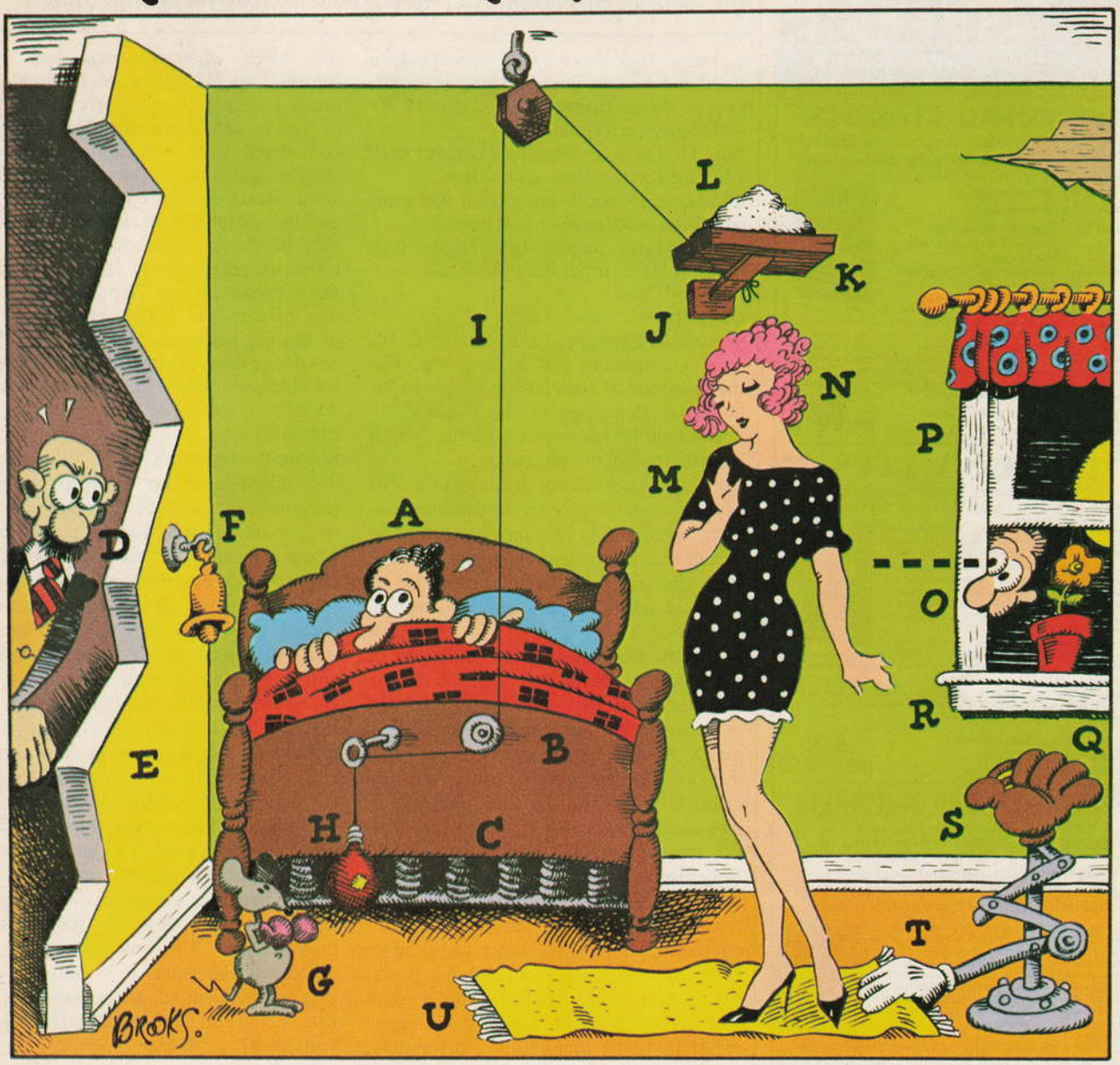


SUAVE PLAYBOY (A) JUMPS INTO BED (B) CAUSING BED-SPRING (C) TO SQUEAK, WHICH CAUSES IRATE NEIGHBOR (D) TO POUND ON WALL (E) MAKING BELL (F) RING, THUS CAUSING BOXING MOUSE (G) TO COME OUT FIGHTING. MOUSE WHACKS PUNCHING BAG (H) CAUSING STRING (I) TO PULL BRACE (J) FROM BENEATH SHELF (K) DROPPING ITCHING POWDER (L) ONTO CLOTHING (M) OF GIRL (N) CAUSING HER TO DISROBE IMMEDIATELY, THUS AROUSING PEEPING TOM (O) AT WINDOW (P). PEEPING TOM, IN HIS EXCITEMENT, DISLODGES FLOWERPOT (Q) FROM ATOP WINDOW SILL (R) AND FLOWERPOT FALLS INTO BASEBALL GLOVE (S) CAUSING MECHANICAL HAND (T) TO PULL RUG (U) OUT FROM UNDER GIRL, CAUSING HER TO FALL INTO BED.

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**DR. THOMAS NOGUCHI** *I certainly feel there is too little respect for the dead in this country. There is much more respect in Japan.*

a special task force of 35 specialists to assist me in any post-mortem examination of the ex-President if he should die within my jurisdiction.

**OUI:** That was an even bigger team than you had for the Kennedy autopsy.

**NOGUCHI:** It would have been the most complete autopsy ever performed.

**OUI:** Do you suspect that Nixon may have problems other than phlebitis?

**NOGUCHI:** Yes.

**OUI:** What?

**NOGUCHI:** Cancer of the pancreas. It's only a suspicion, not a diagnosis. But the behavior of the clotting agents in his blood, as described in the doctors' report, could be consistent with the fallout from a malignant pancreas.

**OUI:** Let's go back for a moment to the cases that don't receive any publicity—after speaking of Nixon, it's tempting to call them the silent majority of cases. Why do you feel it's important to investigate natural deaths as well as unnatural ones?

**NOGUCHI:** Because the determination of the cause of death can affect both the survivors and the community at large in many ways. For example, suppose a man's death is certified as having been due to a heart attack, and then my examination shows that the heart attack was caused by a recent traffic accident. Without my report, the survivors could be denied their right to double-indemnity insurance benefits. There are many other reasons, too, such as the prevention of epidemics. There was the well-known Fort Ord case in 1964, in which a young soldier was found dead in a motel room and my examination revealed the cause of death to be meningitis. Fortunately, we were able to recognize it immediately, and I called the fort's commanding officer and had the fort quarantined. We could have had a very serious epidemic.

**OUI:** Do you feel that there is too little respect for this part of your work?

**NOGUCHI:** Perhaps. I certainly feel that there is too little respect for the dead in this country. There is much more respect in Japan. Maybe it's the Buddhist culture; I don't know. When I was in medical school, for example, as the professor approached a body that he was going to dissect, he would always pause before the moment of incision and bring his hands together and bow to the dead person, to show his respect. Also, in Japan, there's the belief that when a person dies, he is returned to his ancestors. I personally don't believe this, but it's a comforting idea and not offensive. Here, when a person dies, he is returned to his *living* relatives. He literally becomes the property of the next of kin. In Japan, the deceased is at least considered an individual—not somebody's property. There's something about death in this country that brings out the dirty side of human nature. It may be naïve for relatives to say, "My father is going to see Grandpa again." But I prefer that to "Who's going to get the inheritance? Who's the beneficiary of the life insurance?" Very often there is no one else to protect the dignity of the deceased, and I must be the one to do it.

**OUI:** How?

**NOGUCHI:** It's difficult. I thought one way might be to try to create a closer-to-home situation here. For example, the bodies are all wrapped in plastic bags. I began wondering why we couldn't just cover them with bedspreads. So I bought some and gave them to the assistant coroner and told him to use them instead of the plastic. But he came back and said that they weren't practical, because they couldn't stand up to the washing. Then I looked at the gurneys, the trolleys on which the bodies are carried, and I wondered why we had to have the body on top. Why couldn't we have a double-decked trolley with the body underneath so that it's not always exposed? For the same reason, I had closed-circuit television installed so that relatives could view—or identify—the deceased on a TV screen. It's more dignified for the deceased—and less of a psychological shock to the survivors.

**OUI:** What you say suggests that you see your work as being oriented as much toward the survivors as toward the deceased. How would you sum up the function of the modern coroner?

**NOGUCHI:** The modern coroner should be an early-warning system for the community; he should speak out for the people whenever he sees that the quality of life is being diminished. And he is usually one of the first to see it, if he's looking. Unfortunately, though, many coroners still can't comprehend what I'm talking about. Let me put it this way: There is a monument in the center of Hiroshima, and on it there is an inscription addressed to the victims of the bomb. I can't quote the exact words, but it says something like PLEASE REST IN PEACE. WE WILL NEVER MAKE THE MISTAKE AGAIN. I think the dead person is telling us, "Please understand me. Please don't make the mistake again." And I try to be his interpreter. ▣

**WHEN ASSASSINATIONISTS GET TOGETHER** *Three men in shabby togs were photographed in Dallas on the day of the assassination. What nobody can agree on is who these tramps were.*

*(Continued from page 79)* show the hostility toward members of the Warren Commission that he has shown to all the others investigating the assassination, that might be a good thing."

Let us leave these two hardy scrappers for a moment and move on to other fields of battle within the assassinationist establishment. There are many. Points of view converged graphically at a landmark in dissension, the conference held at Georgetown University on the tenth anniversary of the Kennedy assassination.

It seems that Alan J. Weberman, the well-known New York yipster and man about garbage (starting with Bob Dylan's), and Sherman H. Skolnick, oft-embattled leader of a Chicago group called the Citizens Committee to Clean Up the Courts, wanted to stage a demonstration outside the National Archives building to protest the fact that John F. Kennedy's brain was missing. (It *is* missing, as a matter of fact.) But Bud Fensterwald, who was running the show, did not want the demonstration to take place and neither did co-organizer Richard Sprague, an electronics engineer and photo sleuth from Hartsdale, New York.

This produced a protracted brouhaha, the history of which is cloudy. Suffice it to say that there was a melee at the registration desk, a table was overturned and a secretary's finger was bent.

"Skolnick is just a plain wrecker," Fensterwald scowls, propping his feet in their white buckled shoes atop his desk in a posh law office two blocks from the White House. "We were trying to have a serious conference and he came in with a bunch of hippies and tried to make trouble. It doesn't seem to me that this has much to do with cleaning up the courts."

A reporter tried to reach Skolnick in Chicago to check on Fensterwald's story and found out from his recorded telephone message that "our chairman and spokesman is in jail—again," this time after staging a demonstration in an Indiana courtroom. But Weberman can be reached in New York. Boy, can he be reached.

"That story's just total fuckin' bullshit," he says. "Fensterwald has had a lot of people fooled for a long time. He pretends to be this liberal attorney running around Washington trying to stir up interest in the Kennedy assassination. Actually he's a CIA agent. His whole committee is funded by the CIA."

Fensterwald says that he does not recall ever having met Weberman and that his committee is "unfunded." But one former director of Fensterwald's committee says that he "would not be shocked" to learn that it is CIA backed.

"Fensterwald made a deliberate coverup of the CIA involvement in the assassination on the Tom Snyder [*Tomorrow*] show," says Weberman. "He said, 'There is absolutely no evidence that the CIA was involved.' Well, that's just not fuckin' true, man. Because that little tramp in Dallas was E. Howard Hunt."

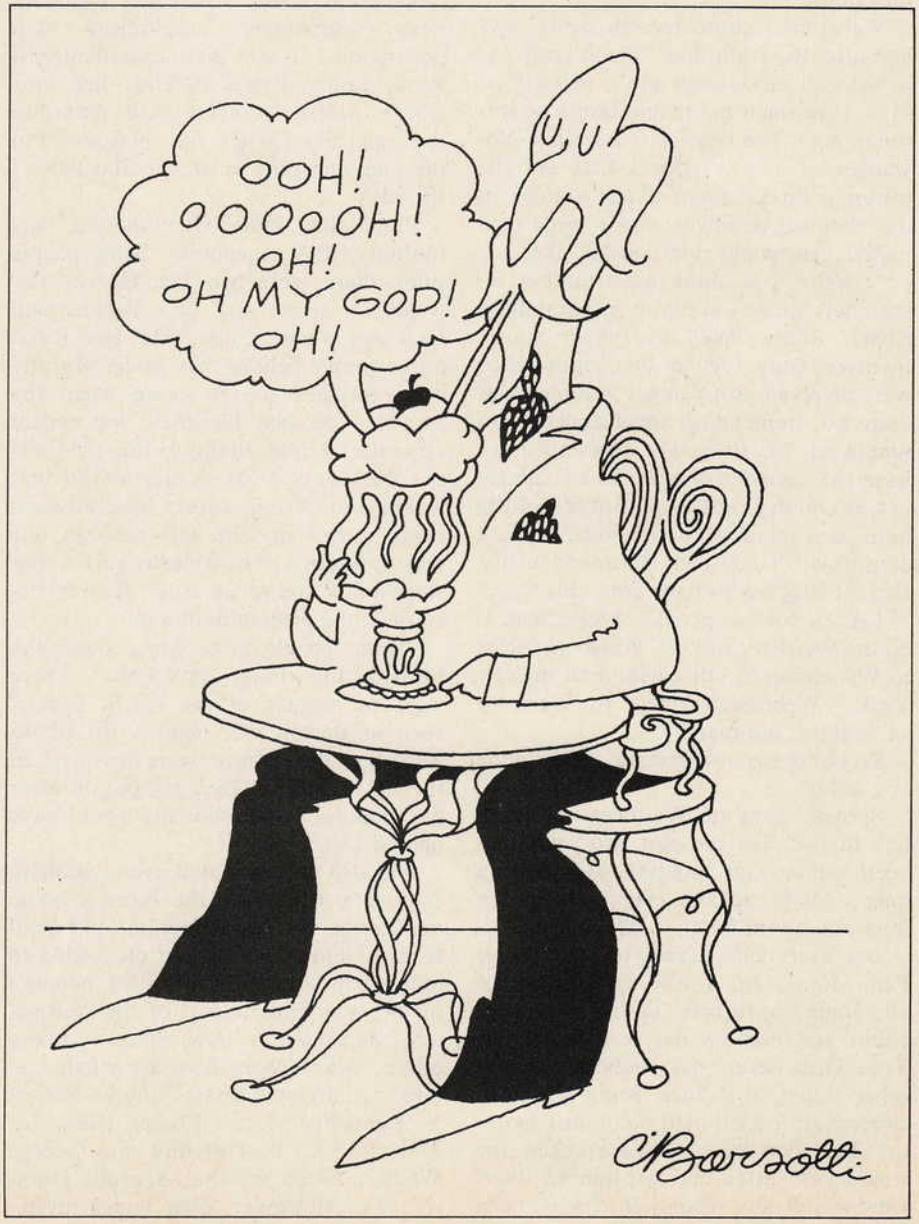
Which little tramp is that? Ah, yes, the tramps. Three men in shabby togs had their pictures taken by three different photographers during the confusion at Dealey Plaza in Dallas on the day of the Kennedy assassination. What nobody can agree on is who these tramps were—everyday average tramps or, in fact, CIA agents, including Hunt and Frank Sturgis, both of whom went on to the late-great Watergate.

Weberman says that his work with "photographic overlays" proves that Hunt and Sturgis are two of the bums. Sprague, who has also tinkered with the photographs, says that's hooey, because the tall tramp is 6′4″, which is too tall to be Sturgis (Hunt is much shorter). Weberman says no, the tall tramp is 6′1″, about right for Sturgis. Both say they have gone to Dallas and measured a wall the tramps were standing in front of to determine their heights.

"Weberman would love to find Hunt and Sturgis in Dealey Plaza," says Sprague. "But it doesn't take much to convince yourself that it's not Hunt and Sturgis."

"Well, at least there's a resemblance," says Weberman.

Sprague claims that he can prove that



**WHEN ASSASSINATIONISTS GET TOGETHER** *Plots, plots, plots. They abound, they multiply, they regenerate. Some people believe that Audie Murphy was sacrificed because he knew too much.*

Hunt was in Washington on the day of the assassination, attending a sneaky meeting with disgruntled anti-Castroites who were planning another invasion of Cuba to make up for El Floppo at the Bay of Pigs. But J.F.K. had already said he wouldn't sanction another invasion, so why were these guys talking about one *unless they knew* that Kennedy was breathing his last in Dallas that very November day?

"It's too damn coincidental for my money," says Sprague.

But these theories go on and on, and some assassinationists believe that more conspiracy theories are not what the movement needs most at this time. "There is entirely too much speculation in this field," Lane complains. He's trying to get some respectability into the circus.

Weberman, cutup though he is, says he's after the truth, too. "Don't lump me in with all those other guys, please," he says. "I've spent hours and hours on this thing, man. I've been into this since November of 1973, when I first got the tramp pictures. I spent all last summer in the National Archives, and I speed-read papers that would stack up 100 feet.

"I know you think assassination researchers make too many people guilty, right?" Right. "Well, *everybody* wasn't involved. Only a few of the Dallas police were involved. But you got to remember, there was tremendous anti-Kennedy sentiment at the time. I'm convinced we have the assassins of President Kennedy in this country right now. But it's a little hard to explain. I don't consider it a conspiracy. I consider it American history. It happens to have gone this way."

Like a lot of people, Weberman is on the Weisberg shit list. Weisberg refers to Weberman as "that wild man in New York." Weberman refers to Weisberg as "a bitter old man."

Weisberg says of Sprague, "He's gone hog wild."

Sprague says of Weisberg, "I think he's flipped. For the past two years he's been yelling and shouting. He wrote a long diatribe against everybody and a long and awful letter to Mark Lane."

But everybody agrees on one thing: Penn Jones, Jr., is the farthest-out of all. Jones, a former Texas newspaper editor and perhaps the very first Early True Disbeliever, has declared, among other things, that Jack Ruby was "fed cancer" in his jail cell; columnist Dorothy Kilgallen could have cracked the whole case after her last-minute interview with Ruby—if only *she* hadn't been murdered in 1965; there were no less than eight teams of assassins on duty in Dallas that November day of 1963; and former Presidents Johnson and Nixon, as well as President Ford, were all in on the conspiracy from the beginning.

"Penn Jones says he's got a list of people who were killed mysteriously," says Weisberg, "and that they took secrets to the grave. Well, what secrets? I don't know of any."

Says Weisberg antagonist Weberman: "Jones brings everybody and his mother into the fuckin' conspiracy." Say Weisberg and Weberman antagonist Fensterwald: "If Marguerite Oswald's 98-year-old aunt died of diabetes, Jones would say, 'I told you so.' That sort of thing hinders serious investigation."

From the Texas town of Midlothian (population 3000), where her husband, Penn, temporarily hospitalized with pneumonia, does his assassinationist work, Louise Jones defends her husband's tireless research and describes the role she herself has played. "I'm the one who puts in all the allegedlys," she says.

Plots, plots, plots. They abound, they multiply, they regenerate. Some people think there were two Lee Harvey Oswalds (at least) and two Sirhans and God knows how many James Earl Rays. Some people believe that Audie Murphy was sacrificed to the cause when the assassins decided he knew too much. Organized crime, Jimmy Hoffa, the CIA, the FBI and a Maryland outfit that watches for flying saucers have all been cited as tied in with this mess in one way or another. The hideous part is that some of it *has* to be true—if only because of the sheer odds of it all.

"Some people have gone round the bend on this thing," says Lane. "There was one woman at the A.I.B. conference in Boston who read a list of 45 assassins she claimed were involved in the J.F.K. killing. They cut her off after five minutes or she said she would have named 110."

She also proposed that even Abraham Zapruder, who took the famous home movies of the assassination and sold them to Time-Life (which proceeded to hide them away out of most people's reach), was himself part of the conspiracy. Zapruder is now, like so many others, dead. Then there are all the related or unrelated assassinations: Robert F. Kennedy, Martin Luther King, Jr., Malcolm X, the attempt on George Wallace. Some say that Aristotle Onassis' son, Alexander, died under mysterious circumstances, and that Onassis himself knew who killed J.F.K.

Obviously the crackpottery displeases Lane, who presents himself as Mr. No-Nonsense. "I know this subject attracts people who are paranoid, in addition to normal people. This tends to obscure the constructive work that is being done to bring about a conclusion."

Lane hopes his Citizens Commission of Inquiry can serve as an umbrella under which warring assassinationist factions will find peace. "This is a movement that cannot be stopped. A few years ago, we could hardly get anybody in Congress interested in this thing. Now we have about half the members of Congress interested. Bills are being introduced. Freedom of Information Act suits are being filed. You know, fully one fifth of the entire Warren Commission investigation is still classified, and many of the documents that are available have big pieces cut out—just as if somebody used a razor blade on them. Talk about deception!"

What does Lane expect to find at the bottom of this? "I don't even think about that. I just believe that Congress investigating is the only way the truth can be known. I don't know any better approach to end this decade of deceit. This has been a really disastrous period in American history."

You can say that again, Mark. And you will.

Weisberg has filed six Freedom of Information Act suits himself—"more than any other writer in the country," he says—and he has secured access to information hailed by others as invaluable, though he is not getting the credit he thinks he deserves.

"They ripped me off in *Rolling Stone*," he says with sadness. "They don't even have me down in their piece as one of the 'nuts,' and I did most of the basic work on the subject. I don't think you know how hard it is to try and hold a middle position on this. You've got people saying there were 50 assassins at the scene of the crime. What the hell were they doing, sweeping the streets? Most of these other people are beyond their depth in this. People such as Lane are not about to do work when they can make speeches and be famous."

Lane looks for hopeful signs of increasing public interest. Recently he saw one. "They selected me to be listed in *Who's Who in America*." It took ten years, he notes happily, but they finally came around. There may be hope for us yet. ▣

## ASSASSINATIONIST BUSINESS

*"They" are everywhere.*

*(Continued from page 78)* people associated with the assassination—eyewitnesses and others—met untimely, sometimes violent, deaths, he started to keep a running count and to speculate on the existence of a vast, murderous conspiracy. Jones, now retired from his publishing duties, continues to keep his morbid tally (his count of assassination-related deaths now exceeds 60) and he has also written four books, *Forgive My Grief*, volumes I, II, III, IV, which popularized the theory that Lyndon Johnson was one of the men behind it all.

With his early columns and his chronicling of Dallas-related deaths, Jones represents the wing of the assassinationist movement that can be called the Early True Disbelievers—those who began dissecting the Warren Report as soon as it was published and who have since been trying to convince the public that the document does more to prove Oswald's *innocence* than it does to prove his guilt; to these trail blazers must go the distinction of having made an unnamed grassy knoll adjacent to Dallas' Dealey Plaza one of the best-known landmarks in American history. In the movement's other wing are found the Latter Day Converts, some of whom began as Disbeliever acolytes but who, for various reasons, never got truly stirred up until subsequent events—the Bobby Kennedy and Martin Luther King assassinations, the Watergate developments—began to tell them that conspiracy may be the *only* way things get done in America.

Both the original and latter-day wings, moreover, can be divided into two subgroups: the diligent, selfless crusaders who assiduously compile mountains of facts, figures and documentation; and the demonologists who blithely accept any rumor—the more outrageous, the better—and make it fit their favorite leitmotiv, that Dallas was merely one small incident in a much larger conspiratorial skein in which the American people are helpless pawns of a monstrous, international power bloc known as They. This power bloc is everywhere—even within the movement itself; *especially* within the movement itself.

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The next Early True Disbeliever to come to public attention after Jones was Mark Lane, a former New York State assemblyman who wangled his way into the Warren Commission hearings as Marguerite Oswald's lawyer and ended up serving as the unofficial defense attorney for her slain son. Afterward, Lane wrote *Rush to Judgment*, which attacked both


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**ASSASSINATIONIST BUSINESS** *The years 1966–1968 constituted what might be called the First Golden Age of Assassinationism. Then the movement suffered a near-fatal blow.*

the proceedings and the report, an unpopular position to take at a time when the country was lionizing the Warren Commission as a model of legal probity.

After 15 publishers had rejected his manuscript, Lane found himself in London debating Warren Commission staff counsel Arlen Specter on BBC-TV. Siding with Lane in criticizing the report was Hugh Trevor-Roper, the noted Oxford historian who had earned distinction with his pioneering research on the conspiracies of Hitler Germany. Trevor-Roper observed that Lane's manuscript lacked credibility and that he, a best-selling historian, would provide same by penning a glowing introduction. He did, and Lane was launched.

The successful bidder for the suddenly credible manuscript was the firm of Holt, Rinehart and Winston, then owned by Texas oilman Clint Murchison. When Murchison's friend J. Edgar Hoover first heard of Holt's interest, he sent a top FBI aide to New York to try to talk Holt out of the Lane contract. That was a tactical error, according to Holt spokesmen: It was partially *because* of the FBI's keen interest that Holt decided to deal with Lane, and the book that 15 publishers had rejected went on to sell 1,500,000 hardcover copies and millions more in paperback.

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Shortly before Lane's *Rush to Judgment* appeared in 1966, the first book-length attack on the Warren Report had been privately published. Its title was *Whitewash* and its author was Harold Weisberg, a former Congressional investigator and retired Maryland poultry farmer who now ranks as the most prolific author of all the Early True Disbelievers. With no fewer than seven books to his credit, each of them the result of vast original research and all but two of them privately published, Weisberg is clearly different from the rest of the pack. For one thing, he is a professional investigator. In the Thirties, Weisberg worked as an investigator for Wisconsin Senator Robert LaFollette, and during World War Two, he was employed by the Office of Strategic Services as an intelligence analyst and researcher.

Weisberg became his own publisher only after more than 100 publishers in the U. S. and abroad had rejected *Whitewash*. Today, when the publishers would pay top prices for Weisberg's writings, he won't go near them, preferring to squeeze out a precarious living free from the taint of commercialism.

Weisberg has also received attention because he, more than any other assassinationist, has tried to bait the Government with its own Freedom of Information Act. In 1975, for instance, Weisberg triumphed over the General Services Administration in forcing the declassification and release of key Warren Commission transcripts; these were the records of the executive-session discussions in which the subject of Oswald's CIA and FBI connections was brought up—and quickly squelched.

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The year 1966 was a seminal point in the history of the assassinationist movement. Weisberg's *Whitewash*, published late the previous year, was followed in quick succession by Lane's *Rush to Judgment* and Edward Jay Epstein's *Inquest*. The Early True Disbelievers' diligent work was at last beginning to bear fruit and the vaunted Warren Commission was beginning to encounter sharp criticism from nonmovement sources. *The Washington Post* was the first prestige newspaper to begin probing into the assassination; its lead was followed by other newspapers and news magazines, and the next couple of years constituted what might be called the First Golden Age of Assassinationism. Interest in—and promotion of—the subject kept the since-departed *Life*, *Look* and the original *Saturday Evening Post* alive well past their primes, and by 1968, no fewer than 30 commercial books and 130 privately published manuscripts were in widespread circulation.

Then, in 1968, the movement suffered a near-fatal blow. The politically ambitious district attorney of New Orleans, Jim Garrison, mounted an inept prosecution/persecution of Clay L. Shaw and his gay Cuban *caballeros* and, in the process, managed not only to lose the good will of millions of sympathetic Americans but also to turn the movement into warring pro- and anti-Garrison camps and to squander completely the support of the prestige media.

Even before the Garrison debacle, however, there were signs that rationality was giving way to freakiness, as speculative conspiracy theories metamorphosed into assassinationist gospel. In *Whitewash*, for example, Weisberg had soberly raised the possibility that there may have been several Lee Harvey Oswalds, as the Warren Report kept putting Oswald in two or three places at the same time (Mexico, Dallas, New Orleans); Richard H. Popkin, a Washington University professor, embellished the point in an article for the *New York Review of Books*; Garrison read the article and "improved" on the theory in his early public pronouncements; Popkin then published his successful book *The Second Oswald*, in which the theory was not only elaborated upon but also chiseled in stone as Holy Writ. (Lane also adopted the theory for the film he co-authored in 1973, *Executive Action*.)

This transformation of idle speculation into the one true word helped lead to Garrison's downfall, and with it came the end of phase one of the assassinationist movement. At the height of public and media interest in Garrison's investigation, in early 1967, the Harris Poll had recorded 66 percent of the American public as disbelieving the Warren Report's lone-assassin theory; by the end of 1967, the figure had dropped to about 60 percent and was to sink even lower during the following months. In 1968, a New Orleans jury acquitted Shaw; in 1969, Garrison was tried—and acquitted—on charges of bribery and income-tax evasion; in 1970, the voters of New Orleans retired the erstwhile Jolly Green Giant from public service.

Along the way, the media had withdrawn their sympathy for the assassinationist movement, and abandoned their interest in investigating assassinationist theories. *The New York Times* and CBS News found the movement to be irresponsible and deceitful. *Newsweek* was downright bitter; wrote White House correspondent Charles Robert: "The assassination industry's products would never stand the scrutiny of Consumer's Union. Consumers buy its products as they buy most trash: The package promises satisfaction, but the innards are mostly distortions, unsupported theories and gaping omissions."

The fact that this was pretty much the same thing that the movement had been saying about the Warren Report was of little moment. Jim Garrison was beaten, and his cause was in disrepute.

The fringes of the movement had destroyed its center, and the demonologists rushed in to finish it off. The Early True Disbelievers scattered, some packing up their files and storing them away for another day; others, such as writer / researcher Paris Flammonde, moved to the hills to investigate flying saucers; still others turned their critical fire on the movement, with Epstein writing a sequel to *Inquest* titled *Counterplot: Garrison vs. Everybody*.

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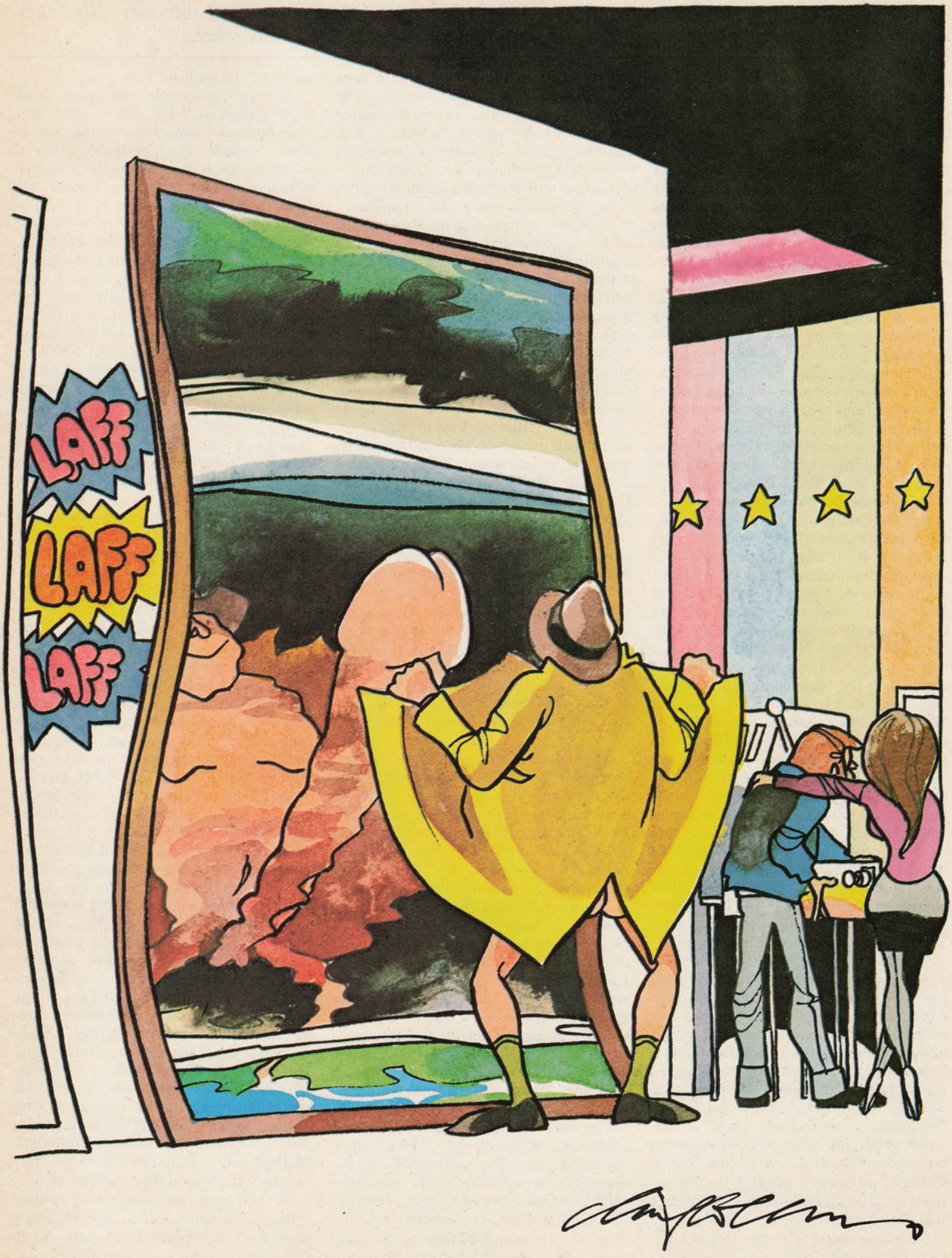
The movement remained moribund the next couple of years, until the double- and triple-knit fabric of Watergate began to come unraveled in mid-1972. The multiple conspiracies that wove around the break-in and the cover-up suddenly made thinking the unthinkable fashionably thinkable once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**ASSASSINATIONIST BUSINESS** *In the Sixties the demonologists were an isolated minority. Now they are accorded space on meeting platforms alongside the most respected researchers.*

more. The press, for its part, rushed to prepare regular doses of heady sensationalism for a public increasingly suspicious of people in high places and, once Watergate was reduced to a heap of faded threads, fastened upon the subject of assassination conspiracies. The media now told of abortive plots against Fidel Castro, of apparently successful plots against Rafael Trujillo, and of resuscitated theories regarding plots against President John F. Kennedy.

The assassinationist movement was flush as never before. The Early True Disbelievers swung back into action—Weisberg publishing another volume of *Whitewash*, Lane going Hollywood with *Executive Action*—and there were many new faces to keep them company.

Shortly before Jim Garrison self-destructed, a successful criminal lawyer and archetypal Latter Day Convert named Bernard "Bud" Fensterwald, Jr., had established in Washington the Committee to Investigate Assassinations ("the town's other CIA," *The Washington Post* called it). Ironically, Fensterwald, who was later to represent James W. McCord at the Senate Watergate hearings, had first gotten interested in assassinology as a result of a casual encounter with Garrison during a New Orleans business trip in early 1968; the district attorney's enthusiasm for his then-popular crusade had inspired Fensterwald to read the Warren Report and subsequently to organize the movement's own CIA, as a clearinghouse for assassination research.

One of Fensterwald's first projects was to recruit Richard Sprague, a computer expert who is known in the movement for his analysis of photographic evidence, and for the two of them to begin converting thousands of pages of research to computer punch cards. Funds were hard to come by in the post-Garrison days, however, and after raising only $5000, the pair abandoned the project.

Another Fensterwald-Sprague venture was a two-day conference at Georgetown University, which was billed as a commemoration of the tenth anniversary of the Kennedy assassination but turned into something of an assassinationists' homecoming party. Among the old-grad Early True Disbelievers in attendance were Sylvia Meagher, the World Health Organization researcher whose *Accessories After the Fact* remains a movement text on the assassination; Haverford College professor Josiah Thompson, the man who first postulated the theory that President Kennedy was killed in a cross fire; and Pittsburgh coroner Dr. Cyril H. Wecht, fresh from a successful duel with the National Archives, which had resulted in his getting a rare peek at the Kennedy autopsy report. The Latter Day Converts were represented by, among many others, Robert Groden, the young New York optics technician whose image enhancement of the Zapruder home movie of the assassination has received much recent media attention.

Alas, the demonologists also showed at Georgetown and, as one participant later said, "their presence was clearly divisive." The demon hunters and conspiracymongers had, of course, been present in the movement from the beginning; one of the earliest was Mae Brussell, a 46-year-old California housewife and peripatetic writer-lecturer who theorizes that Howard Hughes was buried at sea by Aristotle Onassis in 1957, that Adlai Stevenson was murdered with a cyanide-gas gun because he knew too much about Dallas and that J. Edgar Hoover was felled by two Cuban domestics who fed him poisoned apple pie.

In the Sixties, however, the demonologists, like Brussell, were an isolated minority who, after Garrison, were totally ignored. Within the Latter Day Convert wing, they are far more vocal and insidious than before; they are accorded space on meeting platforms alongside the most respected researchers, and the press listens closely to their lurid tales of dark conspiracy, hoping for the clue that will break open the next Watergate.

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The movement's new undisputed champion of demonology—and prime disturber of the Georgetown affair—is a muscular, paraplegic court researcher from Chicago, Sherman H. Skolnick, whose credo is "If we don't act weird, nobody will pay attention." Skolnick receives a good deal of attention.

Assisting Skolnick with his investigations and with his wheelchair is a swarthy, gun-toting, sinister-looking fellow from Gary, Indiana, named Alex J. Bottos, Jr. At the push of a tape-recorder button, Bottos will happily spin nonstop tales of a megacorporation world conspiracy run by the Rockefellers and the Rothschilds, with the active complicity of the CIA, the British MI-5 and the Italian Mafia. (Skolnick is also occasionally assisted by Alan J. Weberman, the reformed Yippie and celebrated Dylanologist whom some movement members suspect of being a Government infiltrator; after all, Weberman's book, *Coup d'Etat in America: The CIA and the Assassination of John F. Kennedy*, was published by the very same firm—The Third Press—that produced Jerald terHorst's friendly biography of Gerald Ford!)

Although presently all roads lead from Dallas to Watergate in the Skolnick-Bottos *Weltanschauung*, they sometimes detour at Chicago's Midway Airport—for it was Skolnick's remarkable explanation of how a United Air Lines flight came to crash at this little-used terminal in December 1972 that thrust him into the pantheon of movement crazies. The flight, which originated in Washington and which carried CBS News correspondent Michele Clark and Mrs. E. Howard Hunt, was made to crash, according to Skolnick's theory, when the pilot and crew were felled by cyanide. Skolnick's explanation: Mrs. Hunt was on the lam from the Watergate gang and was carrying $2,000,000 in cash and negotiable securities, which was Nixon's hush money for the White House plumbers; Miss Clark was onto the story and was pursuing Mrs. Hunt for the details.

It was a lot of story to swallow, but the press had a go at it. Even *The Washington Post* assigned a reporter to check it out and carried a long front-section piece on Skolnick and his theory; the article concluded that Skolnick was nuts—but still, he *was* in the *Post*.

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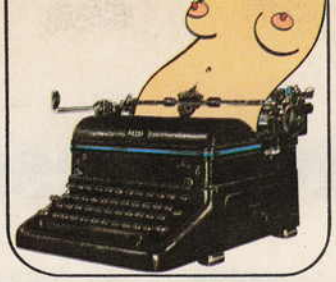
The phenomenon of the assassinationist movement's post-Watergate renaissance was best exemplified at a three-day conference held at Boston University in early 1974, under the sponsorship of the fledgling Assassination Information Bureau. The A.I.B. had expected that perhaps 500 people would register for the multimedia conference; instead, 1500 showed up.

As drawing cards, the A.I.B. had imported a few of the diligent, earnest Early True Disbelievers. But the members of the audience were not interested in some gray-haired researcher's boring litany of facts and statistics; what this conspiracy-hungry group had come to hear and see were the Latter Day demonologists. A manifesto calling for the politicizing of the assassination-conspiracy question during the 1976 elections was read; petitions demanding that Congress investigate Dallas were circulated; scabrous books and scandalous pamphlets were hawked; sessions were jammed to overflowing; films had to be repeated several times; fights broke out, factions were rent, new alliances were formed, and a good time was had by all.

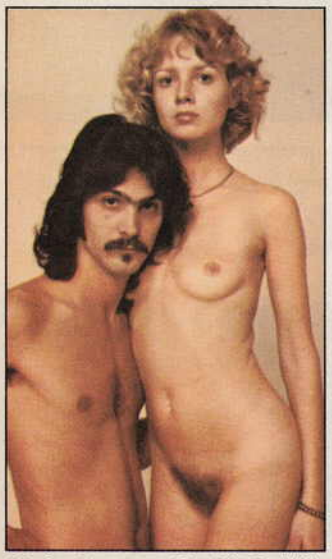
A movement had been reborn and had grown to raucous adolescence in a few short months. Observed one of the A.I.B. organizers: "Boston was our Woodstock. You ain't seen nothing yet." ▣



# WE

## Northwest Side story

The couple in the quasi-formal portrait, below, and in this month's lyrically horny feature *Dennis and Phyllis*



*Make Love* are Phyllis Babilla and Dennis Tufano—sweethearts since high school on Chicago's Northwest Side. The lady has strutted her stuff in OUI before. She was the memorable cover girl in the pink slip in May 1973 and the unforgettable girl in the crotchless panties and girl in the pubic toupee in *Openers*. Dennis is 50 percent of the locally famous Tufano-Giammarese Band, which, by the way, is the name of the LP the duo has just released on Ode records. Buy it, if you want to find out how musicians perform when they are inspired by Phyllis Babilla.

## Death squad

Peter Model, author of one of the two articles on the assassination investigators in this issue, is also co-author (with Robert J. Groden) of a book on the death of John F. Kennedy, which should be hitting the bookstores at about this time. The book, titled *JFK: The Case for Conspiracy*, is published by Manor Books and it contains many never-before-published photographs.

The other assassinationist specialist, Tom Shales, is a staff writer for *The Washington Post*'s daily "Style" section, considered by many newspaper critics to be the best general-feature section in the American press. In the past, Shales has written items for OUI's *Openers* section and, in the future, he will appear in these pages with a roundup of world guerrilla movements.

**This imitation OUI cover in the form of a party invitation turned up in our mail one day, addressed to no one in particular and attached to a cover letter on the stationery of a certain Andy Dunn of Auckland, New Zealand. Dunn writes as follows: "G'day there—I thought you and your readers might be amused by**

**this party invitation. My flatmate is a color-photo printer, so he ran off about 20 in full color and, boy, did we get some interesting reactions." The letter ends, tantalizingly, that way. Our own reaction is: If you want us to go to your parties, get us the invitations a couple of days in advance. Address invitations to the *We* page.**

## Siren of the typing pool

Paula Karner, right, the mermaid in the girl costume, served long and loyally as a OUI secretary. But the other week she tendered her resignation, and a few days later, she left—in the wake of the following exit interview.

WE: What does the mermaid tail mean?

KARNER: It means that I'm leaving the secretarial pool for bigger fish. In short, I'm going to California to study marine biology.

WE: We always thought you were happy here.

KARNER: I was. OUI was balm

to my fantasies. Now I intend to satisfy my ambition.

WE: One last thing: It's rumored that you have a motto.

KARNER: Yes. My motto is "Sit on a happy face." Remember that—and me, too.

## COMING IN MARCH OUI

☐ **THE SQUEAKY FROMME STORY:** Ed Sanders, author of the definitive study of the Manson family, brings us up to date on the practitioners of creepy crawl and shows how the prophet of righteous gore mind-controls his minions from a cell in San Quentin prison. Manson had a grudge against Nixon; therefore Squeaky had to gun down President Ford.

☐ **CORINNE CLERY—THE *STORY OF O* GIRL:** The film of the great French porn novel has recently been released in the U. S. Its star removes her handcuffs and chains long enough to pose for an exclusive OUI shooting.

☐ **SCIENCE WITHOUT SHAME:** In the name of humanity, the medical establishment sanctions new-drug tests that risk countless human lives. Are these tests necessary? Does the establishment cover up negligent practices? What is the Government doing about it? This exclusive report by Art Levine has the answers.

☐ **THE LAST FERRARI:** In which we pay pictorial tribute to the last hurrah of the legendary Italian auto maker.

☐ **CONVERSATION WITH REDD FOXX:** Can the star of TV's favorite comedy show, *Sanford and Son*, be unhappy? Not only is he unhappy, he's downright angry. Foxx speaks out on racism in television, on his employers, on some of his competitors and on the nature of Afro-American comedy.

☐ **THE SEX LIFE OF THE SHOE AND FOOT:** Foot kissing? Toe sucking? A long erotic lick along the lover's arch? Many years ago, Havelock Ellis observed that "of all the forms of erotic symbolism, the most frequent is that which idealizes the foot and shoe." Podiatrist William A. Rossi shows that Ellis knew what he was talking about.

☐ **RON GALELLA'S GREATEST HITS:** Celebrities as seen through the lens of the widow Onassis' least-favorite photog.

☐ **HAS THE REAL NASHVILLE MOVED TO AUSTIN?** Now that Nashville has sold out to mom and apple pie and even has had itself celebrated in the movies, red-neck-country funk has high-tailed it to Texas. Would you believe that in Austin you can go to three clubs a night for six nights a week and still spend a month before you see the same band twice? Karen Thorsen reports.

# Marantz Stereo Cassette Decks...

**1. 3-1/2-inch professional VU meters with peak LED overload and lighted function indicators.** Exceptionally large, readable VU panel features special Light Emitting Diodes that illuminate when recorder is overdriven by a high level signal. Illuminated function indicators tell you at a glance which function is in operation.

Marantz 5420 Top Loading Deck with Dolby

(The enclosures for these units are constructed of plywood, finished in real walnut veneer).

# the decks that live up to their name.

**2. Built-in Dolby®* System that works with built-in mixing console; also permits external Dolby processing on other tape recorders.** Instantly switches for external Dolby encoding on reel-to-reel decks. Has 25 microsecond de-emphasis switch for FM Dolby. Works in conjunction with built-in mixer for Dolbyizing multiple input sources.

**3. One button each for Normal, CrO2 and FeCr tapes automatically selects both bias and EQ.** Eliminates confusing combination adjustments of separate bias and EQ switches. Single control calibrates both bias and EQ automatically for best frequency response on any cassette tape.

**4. Full 4-input mixing console with pan pot and master gain control.** Four inputs—any combination of mic and line—are operated by four individual slide potentiometers plus one master gain control for fade-in/fade-out. Two pan pot controls permit inputs 3 and 4 to be assigned to either left, center or right stage. Can operate as a separate mixing panel for master-quality recordings with external tape recorders.

**5. Built-in adjustable stand that changes the angle of the control panel from flat to 20 degrees.** Angles top loading decks for most suitable viewing and operation.

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Top loading. Front loading. With Dolby. Without Dolby.** The Marantz cassette deck line lets you select a model that exactly suits your needs. Five decks in all, with design features as exciting as their performance.

The Marantz 5420 top loading deck with Dolby for example, keeps wow and flutter down to 0.07%. Plus, it offers a wide frequency response (30 Hz to 17 kHz) and an exceptionally high signal-to-noise ratio (up to 60 dB).

Other outstanding features include **long-life ferrite heads, sophisticated DC servo drive systems** with total shut-off and **memory tape counters.**

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We sound better.

Marantz 5120 Top Loading Deck with Dolby

Marantz 5220 Front Loading Deck with Dolby (Cabinet optional)

**Not shown: Marantz 5400 Top Loading Deck without Dolby, and Marantz 5200 Front Loading Deck without Dolby.

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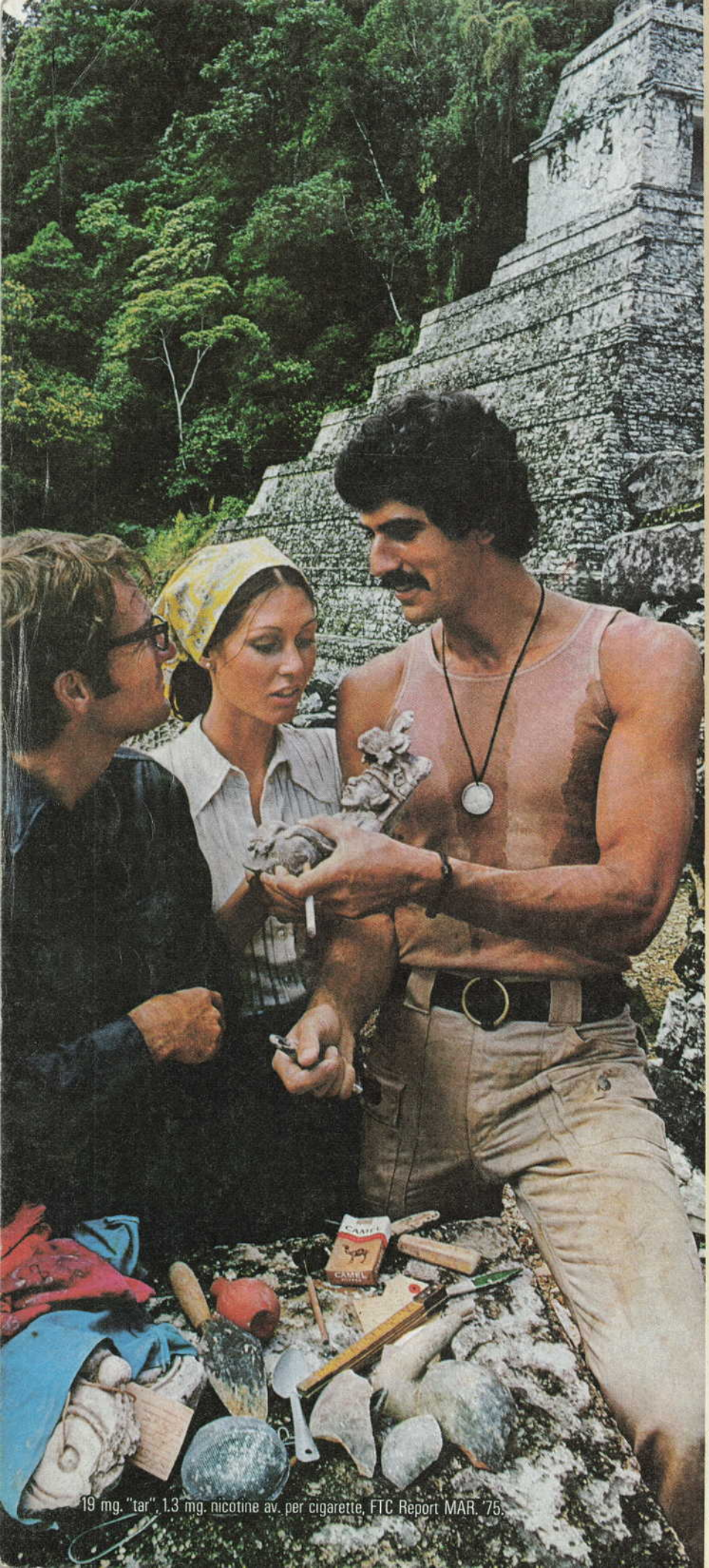

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